Collier's

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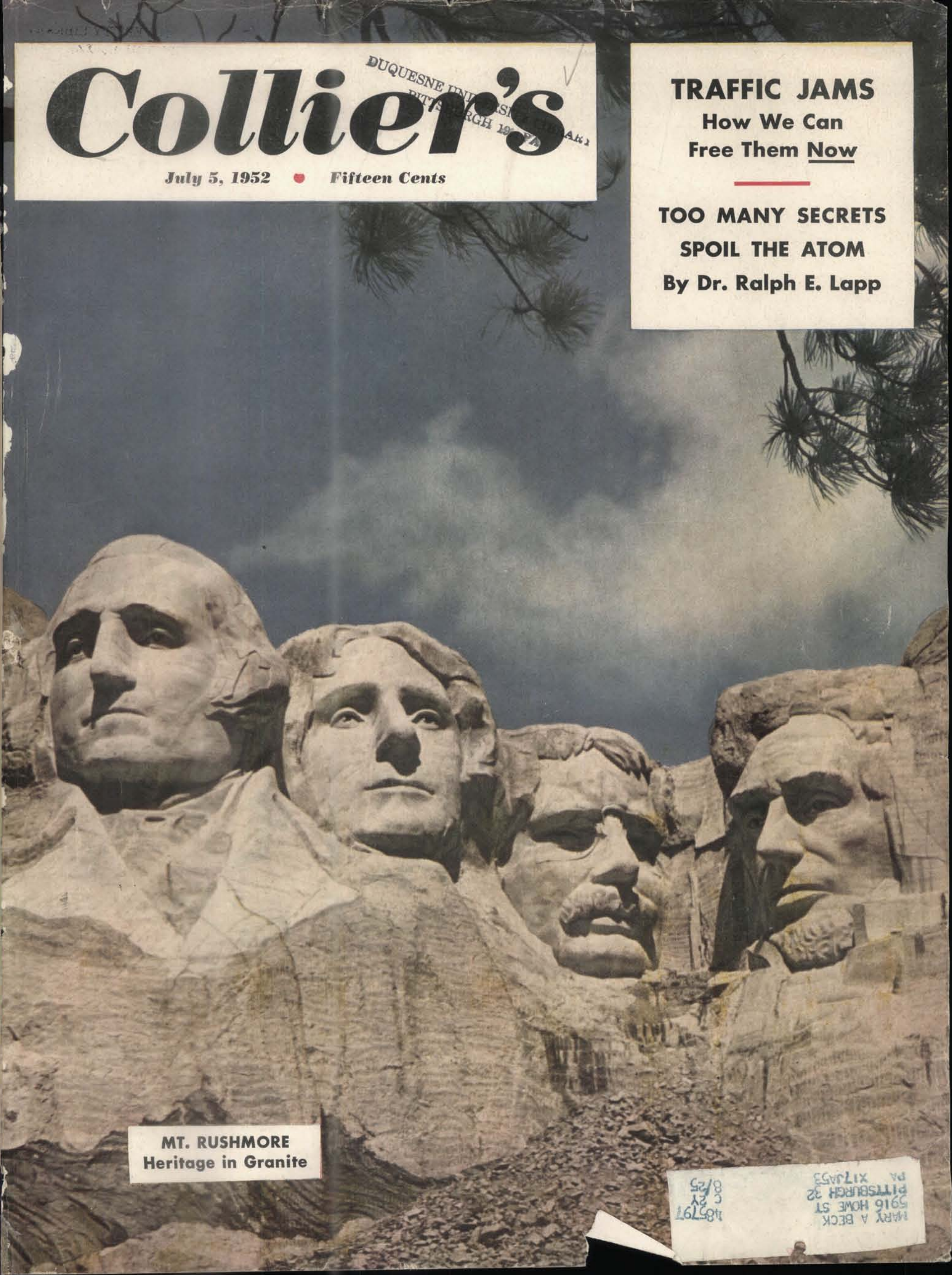
TRAFFIC JAMS

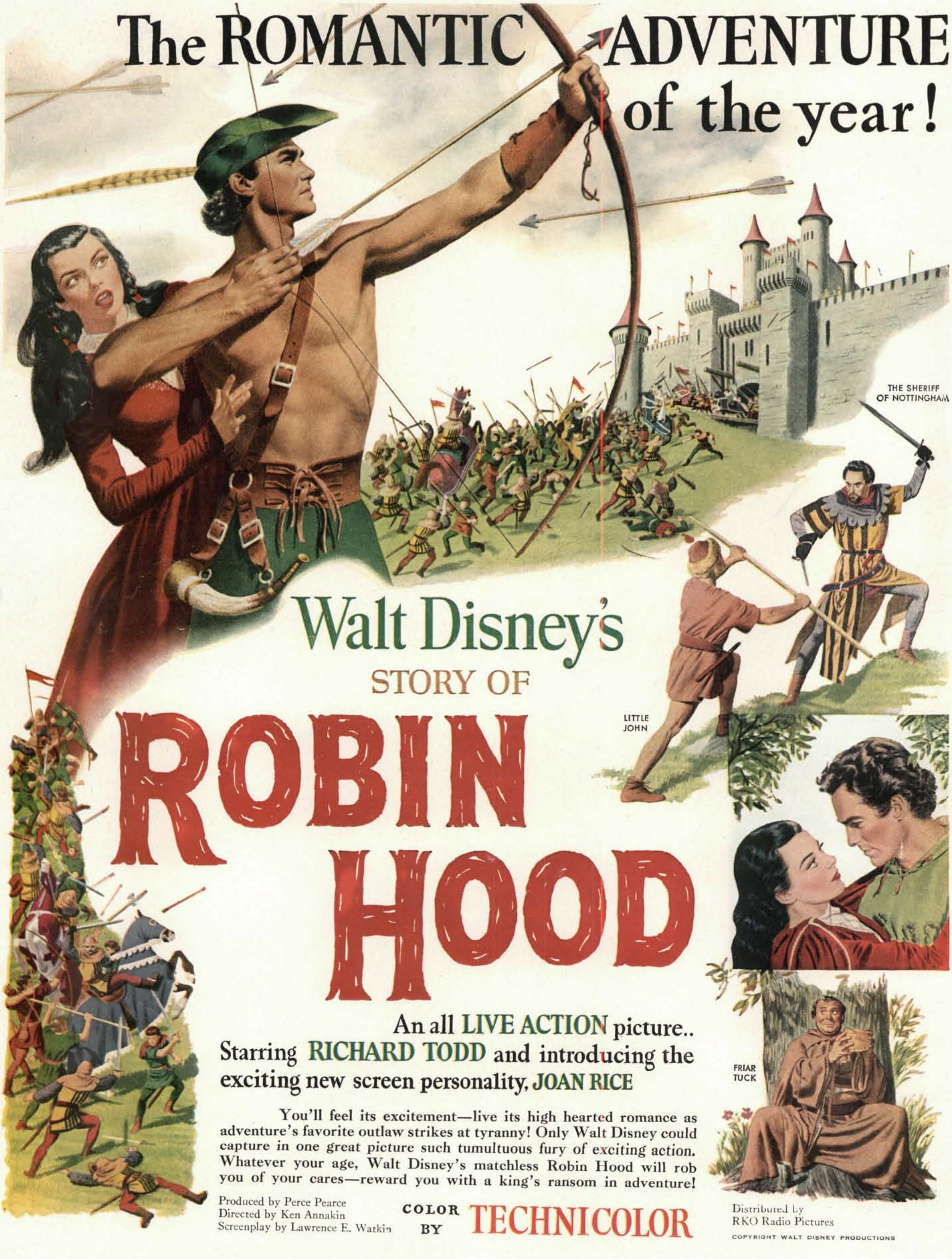
How We Can Free Them Now

TOO MANY SECRETS SPOIL THE ATOM

By Dr. Ralph E. Lapp



MT. RUSHMORE
Heritage in Granite



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STORY OF
ROBIN HOOD

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Starring **RICHARD TODD** and introducing the exciting new screen personality, **JOAN RICE**

You'll feel its excitement—live its high hearted romance as adventure's favorite outlaw strikes at tyranny! Only Walt Disney could capture in one great picture such tumultuous fury of exciting action. Whatever your age, Walt Disney's matchless Robin Hood will rob you of your cares—reward you with a king's ransom in adventure!

Produced by Perce Pearce
Directed by Ken Annakin
Screenplay by Lawrence E. Watkin

COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**

Distributed by
RKO Radio Pictures

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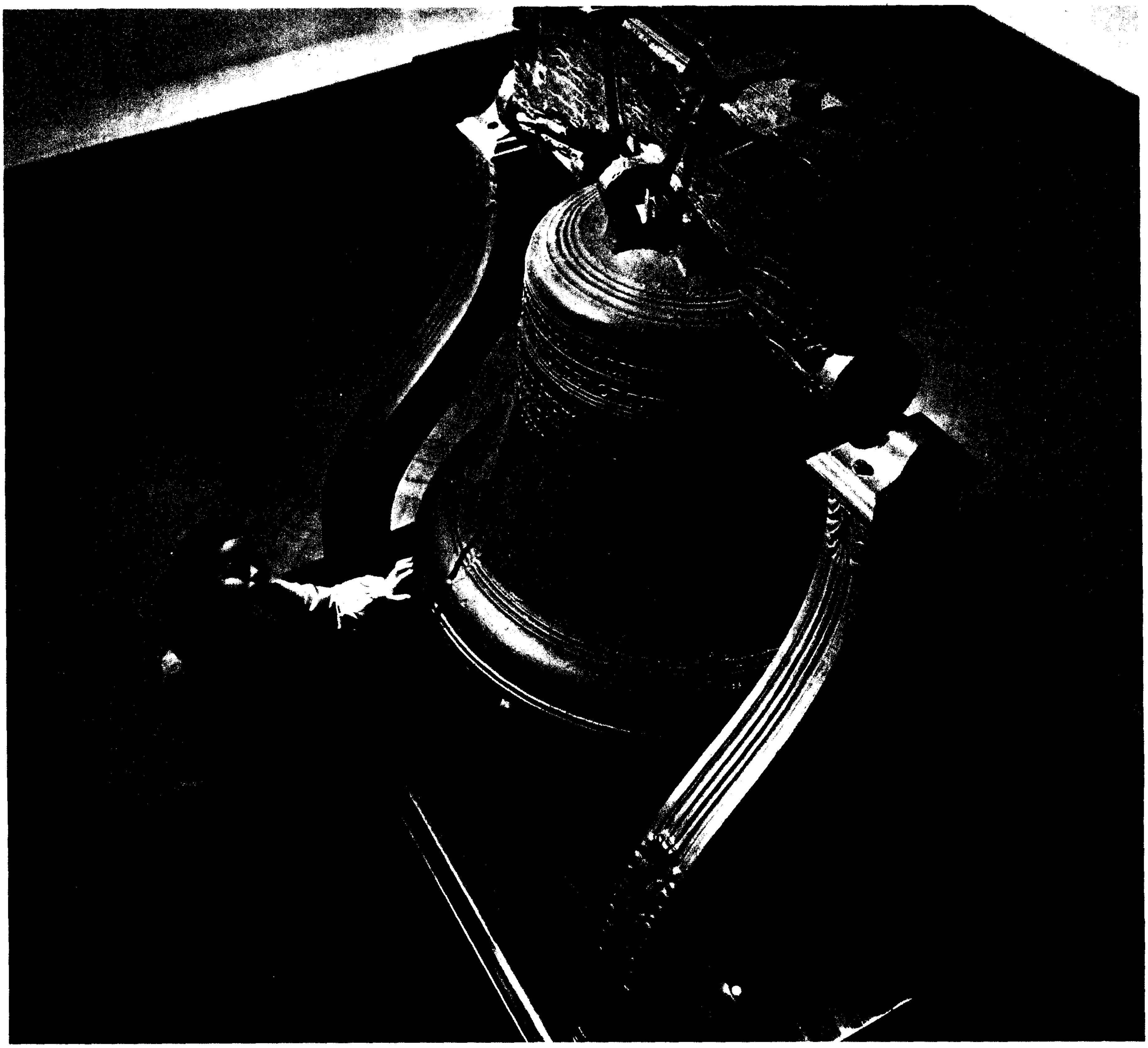

Is it time for another Declaration of Independence?

The men who wrote the first one struggled to put new ideas into simple words. Humbly, they tried to set down clearly certain rights of man that could be called God-given, and hard-to-say things of a spiritual nature—truth, equality, freedom.

And the words came alive, and the ideas shone clear. The idea that each man is more important than his government; his independence more precious than his security; his spiritual strength more lasting than his armies.

Upon these ideas, a nation grew great.

There are always people who fear such ideas—even today, even in America. These people feel that man cannot be trusted with his destiny. They are working to make government the master — instead of the servant — of the people.

Their distrust of the individual has spread frighteningly in the past few years.

It can be stopped by ideas — the same ideas spelled out in the Declaration of Independence.

It's time for all of us, privately and in public, to declare once again our independence — to speak up for freedom, and against anything that threatens it.

• • • •

The trend toward more and more government controls is a threat to every business, every family, every individual. That's why this message is published by America's business-managed, tax-paying ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*.

**Names on request from this magazine*

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July 5, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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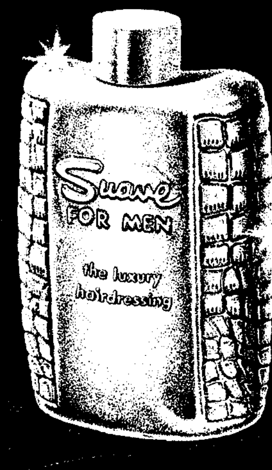
Men who care . . .

Suave their hair



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He's an honor student—
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As any man whose career is serving the public in the Life Insurance business can tell you, *"an insurance agent's studies never cease until the day he retires."*

Keeping abreast of changing conditions is a big and important part of every agent's job. This is especially true today, with countless factors of business and government directly affecting the needs for individual and family security. For example, social security, participation in group pension or special retirement plans, as well as changing inheritance and estate laws, may affect an individual's insurance program.

This is why, to service policyholders effectively, it becomes the very real responsibility of all insurance agents to "keep posted."

Most Life Insurance companies conduct formal training programs to help agents fulfill this responsibility. For example, at Metropolitan, there is a full-time training "faculty" of about 160 whose sole job is the *continual schooling* of the Company's Field organization of 21,000 members. In addition, Managers and Assistant Managers devote a substantial amount of time each week to training activities.

The scope of the Company's training activity is shown by the fact that approximately 2,100 Assistant Managers each year receive the equivalent of three weeks of special tutoring. Approximately 2,500 new Agents each year receive five to ten weeks of intensified training. Within the past two years, most of the Company's 785 Managers have received at least three weeks of special schooling.

Day in, day out for more than 21 years, this continuing program of education has helped to keep the thousands of Metropolitan Field Men and Women constantly up to date—equipped to do a *better* job of servicing the more than 33,000,000 Metropolitan policyholders.

For example, the advanced collegiate course of the American College of Life Underwriters—carrying with it the designation of Chartered Life Underwriter—has been completed by 416 candidates from the Metropolitan, and another 530 have completed one or more of these C. L. U. examinations.

Yet, this more or less formal schooling is only part of the story. Above and beyond the training supplied by their Company, Metropolitan Field people are also "volunteer scholars," students on their own time. For, like ambitious and intelligent people in any business, Metropolitan representatives are anxious to improve themselves so that they can continue to render an outstanding service to the public.

We think this is as it should be, for a competent job of servicing the public is the very heart of the Life Insurance business.

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No other razor offers you these 4 advantages

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Blade always at same, precise angle!
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Cuts whiskers clean—right at base!

EVERSHARP SCHICK INJECTOR

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Engineered for Faster, Smoother, Easier Shaves!

The Cover

It was just 25 years ago that sculptor Gutzon Borglum began the tremendous task of hewing the colossal likenesses of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt in the solid granite of a South Dakota mountain. The job wasn't fully completed until shortly after Borglum's death in 1941. Each year since—especially around Independence Day—thousands of Americans have turned off U.S. Route 16 to visit the Mount Rushmore National Memorial not far from Rapid City. For new dramatic views of "The Shrine of Democracy," see page 18.

Week's Mail

For the Record

EDITOR: In the article on The Menace of Measles (May 17th), I am quoted as stating that "the deaths (from measles) are listed under their immediate cause, such as pneumonia, and never under measles, which often preceded the pneumonia." This is quite evidently a misinterpretation of some remarks that I may have made in an interview.

Published reports showing numbers of measles deaths include, in one figure, the deaths from measles with pneumonia and those without mention of pneumonia. Deaths from measles are never classified as pneumonia deaths.

C. C. DAUER, M.D., Public Health Service, Federal Security Agency, Washington, D.C.

Dewey or Eisenhower

EDITOR: I want to congratulate and thank you for Governor Dewey's article Why I'm for Eisenhower (May 17th). No less a word than superb will describe it!

DELCEVARE KING, Quincy, Mass.

. . . The incredible statement of Governor Dewey checks with the overt desire of these internationalists to keep our State Department as is, and let our republic be subservient to the foreign nations.

LEON V. ALMIRALL, Denver, Colo.

. . . Congratulations on such a fine article. I hope every American reads it and then quietly ponders the points expressed by Thomas E. Dewey.

GEORGE W. BEALE, Westfield, N.Y.

Political Information, Please

EDITOR: I respectfully ask you to give us—the American people in all the many communities reached by your magazine—full details about all the various national and local candidates to be voted upon in November, 1952. We want the neighbors' opinions of candidates, their teachers' opinions of them, their ministers' opinions of them and a complete statement of their qualifications and experience for the position they desire. We should know also their interest in national and local government, their knowledge of foreign affairs.

Just as any employer has the right to demand a complete application and references before he will risk hiring an employee, so the American people, as a mighty important employer, have the right to ask the same complete applications and references of people who want to become their employees—the candidates to be voted upon.

MRS. W. L. STEINFATT, Lansing, Mich.

It is obviously impossible for a national publication to provide detailed information on every local candidate. Collier's already has had several articles by or about leading state and national candidates, and there will be more before election time.

Mistaken Identity

EDITOR: Thank you so much for your article Song and Dance College (May 10th). Unfortunately, however, an error appeared on page 20, lower left. The girl seated second from the left is not Georgette Weisz, as was printed, but Gloria Fueget. (I did appear on the opposite page, in the foreground of the picture on the lower right, however, wearing a white leotard and black tights.)

GEORGETTE WEISZ, New York, N.Y.

Revised line-up: Nancy Holmes, Gloria Fueget, Rachel Armour, Betty Shaffer

The Case of O'Dwyer

EDITOR: I would like very much to compliment you on your editorial First Job for New President (May 17th). This is beyond a question of a doubt one of the finest editorials I have ever read. It gives me quite a profound pleasure to subscribe to a magazine which has that kind of thinking behind it.

HARRY JONES, Robinson, Ill.

. . . The editorial First Job for New President has turned a wavering Democrat straight into an Eisenhower Republican. By no stretch of imagination can I see Eisenhower turning over any part of the government of the country he has served so well to a man like William O'Dwyer. If that is the best we Democrats can do, it's time for a clean sweep.

MRS. ROBERT A. BARRETT, Southern Pines, N.C.

. . . Bully for you! The editorial on O'Dwyer gave me the first satisfaction I've had since the whole mess was brought to light.

MRS. E. G. GOEBEL, Fort Smith, Ark.

. . . Certainly sending such a representative as O'Dwyer lowers our prestige in all parts of the world and does infinite harm at a time when we should be improving our relations with our neighbors. My sincere thanks to you for your courageous attacks on such glaring immorality. I hate to see my country make a fool of itself and seemingly approve of corruption when it ought to be using its great influence to better conditions.

MISS RHODA COULSON, Washington, D.C.

. . . Despite President Truman's seeming faith in Mr. William O'Dwyer, cramming him down the throat of the American public as a representative of this country to Mexico has done the administration immeasurable harm.

Likewise, Mr. Dean Acheson, boss of our State Department, added fuel to the fire by side-stepping his duty when he re-

(Continued on page 10)

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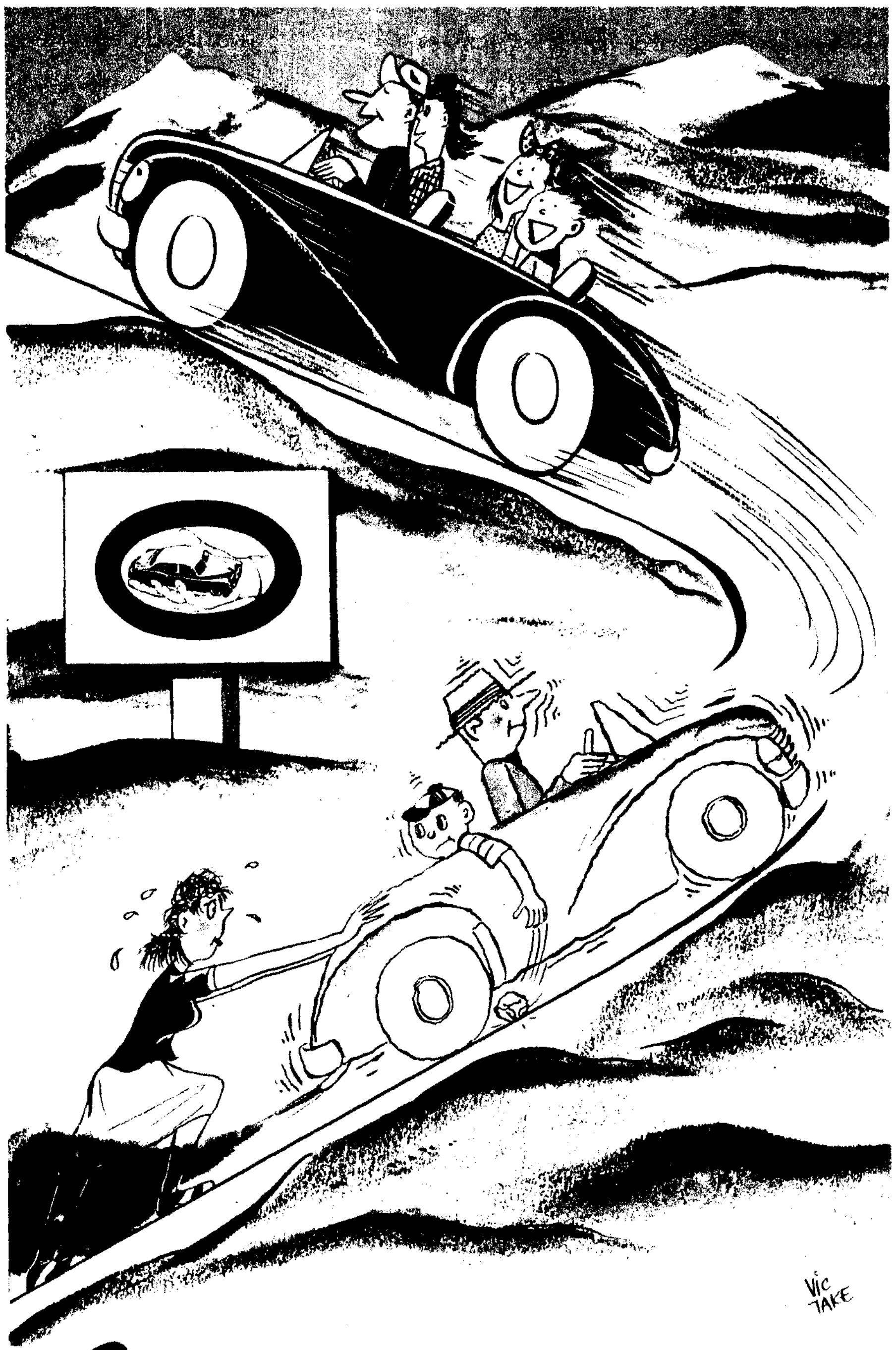

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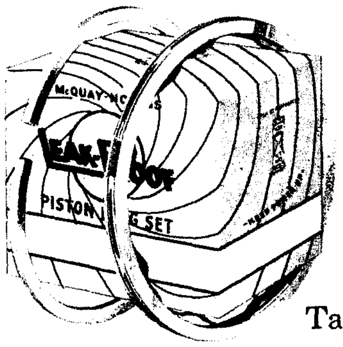

Taking a trip? You'll save money—as well as time and trouble—by installing *Leak-Proof* piston rings. They're guaranteed to give your old car "new car" performance and to cut down oil and gas consumption. Ask your favorite service man for the *best*. Ask for *Leak-Proof* piston rings!

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Mr. Murry Zottler yawned, bade the six ladies in his living room in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, good night and went to bed. The ladies were talking about their children, and had been doing so for two hours. But as he departed Mr. Zottler said: "There's one nice thing about babies: They don't sit around all night repeating the bright things their parents have said."

★ ★ ★

Brilliant thought fresh from active mind of beautiful girl in New York. Just before sailing to Europe for a month's holiday she said she was going to see for herself "whether the Eiffel Tower in Paris really leaned and how much." Told that the famed French tower didn't lean and that she'd mixed it up somewhat with a tower in Pisa, Italy, she became indignant. "Why can't these tourist people have all the sights you want to see in one place?" she complained. "But I suppose they've got to have their rackets like everybody else."

IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

Another bit of tower of Pisa intelligence—this time from Kansas City, Kansas, and relayed swiftly to us by Mr. Earl Beckwisch. He got talking to a friend who had a newspaper clipping telling him that Pisa's tower was listing at the rate of .027 inches a year and that 400 years hence will doubtless fall flat on whatever it uses for a face. Mr. Beckwisch's friend said Congress ought to investigate. Mr. Beckwisch told him it was really none of our business. "What do you mean none of our business," demanded his friend. "Didn't we pay for it?"

★ ★ ★

Somebody's sent us a very pretty little booklet entitled How to Be Beautiful on a Budget. Showed it to a friend of ours whose daughter has just been chosen campus queen for the third time. He handed it back shaking his head. "No help to me," said he with a full-length sigh. "I want to know how to *keep* a beauty on a budget."

★ ★ ★

Just heard of a farmer in Tennessee who threatened to shoot the highway department *if* it attempted to improve the desperate road that ties his acres into the main highway three miles away. "Told them not to dare improve his road until after November elections," reports Mrs. Jeannie Fuhrbeck from Nashville. "Says he doesn't want a lot of office seekers pestering him."

★ ★ ★

Mr. Dowd Brimmer's a farmer, too. A North Dakota one at that. He seems a little exercised about the recent passage by the Senate of an amendment to the Uniform System of Bankruptcy Act. This amendment grants a moratorium to farmers who declare bankruptcy. Mr. Brimmer calls it nonsense. "How can a farmer go bankrupt?" demands Mr. Brimmer. "The way things are today a farmer only has to call up his farm agent and say he's feeling a little faint, and the government revives him by throwing buckets of cash in his face."

★ ★ ★

Back from England comes Mr. Bill Broadhurst, of Lincoln, Nebraska. Mr. Broadhurst has a few words to say about radio and TV in Britain. "Some talk over there," said he thoughtfully, "of the British Broadcasting Corporation accepting radio and TV advertising. They've managed so far to keep commercials off the air, and they're doing their best to continue to keep entertainment out, too, although some think this is carrying austerity a bit far."

★ ★ ★

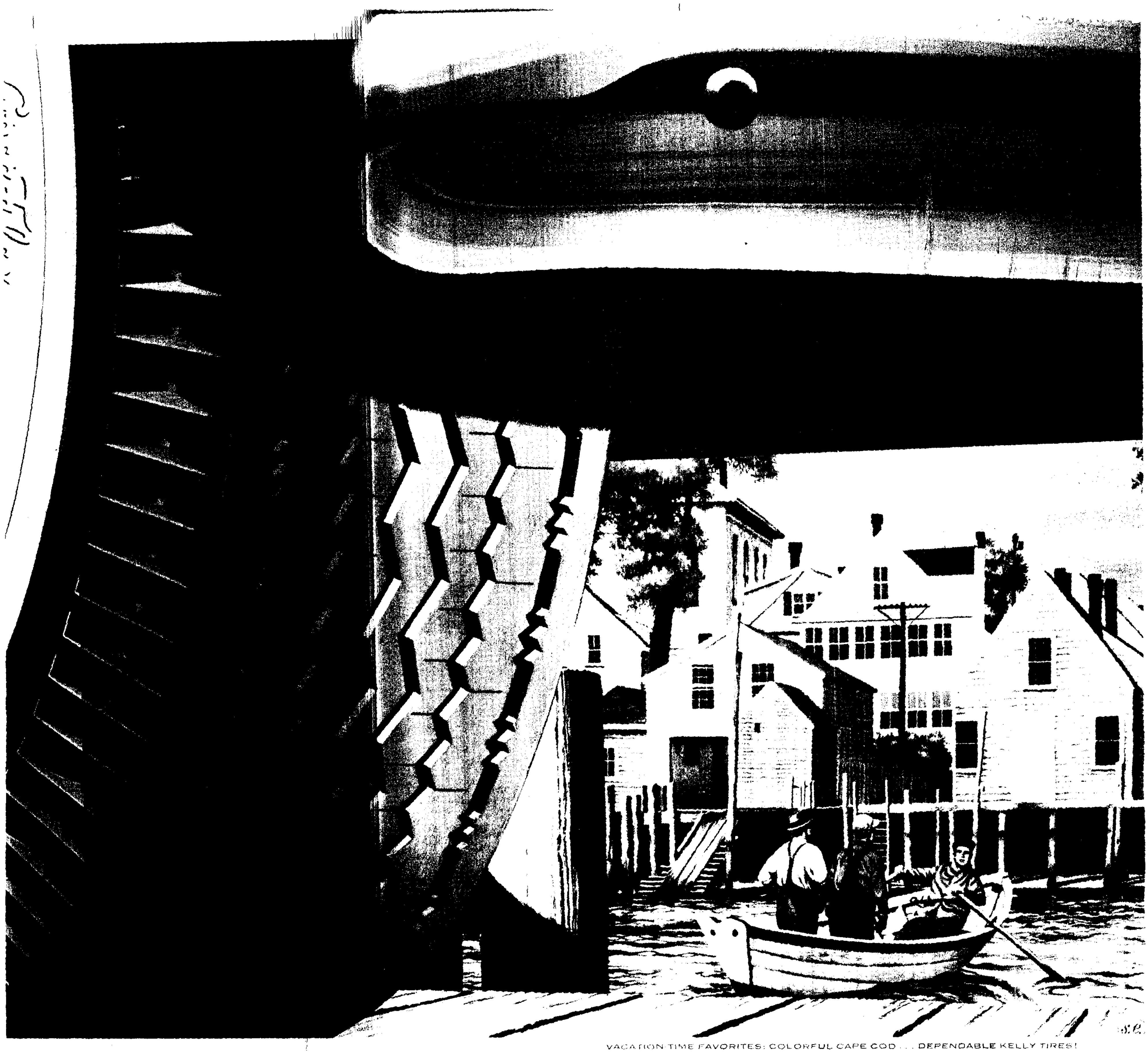
We've passed along worse ideas than this one from Miss Maybess Rhine. Miss Rhine lives in Provo, Utah. Anyway she was there when she wrote us that what this country needs is not a President but a National Manager. She'd expand the city-management idea to country-wide proportions, have Congress select a National Manager just as city councils pick a city manager. Of course this would be unconstitutional. But who pays any attention to that ancient document these days?

★ ★ ★

And after giving the situation quite a thorough bath of thinking, Mrs. Willie Mae Finn handed a financially nonchalant friend a bit of advice in her home in Montgomery, Alabama. "I think, my dear," said Willie Mae Finn, "that you ought to find out who the Joneses are trying to keep up with before you try to keep up with the Joneses."

★ ★ ★

Along with Charley Lesemann, we're inclined to deplore the fragility of some of today's baseball pitchers. In the Columbia, South Carolina, State newspaper, Mr. Lesemann looks back a bit to more heroic hurlers. The late Arthur Lawrence Raymond, for example. Mr. Raymond, whom you old-timers will recall as Bugs Raymond, thought nothing of pitching every other day, sustaining himself between and even during games with beer and bananas. Once, for Charleston in the Sally (South Atlantic) League, he marched to the mound with 12 bottles of beer inside him and a bunch of bananas in his hand. Laying down the bananas, he proceeded to pitch a no-hitter, munching the fruit between strike-outs. His mighty right arm would fog the ball past batters while Bugs yelled encouragement: "Hit it. Hit it." And then Mr. Raymond would lie down and laugh as they missed. Eat a banana while flat on the ground,



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—the finest engine protection money can buy—
are available for nearly every make of filter.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

too. The St. Louis Cardinals bought him in 1908, but after winning 18 games Mr. Raymond lost interest and was sold to the New York Giants. Mr. Raymond said that St. Louis didn't agree with him. The Giants hired detectives to watch over him. Once, after pitching a simple shutout, Bugs made a tour of the saloons followed by one of the detectives. The detective's report was read to him—four beers here, six beers there, a few whiskies yonder, more beer farther on and whisky and onions at the next place. "That's a lie," yelled Mr. Raymond. "I never in my life ate no onions nowhere." A brawl with a fan after a semipro game in Chicago ended Mr. Raymond's colorful life. Mr. Lesemann mourns him. So do we. Mr. Raymond was a flinging fool.

* * *

Old 48 has been reading lots of ballyhoo from the headquarters of statesmen yearning for some obscure reason to be elected President. Only one claims to have been born in a log cabin, and he doesn't have to live there any more. Another was a barefoot boy but is well shod now. Another earned pennies running errands in his youth but at present is no man's messenger. And so on. Humble, homely beginnings—with two exceptions. One of all these is pretty sure to be our next President. It's our future at stake as well as his. What he wore or didn't wear, what he lived in, how he earned pennies seems somehow a bit less important today than it used to be.

* * *

Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois said a hatful recently: "Public officials do not corrupt each other. We, the people, corrupt them. Behind every fix is a fixer. Behind every lobby and influence peddler is someone who wants to influence." G'wan and register so you can vote. Then you'll have something to get tough with.

* * *

Among the people who refuse to be surprised by anything in these churning 48 is Mr. Gris Hill, of Westfield, New Jersey. For example, Mr. Hill has discovered that Mr. Taft Isenhower is a farmer in Chatsworth, Georgia. Mr. Hoover Taft is president of the Young Democrats in Raleigh, North Carolina. There's a man in Washington, D.C., named Warren Dewey. Furthermore, Mr. Hill's researchings have been rewarded with the name of a candidate for postmaster of Oceana, West Virginia. The man's name is Please Write. That's all from Mr. Hill for this week, except that Republicans outnumbered Democrats 50 to 10 in Democrat, Kentucky, in the last election.

* * *

Mrs. Sarah Coyle Littlefield, of Boston, writes to tell us of a little girl in Braintree, Massachusetts, who was asked to rise in class and tell how many people there were in her family and describe them. "There are three people in my family," said the extremely shy little girl. "There's my father. There's my mother. And there's me. I am the youngest." Her mom and dad agree.

* * *

"If you want to get your mind off bad things like the international situation, graft in Washington, the potato black market and political squabbles," says Mr. Eben Greenlegg, of Danbury Quarter, Connecticut, "try wearing tight shoes."

Week's Mail

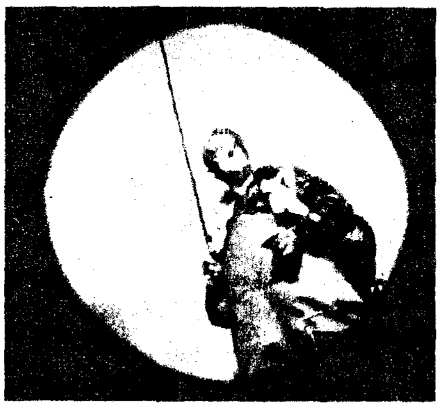
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

fused to recall O'Dwyer long enough to testify at the Kefauver hearings in New York.

How the Communists must chortle over this ammunition for their propaganda guns!
MRS. PAUL E. DEWITT, Springfield, Ohio

. . . I have read your editorial in the May 17th issue of your magazine; and for sheer, downright, unvarnished, vicious personal animosity against a distinguished public official, your article takes not the cake only, but the whole bakery business in the U.S.A.
J. STANLEY, Walsh, Ill.

Trout's-Eye View



EDITOR: On behalf of my fellow trouts I want to protest against the distorted view you presented to our world in Trout's World (Apr. 26th). Why don't you humans learn some elementary physics?

We certainly do see your world through a sort of porthole in the water surface, but through that porthole we can see *everything* that goes on above the water, though in a rather squashy fashion, and, near the edges, highly colored. If you had used a camera of wide enough angle instead of "simulating the trout's window with mirrors," you could never have produced pictures like those on page 25. Why, if our view of you were really as restricted as you make out, we trout would long ago have developed periscopes.

Another thing about our porthole is that as we go farther down, it always looks the same size to us, and all that changes is the relative sizes of the various objects in view.

It certainly is possible to creep up on us more easily in shallow water, but this is not so much due to the optics of the matter as due to some trout psychology. When we are sunning ourselves in a shallow stream we have far better things to do than to keep on looking out for you humans, who usually are far too clumsy to catch us anyway. A CANADIAN TROUT (F. K. BOWERS), Vancouver, B.C., Can.

. . . Yes, we anglers are aware that you trout see everything of our world in a distorted manner. I must have been unable to convey the thought to you when I gave the illustration of the men standing 15 feet away at the edge of the water and appearing to be only about 15 inches high to you fish.

We fellows up here in the air know that around the edge of your window light is broken down into a spectrum. We verified that when we developed some of 600 pictures we took for the article. We were of a mind to include a couple of these but space did not permit.

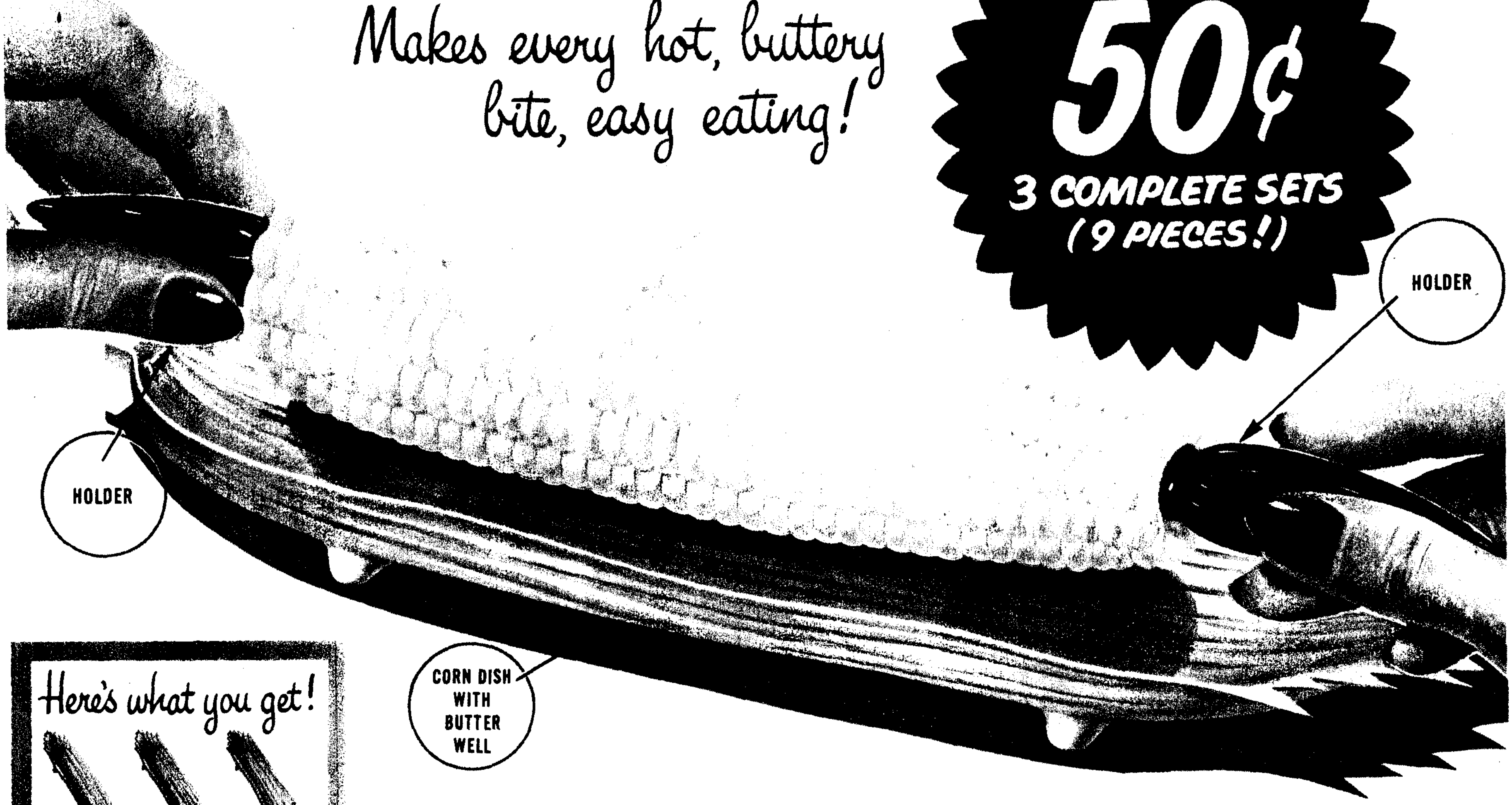
It pleases me that you inserted the word "usually" when you mentioned that we humans are far too clumsy to catch you. There still are a few of us who do manage to fool you in sufficient numbers to make the effort worth while. It may be that we are able to put into practice a few of the theories that the physicists have developed. I cannot agree, however, that it is trout psychology that keeps your finny tribe in shallow water until we have a chance to sneak up behind you and interrupt your sun bath.
WILLIAM W. MICHAEL, Pasadena, Cal.

Mr. Michael is a professor of civil engineering at the California Institute of Technology.

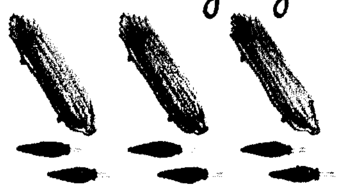
Get 3 Sweet-Corn-Eating Sets

Makes every hot, buttery bite, easy eating!

50¢
3 COMPLETE SETS (9 PIECES!)



Here's what you get!



3 sets! 9 pieces!

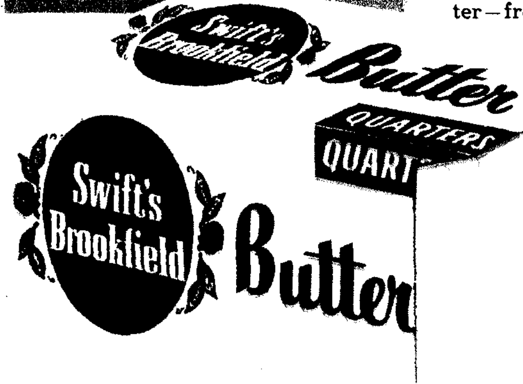
Each set consists of a graceful, corn-husk-shaped dish with deep butter well; and two "handles," each with two metal-spiked ends. In popular Styron plastic.

Exclusive with Swift's Brookfield Butter!

Here's just what you need to serve up those golden ears of sweet corn. Get three sets—corn-husk-color dishes and dark green holders with durable metal-spiked ends. Nine pieces, all in popular Styron plastic. Yours for only 50c with purchase of 1 pound of Swift's Brookfield Butter—from your grocer's today!

Or if he can't supply you, here's what you do: Send 50c (no stamps, please) with the Brookfield name from a carton or wrapper of Swift's Brookfield Butter. Order blank is for your convenience. This is a limited-time offer. Get your sets now!

Make it Swift's Brookfield Butter—protected all the way to your nearby grocer's to assure you fresh-from-the-churn flavor! Made from luscious country cream . . . rich in Vitamin A—it's the butter that makes everything taste better! Try a pound today.



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Swift's Brookfield Butter, Box 121, Evanston, Illinois

Enclosed is .... (no stamps) plus the "Brookfield" name from .... carton(s) or wrapper(s) of Swift's Brookfield Butter. Please send me .... sets (at 50c per set) of Swift's new Corn-on-the-Cob Holders and Corn Dishes.

NAME ....

(Please print or write plainly in soft pencil)

ADDRESS ....

CITY .... ZONE .... STATE ....

Be sure your coin or bills are wrapped securely!

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Other Exide Batteries as low as $17.45, less allowance for your old battery.

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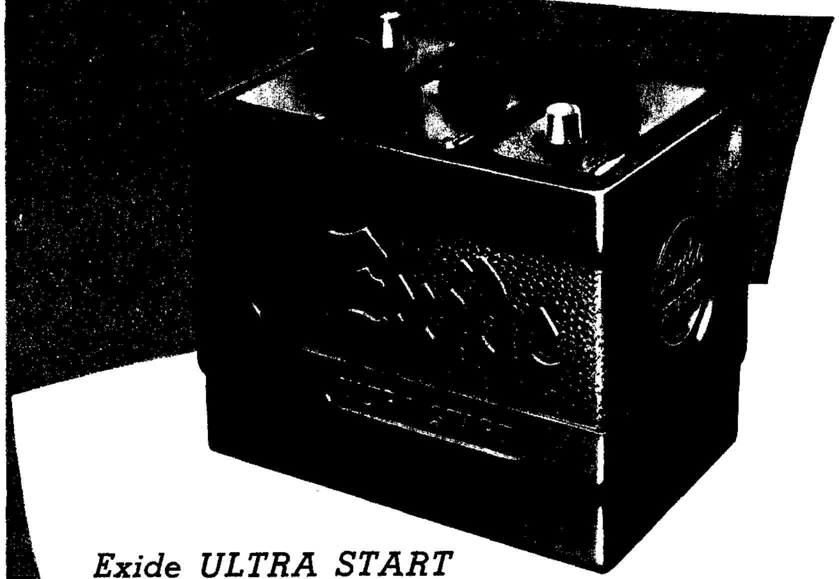
ASK YOUR DEALER TO CHECK YOUR BATTERY REGULARLY

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.
Philadelphia 2
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

DEALERS!
Switch to Exide
give your customers more for their money



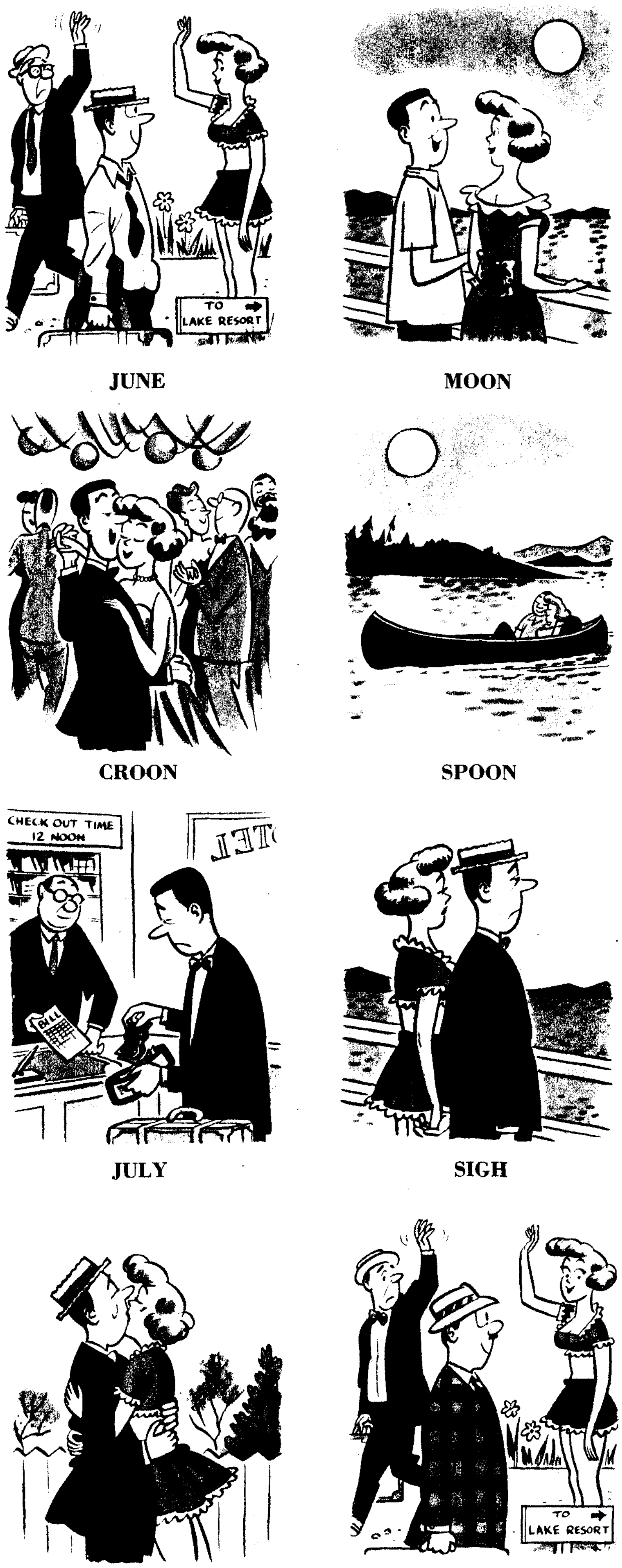
Exide ULTRA START
. . . new leader of the famous Exide line

WHEN IT'S AN EXIDE...YOU START

"EXIDE" and "PORMAX" *Reg. T.M. U.S. Pat. Off.* "SILVIUM" and "ULTRA START" *T.M. Reg. applied for*

Summer Sonata

By DON TOBIN



JUNE

MOON

CROON

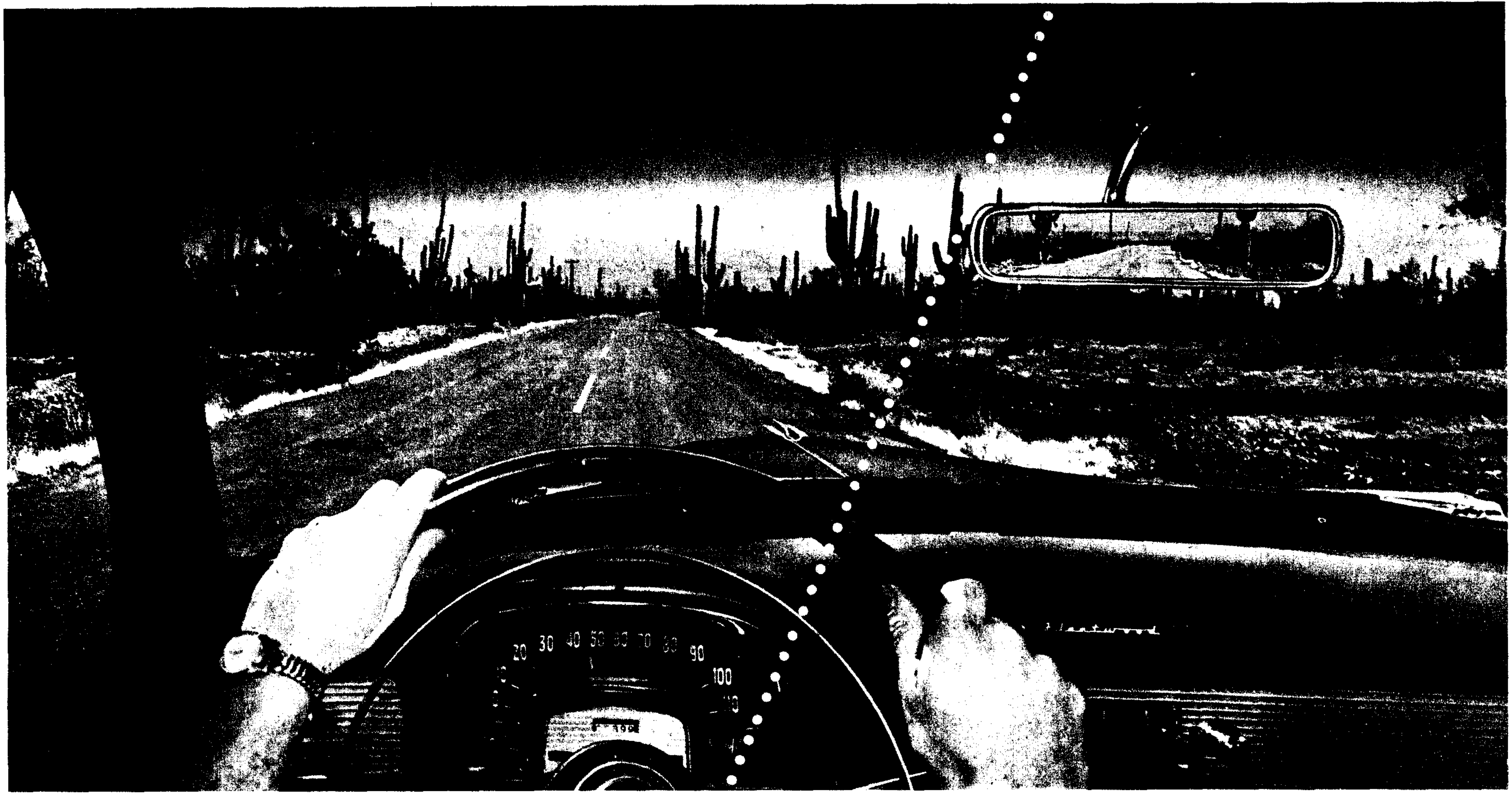
SPOON

JULY

SIGH

CRY

GOOD-BY



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Touring Arizona is a thrilling experience. But in the sunbathed cactus country, where the sun shines nine-tenths of the time, it can be mighty hot. Also, dazzling to the eyes.

But slip behind this *shaded* windshield of E-Z-Eye Safety *Plate* Glass—it's like turning on a cool breeze! The light blue-green tint screens out hot sun rays, while the deeper shaded band at the top of the windshield cuts down sky brightness so much you will seldom need to use your visors to keep from squinting. Eases eyestrain, reduces driving fatigue.

Developed and made only by Libbey·Owens·Ford, the E-Z-Eye *shaded* windshield and tinted windows were used in automobiles for the first time in 1950 by General Motors. They are now available in all General Motors cars. With E-Z-Eye Safety *Plate* Glass all around, every passenger enjoys maximum comfort. So to make your driving most pleasant with less eyestrain and more alertness at the wheel, choose E-Z-Eye Safety *Plate* Glass when you buy a new car. Costs very little extra and notice how smart it looks.

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Look for this sign when you need Safety Glass

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WITH THE SHADED WINDSHIELD

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Reduces glare and heat
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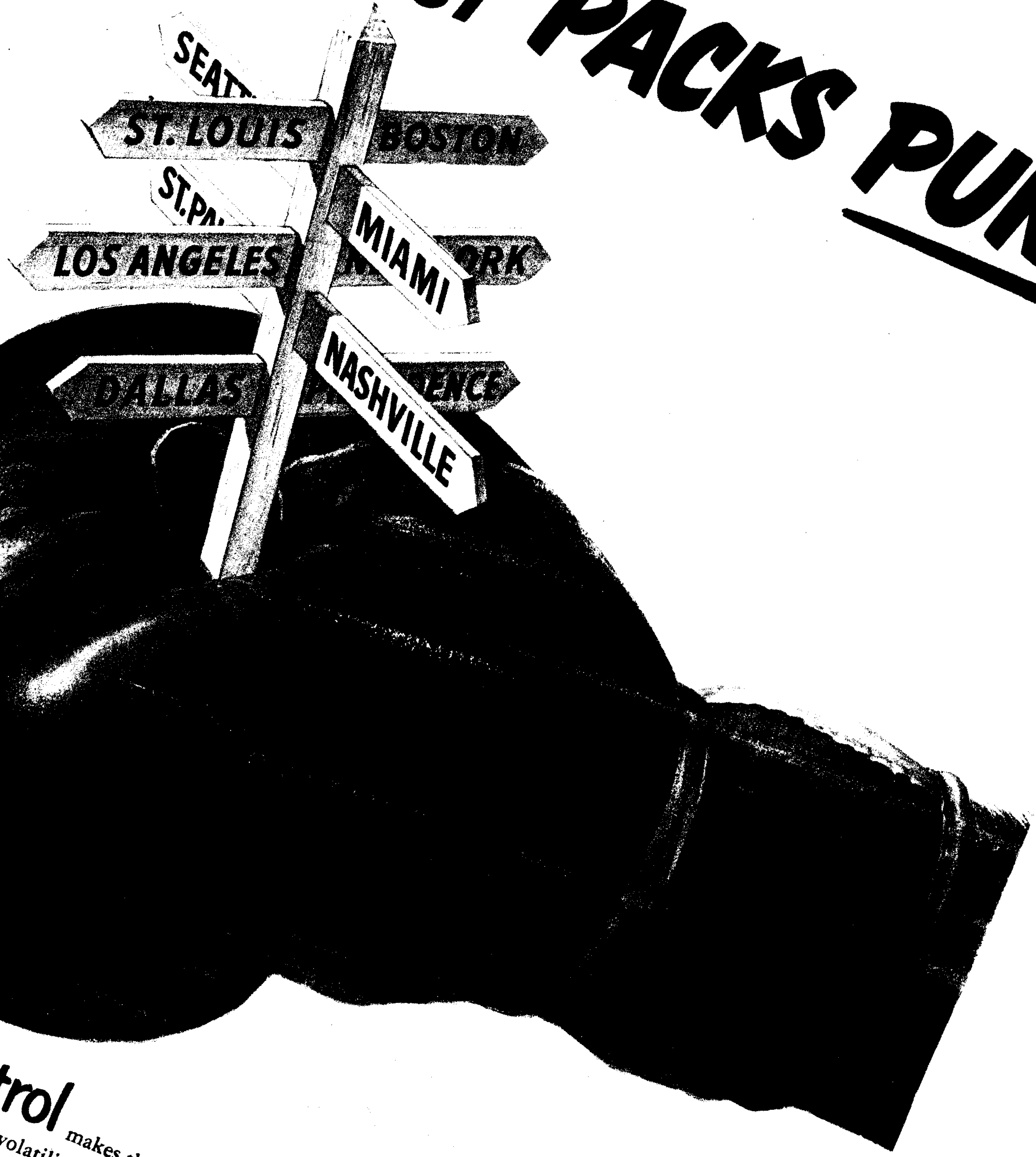
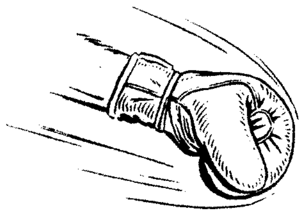
Mile after mile . . . Sky Chief PACKS PUNCH!





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. . . and don't forget the best motor oil your money can buy.

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Sky Chief
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Faithfully yours
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for Fifty Years

TOO MANY SECRETS SPOIL THE ATOM

By Dr. RALPH E. LAPP

A wall of secrecy hinders U.S. atomic research far more than it hurts the Russians, insists a physicist who worked on the A-bomb. He calls for drastic changes in our security program

YOU can make a thing so safe that it's dangerous!" remarked Charles Kettering, the noted American inventor-industrialist. We were dining in the peaceful atmosphere of the swank Surf Club on Miami Beach, and our conversation had turned to the mistakes we were making in our arms program. Suddenly, the truth of Kettering's single sentence struck home: *We are trying to make our atomic work so secure that it is hurting us.*

In this country we have built up an atomic wall to keep our A-bomb safe from Soviet eyes. Certainly no loyal American would question this objective. Without doubt, there are things about our atomic program the Russians would give a great deal to know. But we have proceeded in precisely the wrong direction, announcing with fanfare those bits of information most useful to a potential enemy, and jealously guarding—to our own detriment—the things he can find out for himself.

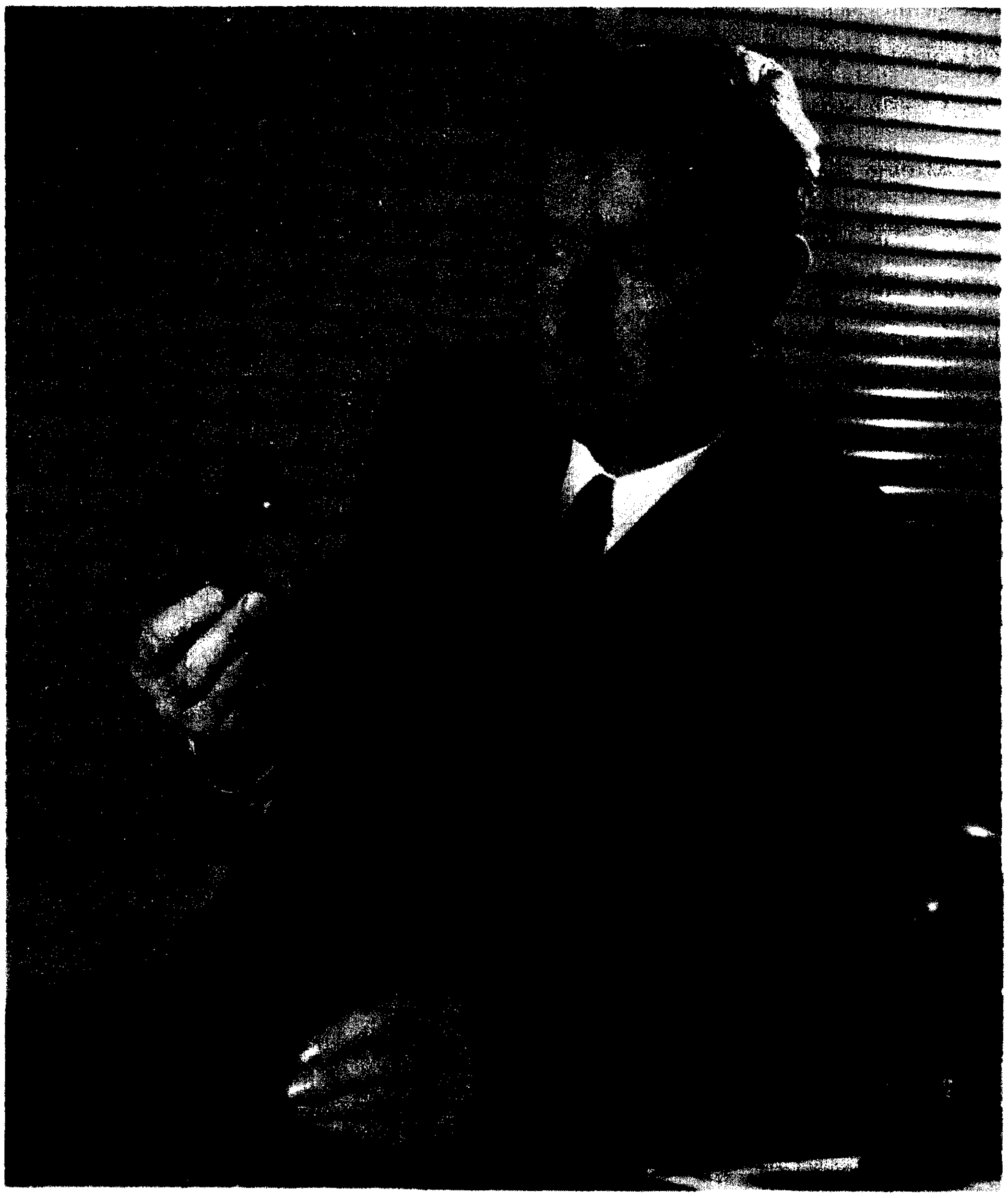
From the start, we have made bad mistakes in carrying out security measures involving nuclear energy—mistakes which have proved harmful to our national safety but relatively harmless to the Soviet Union.

Mistake number one was to assume that there was a secret to the A-bomb, a myth born in the days following Hiroshima. Just what the secret was nobody specified; presumably it was too secret. Nonetheless, this atomic myth grew and grew until it was firmly implanted in the American mind. Ask any reputable atomic scientist, and he will tell you flatly that there is no scientific secret to the A-bomb. The thing which gave the United States the A-bomb so quickly was our technical know-how and the power of our production line—exactly the same thing which gives America its millions of automobiles and TV sets. And there's no secret about that.

Perhaps one should hedge a little; once there was a secret. It was simply that an A-bomb could be made. We let the world in on this secret on August 5, 1945, when Hiroshima felt the unleashed and savage power of the atom. But that secret is out, and can never be locked up again.

Mistake number two was to think that we could lock up any secret the A-bomb might have had. Assuming that we did, in fact, have such a secret, it is folly to suppose that anything in science can be kept in a perpetual deep freeze. You can stretch out thousands of miles of barbed-wire fences, patrol them day and night with armed guards and watch over every word a scientist writes; still you can't keep science in a strait jacket. Nature plays no favorites; science knows no man-made barriers. Men in Russia, or anywhere else on this troubled globe, may pry into nature's treasure chest.

Albert Einstein was employed by the Swiss Patent Office when he worked out his theory of relativity. Yet he did not attempt to patent his now-famous formula, $E=mc^2$; he knew it could not be



Dr. Ralph E. Lapp, a young nuclear physicist who spent three years working with the Manhattan Atom-bomb project, now acts as a private consultant on atomic matters. His recent article, 50 Little-Known Facts about the Atom (Collier's, Feb. 16, 1952), was widely praised

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY TOM O'HALLORAN

J. E. WESTCOTT

Gate police check each employee's badge at Oak Ridge. Lapp says security is excessive

Scientific secrets, like vegetables, are perishable, says th

confined to the Alps. Thomas A. Edison did patent his electric light, but the patent merely gave Edison certain proprietary interests. Once the electric light was demonstrated to the world, it was only a matter of time before men in many nations developed their own version. To do this, they did not have to send spies to America. All they had to do was to exercise a little ingenuity.

A more recent and chilling example of how more than one nation may independently develop a device is to be found in the skies over Korea. It is Russia's MIG-15 jet aircraft. Even our Air Force rates this jet as equal to, or superior to, our best American fighter plane. We should not forget that our F-86, the best plane we have in production, was developed in strict secrecy! The lesson we can learn is that modern science and technology are not a one-way street for the United States. We are guilty of supreme egotism if we think that our scientists have a monopoly in atomic research.

Mistake number three was to stifle informed public discussion of the atom. This was our biggest mistake of all. Secrecy outlawed intelligent debate because the Atomic Wall forms a barrier to informed thinking on the subject. "The one who knows the Secret," said poet-philosopher Lao-tse, "does not speak. The one who speaks does not know the Secret." Within the Atomic Energy Commission, scientists and officials tiptoe cautiously and keep their lips sealed. Outside the AEC and the charmed atomic circle, people can only speculate and theorize.

Commenting recently on his "12 years of experience behind the veil of secrecy," Harvard University's scientist-president, Dr. James B. Conant, declared that "the general public might just as well stop reading anything in the papers about atomic energy or atomic bombs" because "by the very nature of the case it is almost certain to be misleading." The reason: "Those who are competent to discuss such matters cannot do so because of security regulations,"

How can democracy function and make the right decisions on the momentous issues raised by atomic energy if the atom is sealed off from public discussion by secrecy? How long can free and open debate—the hallmark of our democracy—be flouted while the peril of the Atomic Age deepens? Secrecy is the villain in this picture; it is the true enemy of democracy. More than any other tool, secrecy is the chosen instrument of the totalitarian state, and in using it we are guilty of adopting enemy tactics.

The blunt and undeniable fact is that we have isolated atomic energy from the town meeting. We have accordingly failed to integrate the atom into the fabric of our national policy. We shall return to this point again, for it is of surpassing importance to our national security.

Our Persistence Aggravates Situation

Not only have we made these three mistakes, but what is to be deplored is that, as a nation, we do not even yet realize that they are mistakes. So we persist in compounding our errors and in aggravating an already serious situation.

One might think that all the uproar over secrecy would have quieted down after the fact became known that the Soviets had successfully tested their own A-bomb. But no, the situation was explained by many a glib commentator and columnist by saying that the Russian bomb was our bomb. As one writer phrased it: "Dr. Fuchs, the arch-traitor of all time, gave our A-bomb secret to the Soviets!"

Precisely what did Dr. Fuchs give to the Soviets? It is known that Fuchs passed on valuable data about Oak Ridge processes and about the technique for assembling the component parts of an A-bomb. There is no doubt that these data were greatly useful to the Russian A-project. *However, the Fuchs's data did not give the A-bomb to the Soviets,* any more than giving construction blueprints to a person would give him a house—especially if the blueprints were incomplete and specified that the house should be built of materials not available to the builder.

Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the wartime director of our Los Alamos A-bomb laboratory, has stated that "it is an extremely difficult thing to give away a secret." This statement is worth pondering. Let us ask ourselves the single question: "How could we have given the A-bomb to the Russians, assuming that we wished to do so?" You could send them the recipe for the A-bomb—that is, the detailed drawings and specifications for the bomb. But the recipe for an A-bomb is quite different from the recipe for a cake.

Given a "secret" recipe for a cake, a good housewife could whip up the desired cake. But in the case of the A-bomb it is the ingredients—the precious refined uranium most of all—which are important. A-bomb ingredients just can't be taken off the shelf. They must be produced by building enormous plants such as those at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and Hanford, Washington, or those being built today at Paducah, Kentucky, and on the Savannah River in South Carolina.

Short of transplanting our huge production plants to Soviet soil, there was really no way to "give" the A-bomb to the Russians. Had we sent them every single blueprint and document in our atomic project, this would not have given them the A-bomb. Of course, it would have helped, just as the Fuchs's data helped; but it could not have made the difference between success or failure in their project. We sadly underestimated the Soviet technological and industrial capability, and it is wishful thinking to attribute their early success with their A-project to the theft of our secrets. Soviet espionage probably shortened their A-project time schedule by only a few months.

The U.S. atomic monopoly ended with the deto-

Three inspectors comb one departing bus at Los Alamos, N.M., atom plant. Actually, higher-ups have leaked biggest secrets, says Lapp

WIDE WORLD

Even maintenance trucks are inspected at Los Alamos gates. Author agrees security is needed, but believes policy is needlessly strict

WIDE WOR

author. We didn't give Russia the A-bomb; we underestimated the Reds' ability

nation of the first Soviet bomb. Strangely enough, there was no re-examination of the basis for our atomic secrecy in the light of the fact that the Soviets had their own A-bomb. Congressmen urged that "our atomic project be tightened up to prevent leaks." This was an Atomic Age version of "locking the barn door after the horse was gone." In fact, it involved a curious twist; for if you explained the Russian A-bomb on the basis of theft, was it logical to assume that they got only 10 per cent of the horse and that we still held the remainder safely locked up, to be kept a secret?

We had secrets, all right, but they did not involve the principles of nature available to scientists everywhere. From the Soviet viewpoint, the things which loom most important about the U.S. atomic project are the kinds of weapon we are developing and the time scale for those weapons—in short, the "what" and "when" of our weaponry. Such information would enable the men in the Kremlin to prepare their defenses, and perhaps develop weapons to match ours.

After we learned that the Russians had their own A-bomb, the big secret that remained (as we know now, and as scientists have long known) was our plan to try making the hydrogen bomb. That secret got out. It was a monumental security break, and it was made by a senator on a TV program, just after he had berated scientists as "loose-tongued washerwomen."

"Here's the thing," said Colorado's Senator Edwin C. Johnson, to the utter amazement of everyone who knew about the H-bomb, "that's *top secret* . . . Our scientists, from the time that the bombs were detonated at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, have been trying to make what is known as a superbomb. Now our scientists already have created a bomb that has six times the effectiveness of the bomb that was dropped at Nagasaki. They want one that has a thousand times the effect of that terrible bomb." Ever since this sensational disclosure, all scientific work on the H-bomb has been shrouded in deepest secrecy. No H-bomb has as yet been tested, but in one of a series of test explosions conducted last year at Eniwetok, a scientific principle basic to the H-bomb reaction was put to the test.

Another example of a security break rivaling or even outclassing Senator Johnson's followed close upon the heels of the H-bomb disclosure. Like the H-bomb revelation, this also emanated from a highly placed official, General J. Lawton Collins.

In 1950, our Army Chief of Staff broke the story on atomic artillery. Officials of the AEC, still shaken by the H-bomb break, were shocked and bewildered by Collins' revelation. The big secret was out—namely, that smaller (misnamed "baby") A-bombs could be made and could even be adapted to fit into a howitzer projectile.

Had an atomic scientist been responsible for either of these two violations of secrecy he would undoubtedly be behind bars today. For some curious reason, attention focuses upon the worker, or drone, bees while the queen of the hive goes unwatched. Elaborate precautions are taken to be sure that our scientists do not reveal data to the enemy, while at high government levels security breaks are committed with impunity.

Violations Weren't Malicious

Neither Senator Johnson nor General Collins, of course, was malicious in the unauthorized release of highly classified information. One may have forgotten he was on a TV program, and the other was probably overzealous in his gunning for headlines favorable to the Army.

Still, most of the big security leaks originate on Capitol Hill and in the Pentagon. Some Congressmen are in perpetual pursuit of headlines and consciously or unconsciously divulge classified data to get their names on page one. Likewise, the armed services vie with Congress in releasing data to win public support for their important projects and to pressure Congress into granting more appropriations for them.

Thus, more than in just a few instances, secrecy is used not for national security purposes but merely to hide a publicity nest egg until it is ripe for hatching.

Security breaks made at random by an individual can do the nation serious harm. When the Army Chief of Staff made his original leak, he was whistling in the dark. No such small A-bombs had been tested. Yet many people jumped to the conclusion that the Army had the new weapon and could use it very soon.

At the same time, due to ignorance or misinformation resulting from secrecy, the punching power of the tactical *(Continued on page 79)*

WIDE WORLD

At Atomic Energy Commission in capital, guards must turn eyes when dumping papers to be burned

Some 700 men guard atomic plant at Hanford, Wash. As a scientist, Lapp feels that locking lab doors can shut out more than is shut in

WIDE WORLD

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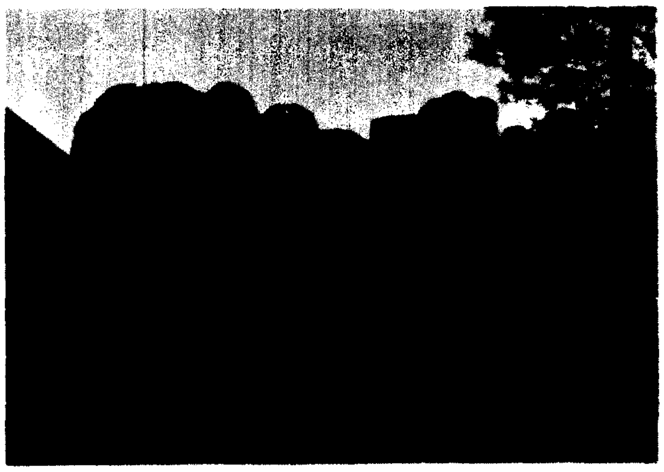
To enter AEC offices in Washington, D.C., even employee Velma Early (l.) must get badge. Visitor Mary Benson (r.) will have guard to escort her

WIDE WORLD

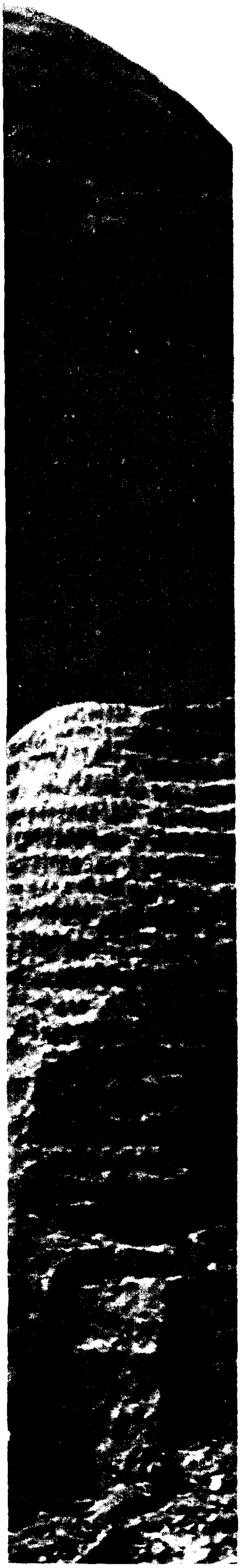
As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this . . . is no democracy. Abraham Lincoln, in a letter, August, 1858

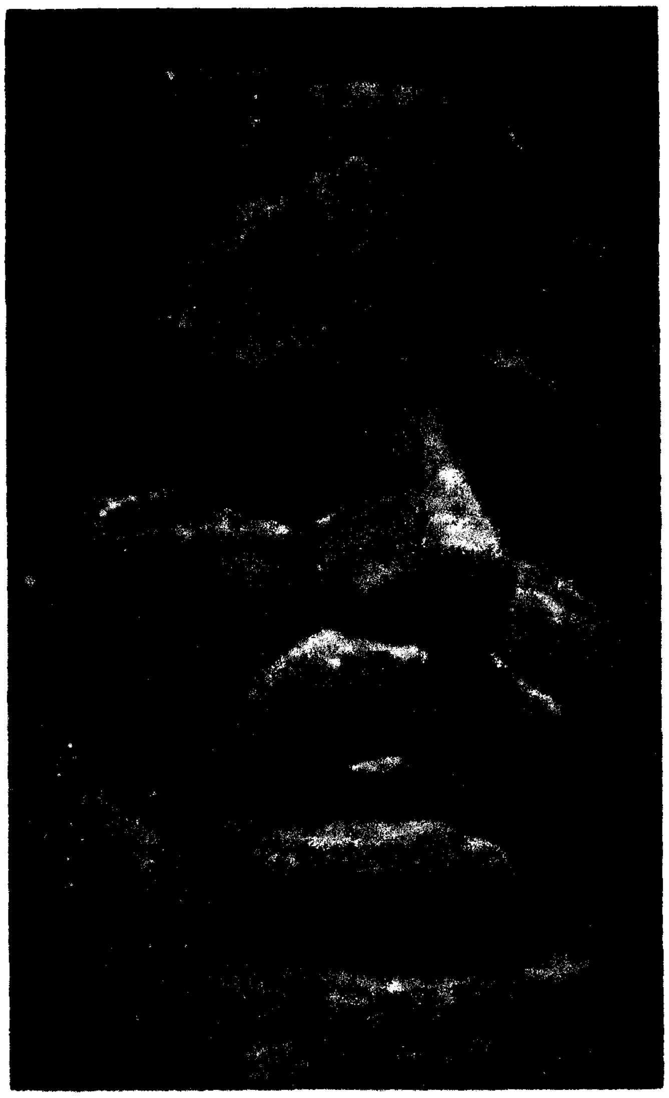
Observe good faith and justice toward all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all . . . George Washington, in his Farewell Address, September 17, 1796

Collier's
COLOR CAMERA

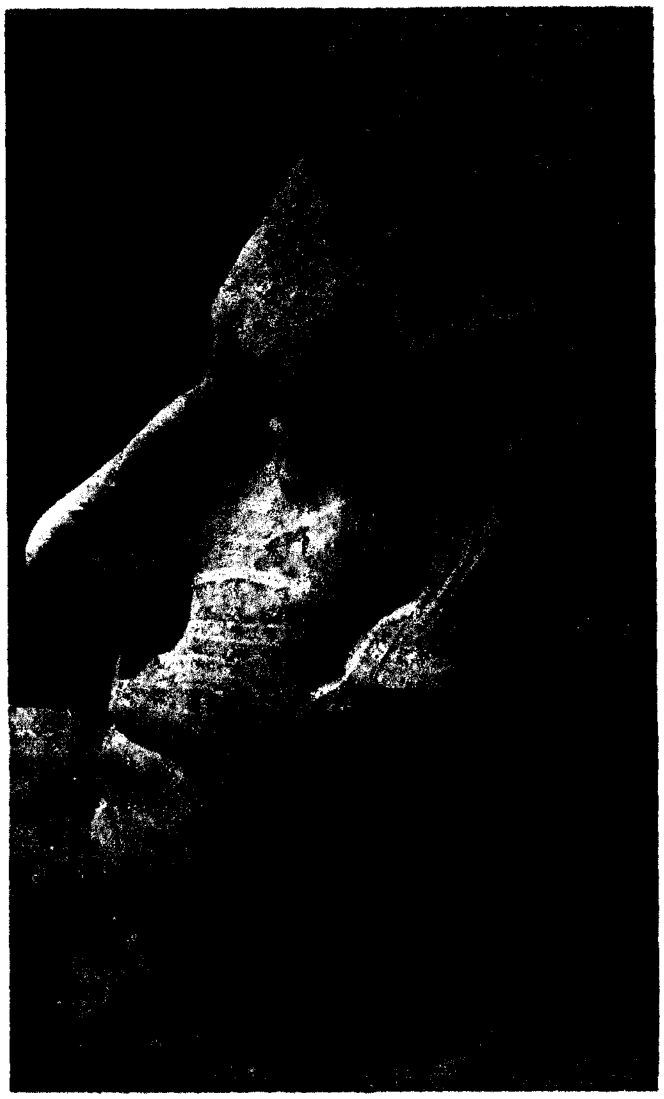


Lighted at nightfall, Rushmore Memorial is never in darkness. Facing east, it catches sun all day long





When all is said, . . . brotherhood remains as the indispensable prerequisite to success in the kind of national life for which we strive . . . Theodore Roosevelt, Message to Congress, December 3, 1901



. . . all men are created equal, . . . they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights . . . among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. Thomas Jefferson, Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776

MT. RUSHMORE

Heritage in Granite

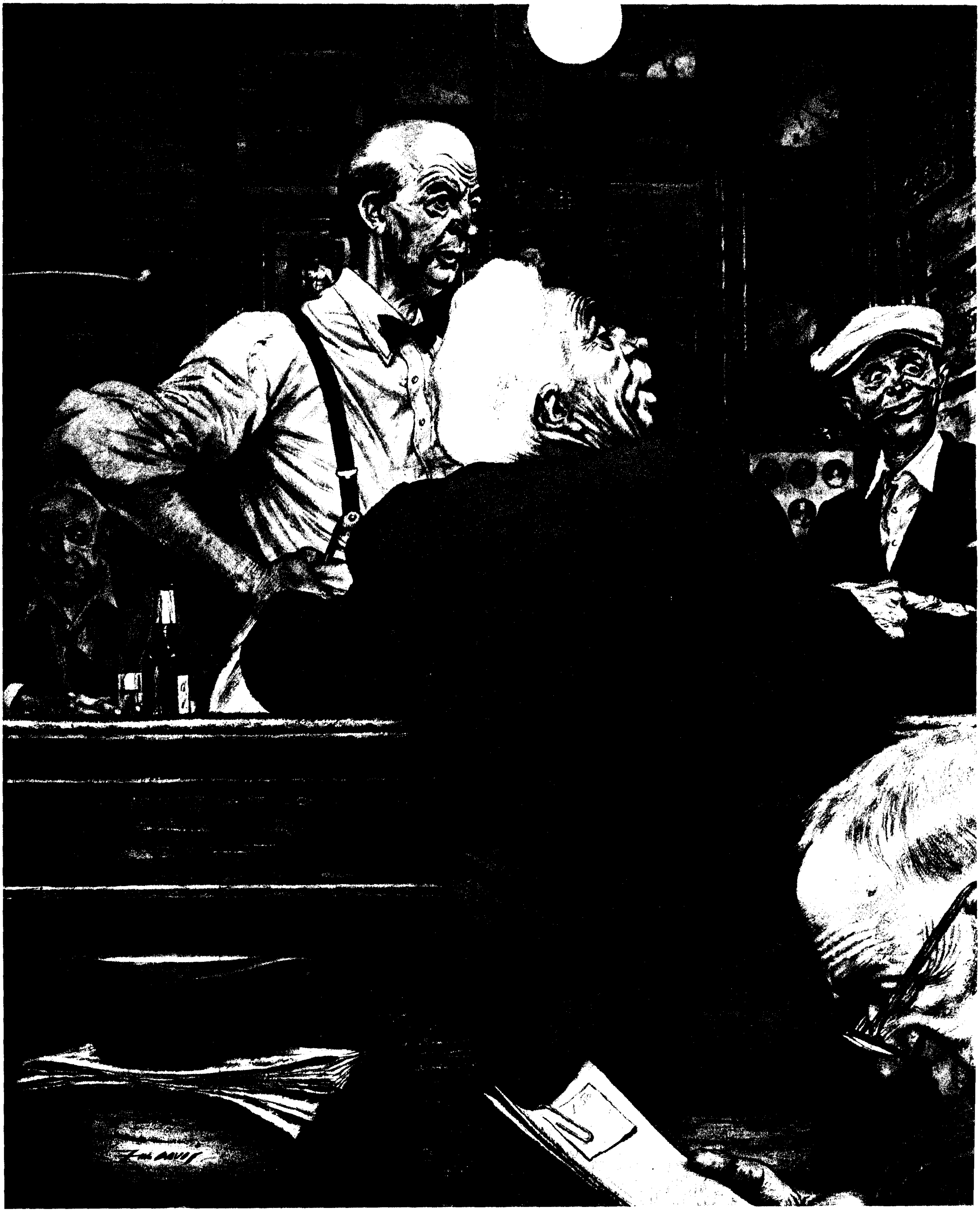
ON JULY 4, 1930, a likeness of George Washington was unveiled on the side of a granite cliff in the Black Hills of South Dakota. This face, more than 60 feet from chin to forehead, was the beginning of one of the most impressive projects in the history of patriotic statuary: the Mount Rushmore National Memorial.

Conceived and designed by the sculptor Gutzon Borglum, of Idaho, the group which also includes Jefferson, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt, was begun at the invitation of South Dakota. In 1927, President Coolidge dedicated it to the nation. Having had little precedent in art or engineering, Borglum's mammoth undertaking had to be planned as it progressed: there was no room for trial or error. Borglum never faltered before the astounding task of making a statue out of a mountain, yet time and time again he was hampered by insufficient funds. There was $250,000 in a federal grant to begin with, but the appropriation had to be matched by private contributions. Finally, however, the greatest part of the job was done. It cost the relatively small amount of $900,000. In 1941, while still working on the details of the gigantic sculptures, Borglum died at the age of seventy-four. His work remains largely as he left it.

Almost in center of North America, Memorial is symbol of U.S. history

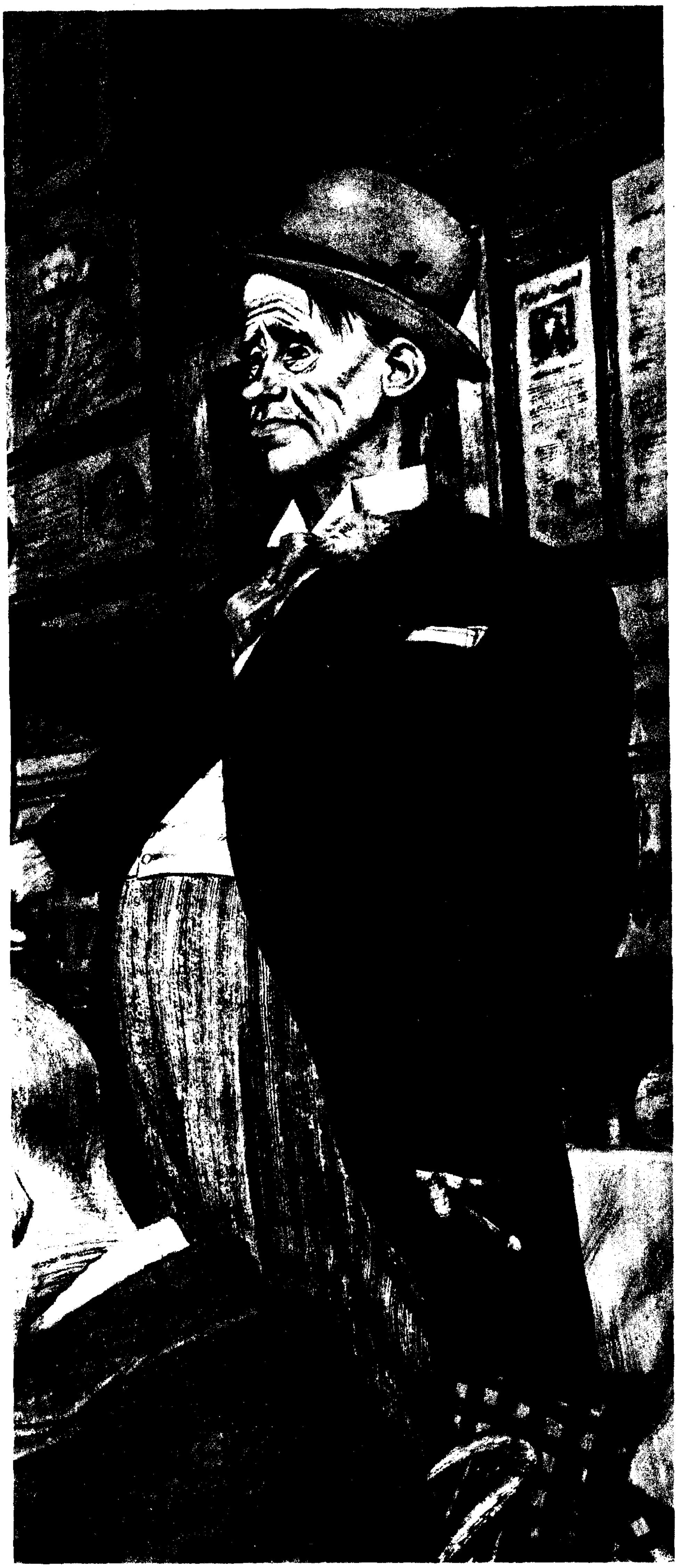
What did the statues mean to him? According to Mary Borglum, his widow, George Washington signifies the founding of the republic; Jefferson stands for the Declaration of Independence; Lincoln represents the indissolubility of the Union; and Theodore Roosevelt was selected because, by seeing to the completion of the Panama Canal, he had opened a seaway from Europe to Asia. Yet, whatever these men stand for individually, together they symbolize democracy itself. SEY CHASSLER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEO CHOPLIN



"Whatever at all are you got up like that for in the height of an afternoon in the middle of the week?" Matthew asked Packy. "I never thou

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS



to see that suit again until we laid you out in it, may it be a far day"

Matthew Meets His Peer

Matt's womenfolk were a terrible disappointment to him—they were nothing but culture-crazy shrews until that dear man Cathal Breffny mesmerized them

By JOSEPH CARROLL

MATTHEW CLEARY swiveled on his bar stool in Mulry's Dark Rosaleen Bar and Grill at the sound of a voice familiar enough, but not in these surroundings. He gaped at the man who stood uncomfortably beside him: Packy Kinsella, dressed as he had never been dressed before except at his wedding, some months ago, to Matthew's sister Meg. Packy hardly ever went into Mulry's; he rarely drank, and when he did it was the occasion for alerting entire police precincts. "Whatever at all are you got up like that for in the height of an afternoon in the middle of the week? If you'll forgive me as one man to another—and ourselves being related through the holy bonds of matrimony—you look like one of the wax figures in the men's clothes stores on Madison Street. I never thought to see that suit again until we laid you out in it, may it be a far day."

Packy smiled feebly. He was a squarely built man, heavy in the waist, pleasant-faced without by any means having Matthew's nobly handsome features. He was of late middle age, a dozen or so years younger than Matthew—it was hard to tell exactly because Matthew's lies about his age were extremely inconsistent. Packy wore a swallow-tailed coat and gray striped trousers; his shirt was snowy and starched, and his necktie was gloomily conservative.

"I'll tell you the lengths and breadths of it as soon as I have a drink," Packy said, climbing onto the stool next to Matthew's and pulling his pant legs up at the knees in that futile gesture intended to preserve the crease.

Mulry, the proprietor, served them drinks as grudgingly as if they were on the house; he was notorious throughout the neighborhood for his mean disposition, and people crowded his squalid little saloon as they might go to the panther's cage at the zoo, simply to hear him snarl.

Neither Matthew nor Packy had any time for Mulry now, however, and Matthew rudely told him to go away before he got the earache from straining to listen to a private conversation. Mulry told him to gas away and be damned, and then went to the other end of the bar. Such exchanges were a commonplace of their relationship, and there were no real hard feelings on either side.

Packy had a pull at his drink and said, "I must have only one, Matt, so don't be tempting me to more, there's a dear man. One I must have or I can't go through with it at all. And if I have more than one, the whole of my resolution will drain away on me and I won't go through with it."

"Go through with what, man?" Matthew asked. "Why aren't you working? By rights you should be guiding a Garfield Park L through the hazards of the Loop, like the fearless motorman you are, instead of sitting here with your backside bursting out of those clergyman's pants."

"I took the day off," Packy said. "It's a favor I'm doing for Meg."

"Mightn't I have known?" said Matthew, running his hand through his shiny white hair. He had quite approved of his sister's marriage to Packy. He was fond of them both, and their relative ages were suitable, but he had always known that psychologically Packy was overmatched. Meg, who had been a widow for years, was an incontinent meddler, a compulsive manager of other people's affairs; she was good-humored and intelligent, but never really happy unless she was goading the idle from key posts in a score of committees and organizations. The gentle Packy loved her, though their attraction was like that of Othello and Desdemona in reverse. Meg had all the adventures and Packy did the admiring.

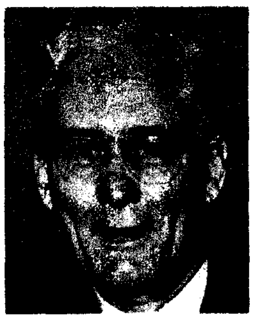
She had never met the anthropophagi or men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, but if she had

(Continued on page 34)

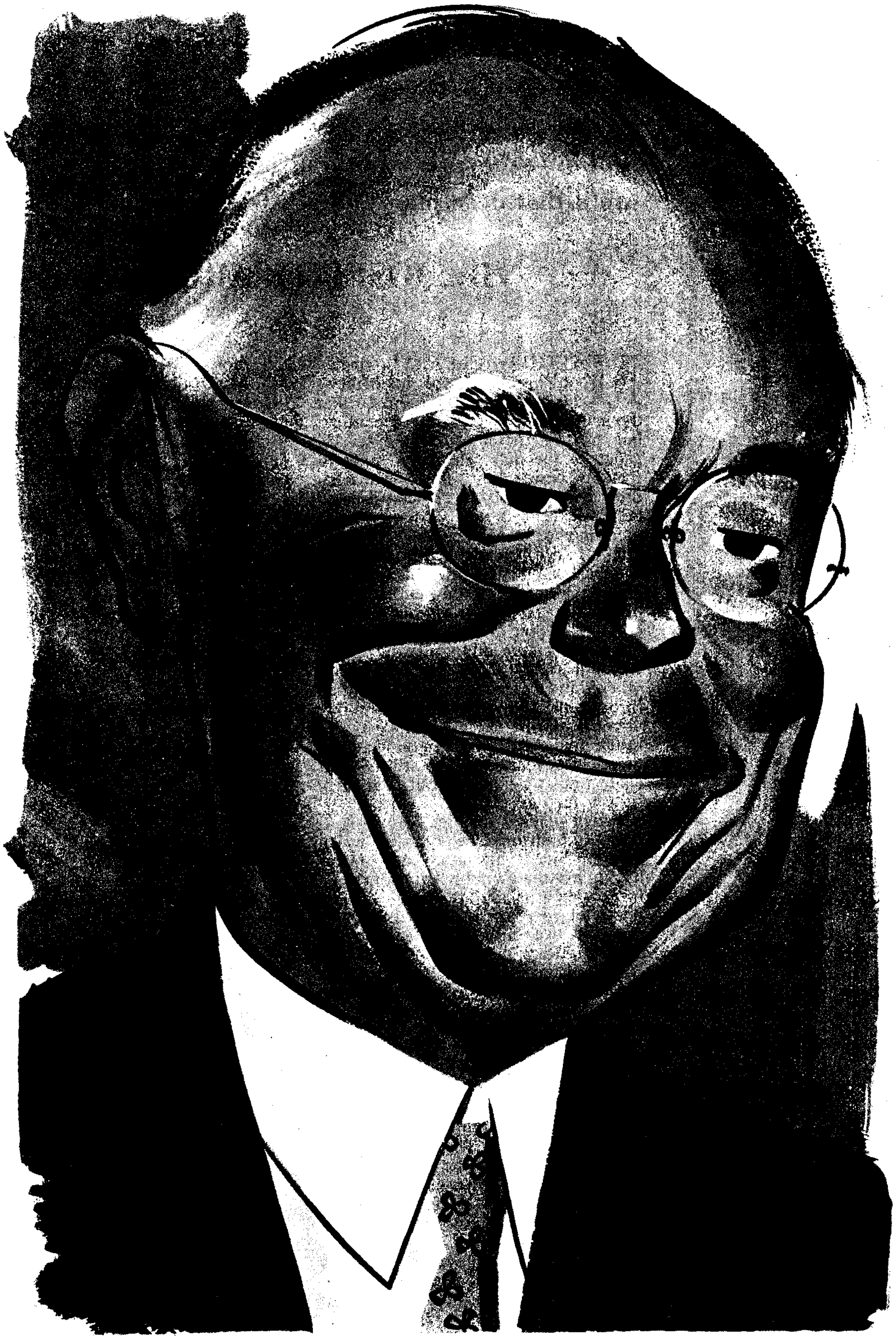
TAFT Should Be Nominated

"His distinguished record . . . is a clear and open book. His integrity has no room for deceit . . . He tells exactly where he stands . . . He serves one boss, the people"

By SENATOR HUGH BUTLER
OF NEBRASKA



Sen. Butler



DRAWINGS BY HARRY DEVLIN

AFTER 20 years in office, the New Deal has produced a national crisis. The signs of this crisis are clear for all to see. They are: scandals and corruption in public office, government favoritism to special groups, close connection between crime and administration politics, subversive influences in government, excessive taxation, waste of public money, staggering national debt, dangerous inflation, a large and arrogant bureaucracy, drift to a garrison state with the danger of military domination, and fear for the safety of the nation from foreign attack.

Such a profound crisis calls for a man of exceptional qualities and a complete change in party control of the government.

In my opinion, Robert A. Taft is the one man in either party with the special qualities needed in these critical times. His distinguished record in public office is a clear and open book. His integrity has no room for deceit or concealment. Even his opponents admit his forthright honesty. No bureaucracy controls him and he will not permit any official to abuse the public trust. Not a single special group or interest can claim his obligation. He meets every problem on its merits without fear or favor. He tells exactly where he stands, without double talk or reservations. He serves one boss, the people; and only one interest, the national interest.

The qualities have already raised Bob Taft to a position of top leadership in the Republican party. I am confident they will win him the nomination because Republicans know that only a clear-cut fighting campaign, such as he can wage, will bring decisive victory next November.

The Republican party has had other candidates for President who did not understand the party's principles and did not grasp the issues of our times. Thus they failed to offer the voters the clear choice which the best interests of the nation demand. That cannot happen with Senator Taft as the nominee. He knows the real issues. New Deal propaganda does not deceive him. He is a vigorous campaigner. No other candidate is so thoroughly versed in Republican principles or has done more to spread knowledge and understanding of them among the people of the nation.

He has militantly opposed the unsound features of the New Deal and the Fair Deal programs. New Dealers bitterly oppose Senator Taft because he cut through their deceits with revelations of the truth and exposed their bungling mistakes at home and abroad. He has fought to stem the ever-increasing burden of taxation, the discouragement of individual initiative, the creeping paralysis of government domination and regulation of every American's life. He has exposed the waste, mismanagement, corruption and misdirection which characterize the operations of the Truman administration.

But Senator Taft's opposition is not one of pure negativism. On each issue where he has differed with the Roosevelt and Truman administrations he has put forward constructive alternative proposals.

In the matter of foreign policy, for example, there should be no pulling of punches this year on the bungling, inconsistent course followed by Mr. Truman and his foreign affairs advisers, Dean Acheson and Dr. Philip Jessup. On the other hand, the Republican nominee for President should offer a constructive foreign

(Continued on page 67)

IKE Should Be Nominated

Sen. Saltonstall

"He has shown beyond all question that he is an able administrator, good executive, crackajack diplomat . . . I believe that he is the one Republican who can win . . ."

By SENATOR LEVERETT SALTONSTALL

OF MASSACHUSETTS

AS a citizen first, and only then as a Republican, I have for a long time been thinking about the kind of man my country needs as its President, therefore the kind of man my party should nominate—for to get a new administration for all of us, the Republicans *must* nominate a man who can win the election!

As long as a year ago I felt, above everything else, that we must have a change in administration, regardless of partisan politics. Our system of government was conceived on the basis of change—a change from one personality to another. If our system of government is to succeed, it must have new ways of carrying out its functions, new ideas, a revival of high ideals of service, new imagination and the stimulus that comes with a new group of men as leaders.

The present administration is tired, sometimes arrogant, and obviously in its own estimation can do no wrong. It has become terrifically bureaucratic. It has lost its imagination—and even its courage. It has become far too tied down to its present ways and means of providing the essential services of government. We must have a vigorous leadership that will provide the services required of our government but provide at the same time a new spirit, a new energy, a new attitude in carrying them out in the national interest.

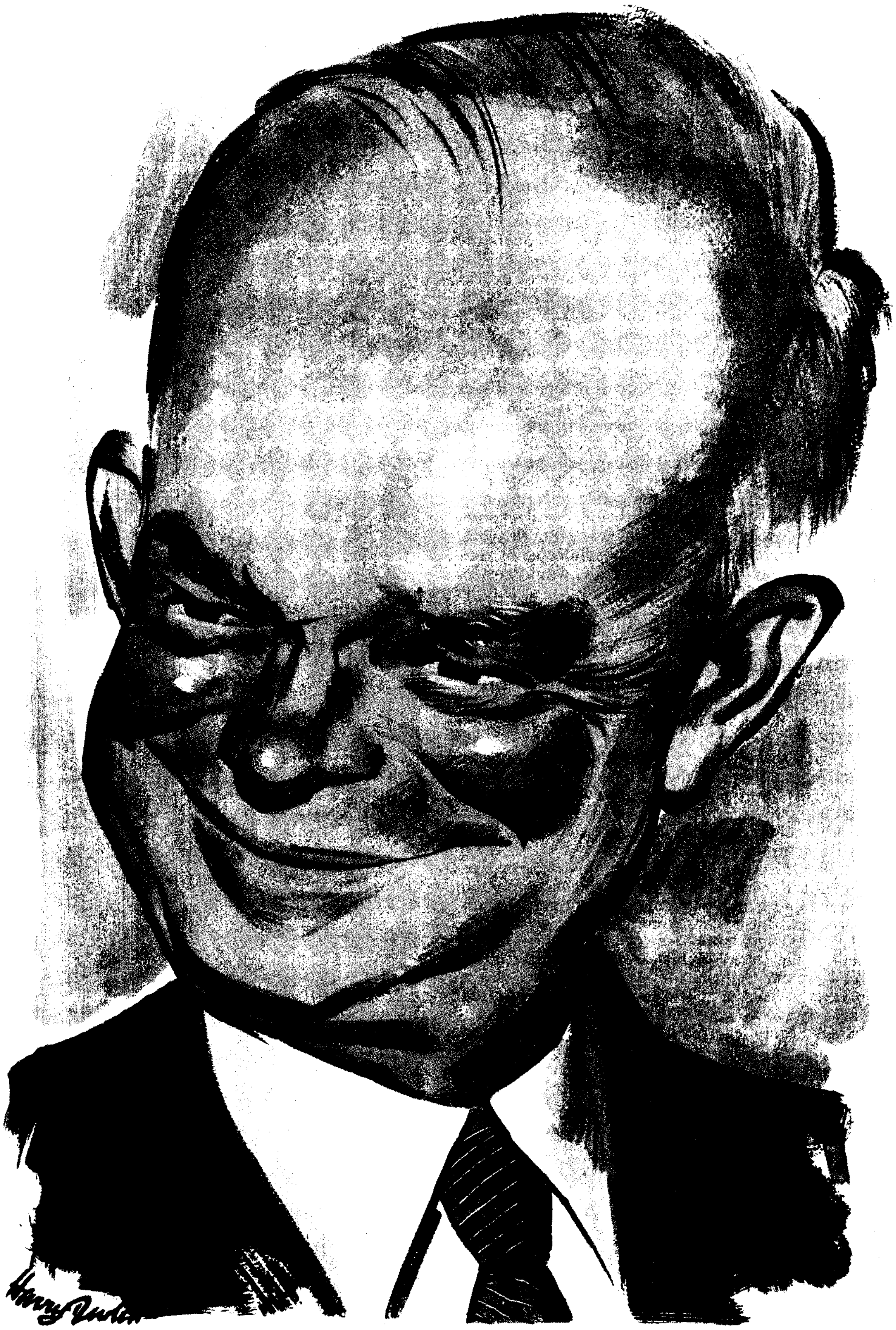
My conclusion, reached a year ago and strengthened in the meanwhile, is that General Dwight D. Eisenhower is the man who can best serve my country and my party. There are many strong reasons why I have come to this considered conclusion.

Faith in the integrity of our own government is a fundamental issue this year. Without faith in our national administration, we cannot possibly have an effective domestic policy, or an effective foreign policy. If the people become much more cynical than they now are, moral and political disintegration are bound to follow. Already, many millions of income-tax payers feel let down and angry because of the unparalleled frauds uncovered in the federal tax-collecting outfit, and we do not yet know the whole truth about the fixing and stealing that has gone on.

Income-tax revenues depend, ultimately, on the co-operation of the taxpayers; but their co-operation depends in turn on the faith and confidence the taxpayers have in the integrity of their government. A widespread attitude of public resentment, a holding back from co-operation in making returns, could bring down not only moral but actual fiscal disaster on our government, and our country, in a hurry.

There is only one way to stop the taxpayers' trend toward resentment and refusal to co-operate willingly, and that is to change from one party to another. Faith in government cannot possibly be restored and invigorated by the party under which it has decayed. The situation requires much more than a retread for the party that already has been too long in power. Our very system of government depends on change, from time to time, from one party to another.

But it is not going to be easy to make this change in 1952, despite the fact that the present administration has proved itself uninspiring, jaded, reckless of the direction in which it leads the country, and generally unworthy to remain in office. The Democratic party controls *(Continued on page 65)*



TRAFFIC JAMS— How We

A 37,800-mile highway network, tying together our main cities and rural areas, offers a short cut to freedom of the road. Modernize this system and we solve our worst bottlenecks

FOR many years, U.S. motorists have been cherishing a dream of The Highways of the Future. These imaginary superroads are six or eight lanes wide, accidentproof and bump-free. They stretch coast-to-coast, by-pass cities, leapfrog valleys on mammoth bridges and tunnel through mountains. Over these dream highways, autos whiz at 80 to 100 miles per hour, while trucks and busses—moving in segregated lanes—rumble along at a mile-a-minute clip.

All these de luxe features would make mighty pleasant driving. However, there are several practical reasons why our dream highways never come true. We, the 75,000,000 American motorists, simply don't have enough money to network the country with superroads costing upwards of $3,000,000 a mile. We can't even afford, apparently, to keep the essential sections of our existing 3,322,000-mile street and highway system in good condition. Over the last 20 years, we've actually fallen $51,000,000,000 behind schedule in rebuilding and modernizing worn-out and obsolete roads and constructing vital new ones. So, instead of dream highways, we've got traffic nightmares.

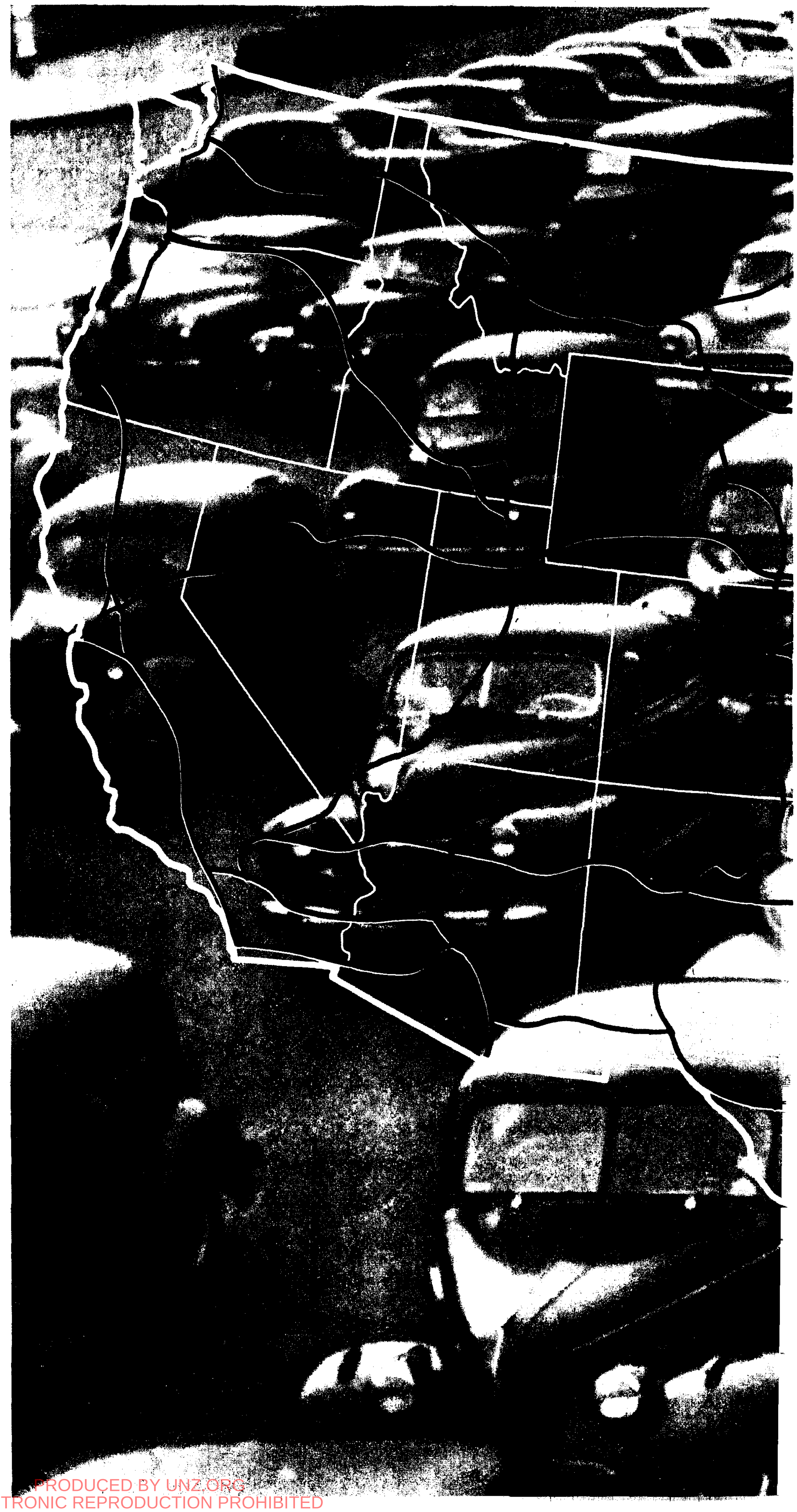
According to the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads, almost two thirds of our principal highways—roughly 200,000 miles of them—are substandard in width, grade or curvature for today's fast, heavy traffic. Most of this vital mileage can be widened or straightened sufficiently to provide "safe passing" distances, and extreme traffic hazards at approximately 20,000 narrow bridges and exposed railroad crossings can be eliminated. But this long-overdue reconstruction program, endorsed by most state highway department officials, would cost an estimated $5,500,000,000 annually for at least 15 years.

As of now, we haven't even started this urgently needed rebuilding. In 1951, we spent only $4,200,000,000 on U.S. roads. As a result, highway officials estimate, we fell 7,000 miles short of making the repairs and replacements necessary to maintain our state highways *at their admittedly inadequate 1950 levels.*

That's the bleak highway picture. At our current rebuilding pace, the roads are going from bad to worse. Even if we get right to work on an $82,500,000,000 reconstruction program, we can't expect to complete the job of modernizing our highway system until 1967.

This disturbing highway picture becomes even more bleak when viewed against the background of the nation's economic dependence on motor transportation. Last year, Americans operated a total of 52,000,000 autos, trucks and busses—60 per cent of the world's vehicles. Three fourths of our total freight tonnage moved at least part way to market in trucks. So did nearly 90 per cent of our farm products. In addition, private autos and busses accounted for 90 per cent of all intercity passenger mileage.

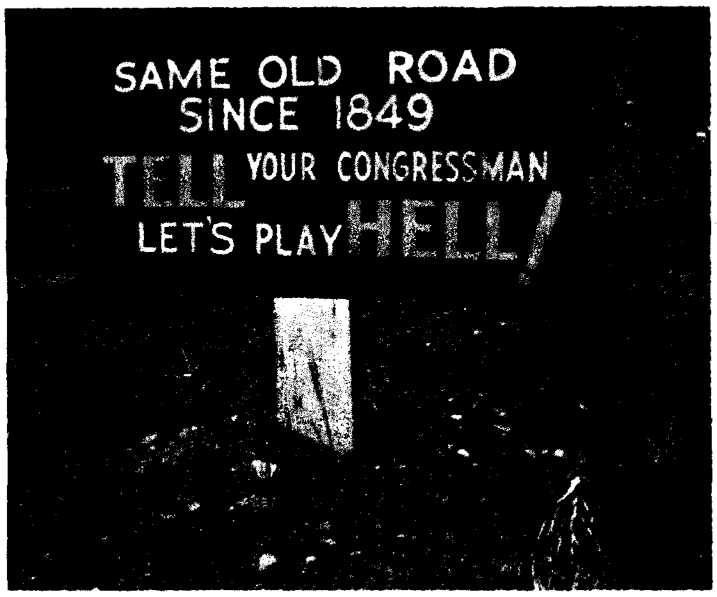
Obviously, these vital transportation services, already slowed to a virtual standstill by traffic congestion near and in metropolitan areas, can scarcely wait 15 or 20 years for a long-range rebuilding program to materialize. This fact poses our most urgent transportation problem. How can we recondition enough highway mileage in the next few



The National System of Interstate Highways, America's top-priority road-repair project. Today, much of it is battered and inadequate, but it's the big hope of tomorrow's motorist

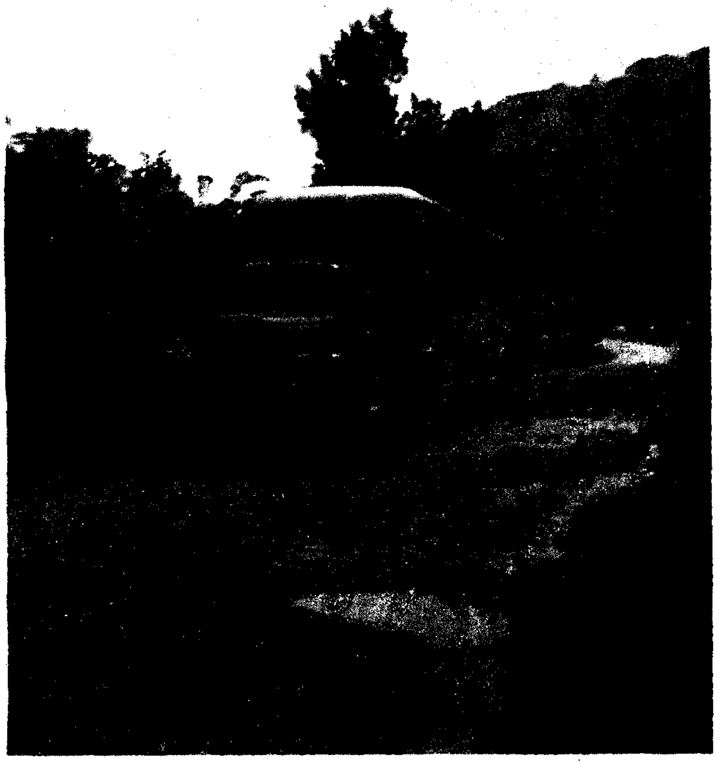
Can Free Them Now

By BILL FAY



JAMES NICKELL

Near Reno, civic groups erected signs like this on Rte. 40, which runs to San Francisco from East

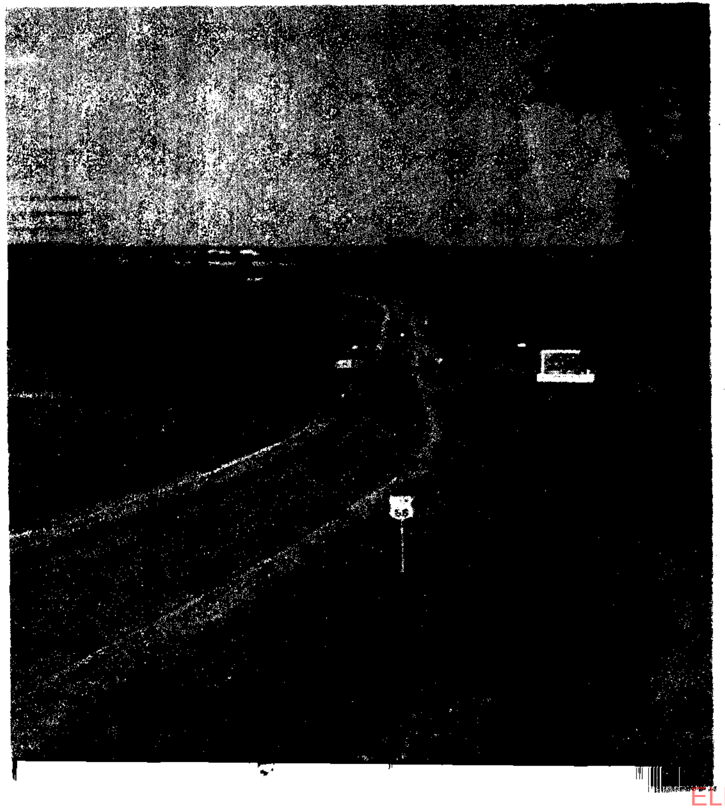


RALPH ROYLE

To avoid Pittsburgh, westbound traffic turns off speedy Pa. Turnpike—into rutted, torn Rte. 31

Oklahoma City-Tulsa road is narrow, winding and in bad repair. It will be replaced by new route

JIM KYLE



years to meet our constantly expanding industrial, agricultural and national defense needs?

There is only one possible solution—prompt, full improvement of a 37,800-mile "short cut" authorized by Congress called the National System of Interstate Highways. This overworked Interstate System, consisting of certain key roads among those maintained by the state with federal aid, comprises less than one per cent of the nation's highways, but it carries 20 per cent of our total highway traffic. It also connects 42 state capitals and 156 of the 164 cities having more than 50,000 population.

The tightly compressed Interstate System is the life line of U.S. highway transportation. It runs through the urban areas which produce 83 per cent of all the goods manufactured in cities of 10,000-or-more population; and, equally important, it traverses rural sections which account for 43 per cent of our farm products. Populationwise, the Interstate serves 65 per cent of our city dwellers, and 45 per cent of the people who live in rural areas. It also contains the principal traffic routes of military importance designated by the War Department.

According to a Bureau of Public Roads estimate, the whole Interstate System can be improved to meet modern traffic standards for $11,000,000,000. The job would take from eight to 15 years, depending upon the availability of construction funds and scarce building materials. Moreover, by giving top priority to the construction of expressways in metropolitan areas, the worst traffic bottlenecks on the existing Interstate System could be eliminated in two or three years.

Committee Picks Vital Road Network

The need for an adequate Interstate System has been acknowledged by motor transport experts in both industry and government since 1941, when the late President Roosevelt appointed a National Interregional Highway Committee to recommend a transcontinental network of roads considered most essential to the future economic welfare and defense of the country. After a three-year, state-by-state survey, the Interregional committee (headed by U.S. Public Roads Commissioner Thomas H. MacDonald) selected the Interstate System.

Acting on the committee's recommendation, Congress directed in the federal-aid Highway Act of 1944 that—

"There shall be designated within the continental United States a national system of Interstate Highways not exceeding 40,000 miles in total extent so located as to connect by routes, as direct as practicable, the principal metropolitan areas, cities and industrial centers, to serve the national defense, and to connect at suitable border points with routes of continental importance in The Dominion of Canada and the Republic of Mexico."

In 1948, Congress further directed the Bureau of Roads to prepare a detailed survey on "Highway Needs of the National Defense" in co-operation with the Department of Defense and the National Security Resources Board. This report, embodying suggestions and data from every state highway department, declared the Interstate System was "without doubt the most important connected network within the highway system of the country."

Subsequently, the American Automobile Association endorsed the Interstate System as "the most important road program ever planned for the United States."

Last May, the National Highway Users Conference, whose membership is a cross section of the automotive industry, reported: "Priorities must be established to make certain that the most important roads to defense are immediately put in adequate shape. Mobility for defense needs is provided by America's great system of roads and streets. There is approximately one mile of highway for every square mile of this nation's area.

"While almost all of this mileage is important in providing a particular mission, the most important highways, it is generally agreed, are embraced in the 40,000-mile Interstate Highway System. These 40,000 miles comprise the principal arteries of our commerce and are the life lines in time of war."

In simplest terms, the Interstate System represents the most highway we can buy for the least money in the shortest possible time. Even so, the amount of construction work required to bring the Interstate up to adequate standards would be enormous. It would include (according to a Bureau of Public Roads survey) the construction of 4,893 bridges; improvement of 5,925 bridges; relocation and construction of 11,891 miles; complete reconstruction of 14,283 miles; and improvement (mostly widening) of 8,687 miles. At present, less than 3,000 miles of the Interstate System require no improvement.

When this huge job of rebuilding the Interstate is completed, some 11,000 miles of roads, mostly in urban areas, will be four- or six-lane divided highways; the remaining 26,800 miles will be standard two-lane construction, 24 feet in width. The divided multilane highways will service areas where traffic exceeds 800 vehicles per hour. On the less heavily traveled two-lane sections, clear-sight distances of 1,500 feet will occur at frequent intervals to provide safe passing opportunities for passenger cars and trucks.

Now for a question of prime importance to traffic-jammed motorists: How fast could you expect to travel over a fully improved Interstate System?

If you were driving a passenger car, say highway design experts, you could maintain an average running speed of 50 miles per hour in rural sections. In cities, you would have to slow down to 35 or 40. Truck drivers should average 35 miles an hour over all parts of the system.

In flat, open country, the improved Interstate would be designed for safe travel at speeds upwards of 75 miles per hour for passenger cars and 60 miles per hour by trucks. However, automotive engineers consider such high speeds uneconomical for the average motorist. Here's why:

On a 1,000-mile trip, you can save two hours and 48 minutes by increasing your average speed from 55 to 65 miles per hour. Meanwhile (due to sharply increased fuel consumption at high speeds), you also hike your gas and oil expenses about $12. That means spending about three tankfuls of gas to save three hours on the road. Not many drivers would want to pay such a high price.

"Basically," a BPR official said recently, "the function of an improved Interstate System would be to move traffic at moderate speeds with as few interruptions as possible. It's the frequent stopping-and-starting which makes present-day driving so exasperating—and unnecessarily expensive."

Recent road tests confirm this statement. For example, it has been demonstrated that one stop-and-start at a red light causes as much wear on tires as one mile of uninterrupted highway driving. Similarly, the amount of gasoline consumed in accelerating from low to high gear at a stop sign or light will carry your car about two tenths of a mile on the open road.

Drivers Would Get Investment Dividend

As these figures indicate, a substantial part of the proposed $11,000,000,000 investment in improving the Interstate System eventually would be returned to motorists in the form of reduced auto maintenance costs. This is especially true in metropolitan areas.

For example, the motorists now driving on some 6,000 miles of the Interstate System in urban areas are traveling at an average speed of 21.7 miles per hour. This slowpoke pace can be blamed mostly on a total of 9,036 stop signs, stop-and-go signals and flashing beacons at congested intersections. If the Interstate were improved to meet adequate standards, these congested intersections would be eliminated and motorists would increase their average speed from 21.7 to 35 miles per hour.

Despite the fact that the Interstate project would be largely self-liquidating, the immediate financing of this $11,000,000,000 roadnet presents complicated and difficult problems. Currently, the states are applying only $75,000,000 of their annual federal-aid funds for Interstate construction. This amount is matched dollar-for-dollar by the various state governments. At this rate of expenditure, only $150,000,000 annually, it will take about 100 years to complete the Interstate System.

During 1951, the federal, state and local governments spent $4,200,000,000 on roads; of this amount, $1,500,000,000 was allocated to administering and maintaining existing mileage, while $2,700,000,000 was put into *(Continued on page 52)*

OVID FLOREA

Part of magnificent system of superroads under construction in area around Los Angeles, eight-lane Hollywood Freeway runs into coastal highway network

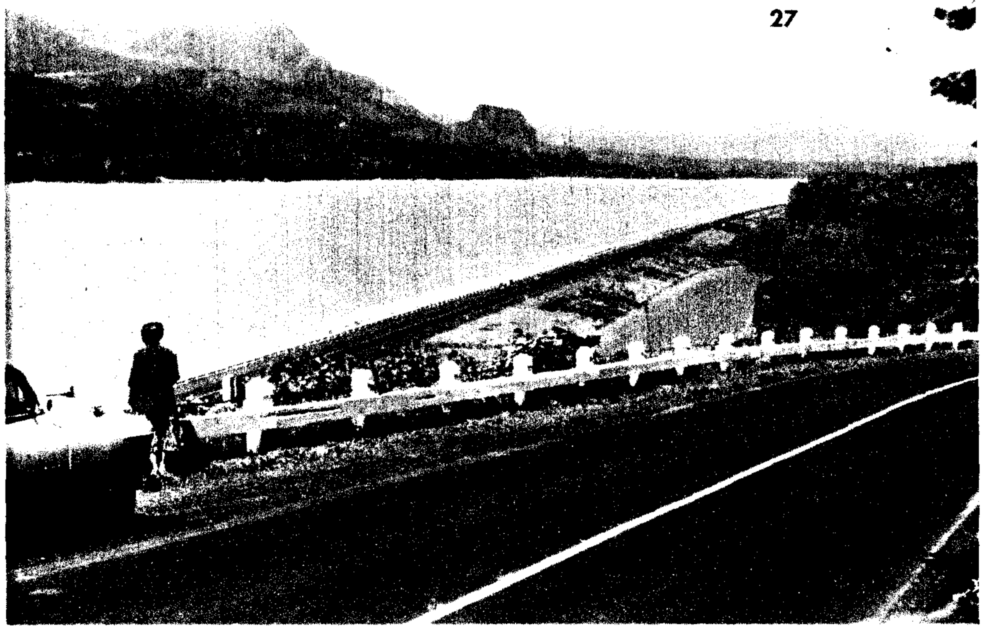


PHOTO ART STUDIO

The old and the new: east of Portland, Ore., scenic Columbia River Highway overlooks shorter, faster road which replaced it as Rte. 30

ENYAS-KAUFMAN

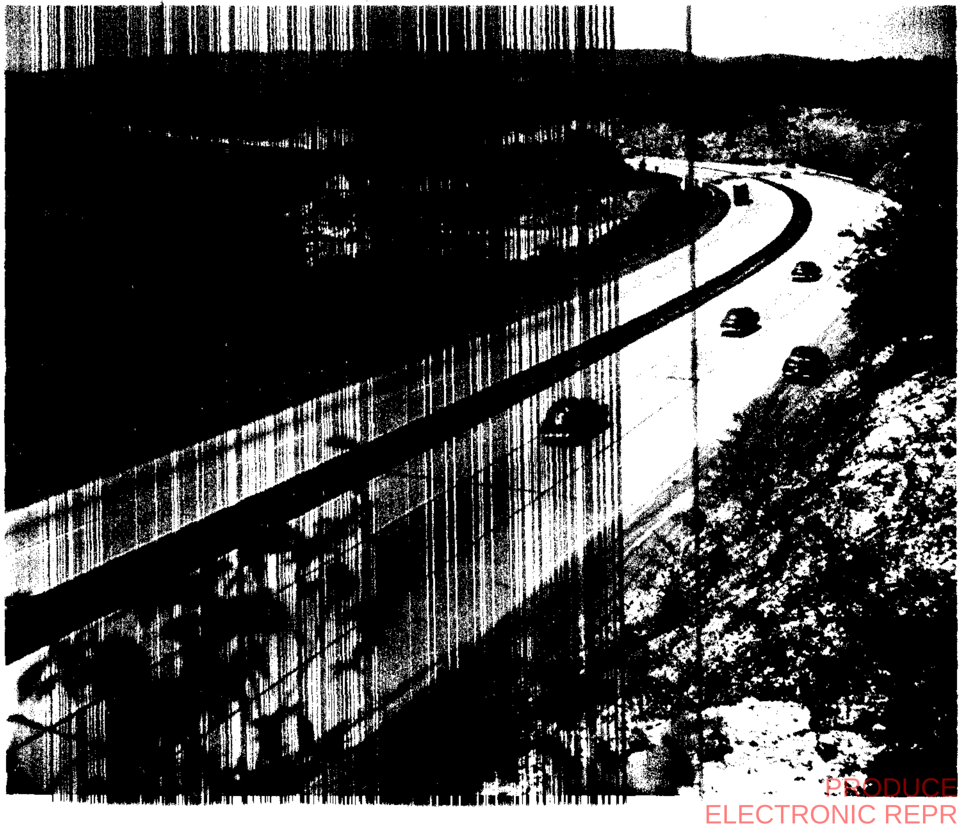
When Detroit Expressway is complete, engineers estimate drivers will make 20-mile trip across town in about 30 minutes, instead of an hour and a half

THOMAS F. HILL

Alabama's Birmingham-Bessemer highway illustrates inflationary trend. Built in 1936 for $1,364,000, it would cost estimated $4,000,000 now

Pennsylvania Turnpike spans state, is one of nation's finest highways. But it connects with one of worst American main roads, shown on opposite page

ALPH ROYLE



Merritt Parkway, Connecticut, is part of Boston-New York speed route which traverses nation's most populated area but avoids city traffic

RAY MAINWARING

The Gift of COCHISE

By LOUIS L'AMOUR

The Apache was a fighter, and he respected fighting blood. This pioneer woman had it—and so did this lean, angry man

TENSE, and white to the lips, Angie Lowe stood in the door of her cabin with a double-barreled shotgun in her hands. Beside the door was a Winchester '73, and on the table inside the house were two Walker Colts.

Facing the cabin were twelve Apaches on ragged calico ponies, and one of the Indians had lifted his hand, palm outward. The Apache sitting the white-splashed bay pony was Cochise.

Beside Angie were her seven-year-old son Jimmy and her five-year-old daughter Jane.

Cochise sat his pony in silence; his black, unreadable eyes studied the woman, the children, the cabin, and the small garden. He looked at the two ponies in the corral and the three cows. His eyes strayed to the small stack of hay cut from the meadow, and to the few steers farther up the canyon.

Three times the warriors of Cochise had attacked this solitary cabin and three times they had been turned back. In all, they had lost seven men, and three had been wounded. Four ponies had been killed. His braves reported that there was no man in the house, only a woman and two children, so Cochise had come to see for himself this woman who was so certain a shot with a rifle and who killed his fighting men.

These were some of the same fighting men who had outfought, outguessed and outrun the finest American army on record, an army outnumbering the Apaches by a hundred to one. Yet a lone woman with two small children had fought them off, and the woman was scarcely more than a girl. And she was prepared to fight now. There was a glint of admiration in the old eyes that appraised her. The Apache was a fighting man, and he respected fighting blood.

"Where is your man?"

"He has gone to El Paso." Angie's voice was steady, but she was frightened as she had never been before. She recognized Cochise from descriptions, and she knew that if he decided to kill or capture her it would be done. Until now, the sporadic attacks she had fought off had been those of casual bands of warriors who raided her in passing.

"He has been gone a long time. How long?"

Angie hesitated, but it was not in her to lie. "He has been gone four months."

Cochise considered that. No one but a fool would leave such a woman, or such fine children. Only one thing could have prevented his return. "Your man is dead," he said.

Angie waited, her heart pounding with heavy, measured beats. She had guessed long ago that Ed had been killed but the way Cochise spoke did not imply that Apaches had killed him, only that he must be dead or he would have returned.

"You fight well," Cochise said. "You have killed my young men."

"Your young men attacked me." She hesitated, then added, "They stole my horses."

"Your man is gone. Why do you not leave?"

Angie looked at him with surprise. "Leave? Why, this is my home. This land is mine. This spring is mine. I shall not leave."

"This was an Apache spring," Cochise reminded her reasonably.

"The Apache lives in the mountains," Angie replied. "He does not need this spring. I have two children, and I do need it."

"But when the Apache comes this way, where shall he drink? His throat is dry and you keep him from water."

The very fact that Cochise was willing to talk raised her hopes. There had been a time when the Apache made no war on the white man. "Cochise speaks with a forked tongue," she said. "There is water yonder." She gestured toward the hills, where Ed had told her there were springs. "But if the people of Cochise come in peace they may drink at this spring."

The Apache leader smiled faintly. Such a woman would rear a nation of warriors. He nodded at Jimmy. "The small one—does he also shoot?"

"He does," Angie said proudly, "and well, too!" She pointed to an upthrust leaf of prickly pear. "Show them, Jimmy."

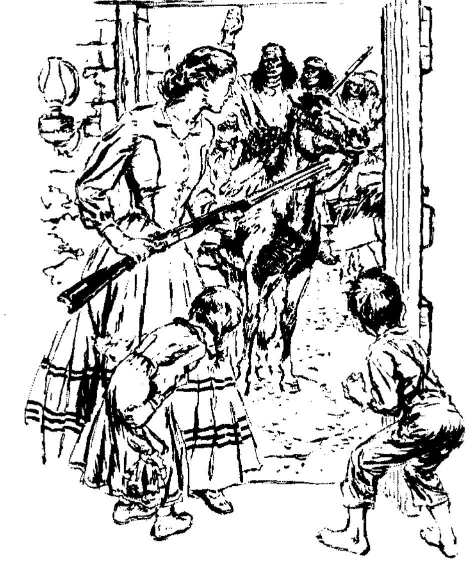
The prickly pear was an easy two hundred yards away, and the Winchester was long and heavy, but he lifted it eagerly and steadied it against the doorjamb as his father had taught him, held his sight an instant, then fired. The bud on top of the prickly pear disintegrated.

There were grunts of appreciation from the dark-faced warriors. Cochise chuckled. "The little warrior shoots well. It is well you have no man. You might raise an army of little warriors to fight my people."

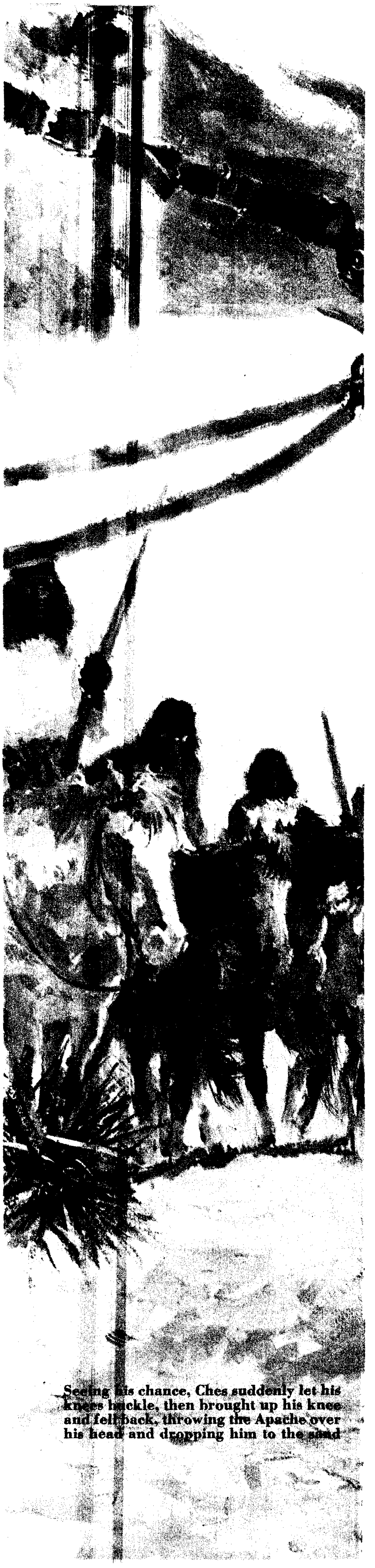
"I have no wish to fight your people," Angie said quietly. "Your people have your ways, and I have mine. I live in peace when I am left in peace. I did not think," she added with dignity, "that the great Cochise made war on women!"

The Apache looked at her, then turned his pony away. "My people will trouble you no longer," he said. "You are the mother of a strong son."

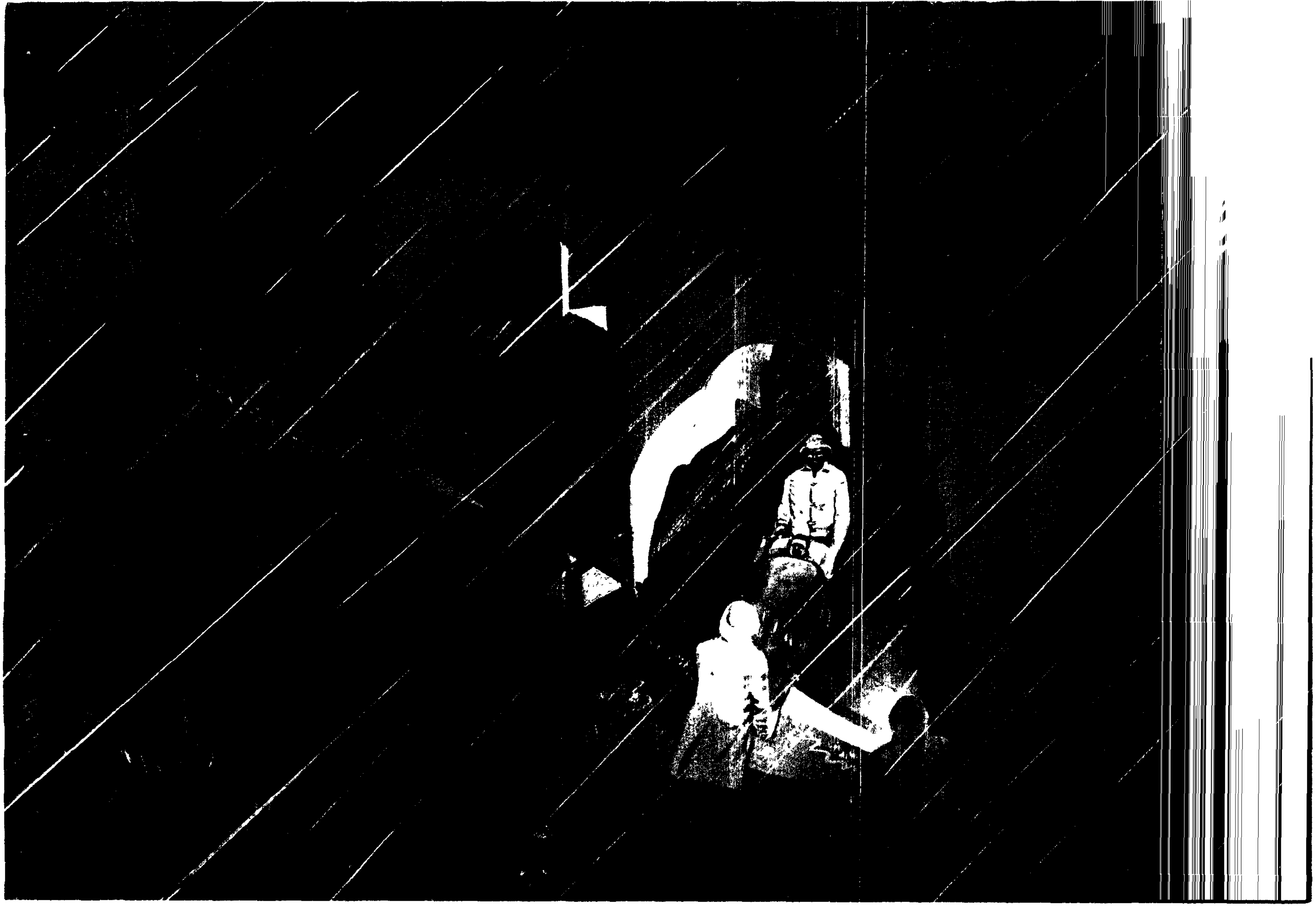
(Continued on page 41)



ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER



Seeing his chance, Ches suddenly let his knees buckle, then brought up his knee and fell back, throwing the Apache over his head and dropping him to the sand



ROLF KLEP

To prevent discovery, police moved tortured youth from station house to remote villa, leaving him on bed because injuries were so severe

Concluding Inside Perón's Secret Torture Chambers

The Case of Mario Bravo

By DR. ALBERTO CARIDE with JOHN LEAR

"They struck the young man on the head. As he lay there, the men who had been hitting him started to kick him. Someone jumped on his abdomen . . ."

Police gave this photo to press as "proof" Mario Bravo was all right. Actually, he had to be propped against wall for picture taking

Last week, Dr. Alberto Caride told how he was first called upon by the dread Special Section of Argentine dictator Juan Perón to attend to the severe injuries of a man who had just been tortured. In this installment, Dr. Caride takes up the second such case he was forced to treat. The story of Mario Bravo's ordeal is fully documented in material recently presented to UN Secretary-General Trygve Lie by the International League for the Rights of Man, on behalf of Dr. Caride and eight other anti-Perón exiles

WHEN England's late king, George VI, was first stricken with endarteritis, I—an Argentine physician—had the temerity to predict that the condition his operation of 1949 was intended to cure would recur in more violent form in two years. This opinion became known to the royal physicians. And when my observation proved correct in 1951, the secretariat of the British Embassy in Buenos Aires asked me to hold myself in readiness for a possible call to London.

I applied immediately for my passport, completely forgetting what I had seen with my own eyes three years before: that all passport applications in Argentina go first to the Special Section of police, the secret torture squad, to make sure that no one politically important to dictator Juan Domingo Perón may escape his jurisdiction.

I was hardly of political import. My family had dedicated itself to medicine in an unbroken line for 225 years. But I had had the ill luck to practice the treatment of violent injuries in a Buenos Aires sanitarium where my work was observed and remembered by a man who later became a key figure in the Special Section. At his suggestion I had been summoned from bed in the depths of a February night in 1948 to treat a political prisoner who had been beaten and tortured into insensibility with electric current.

(Continued on page 60)

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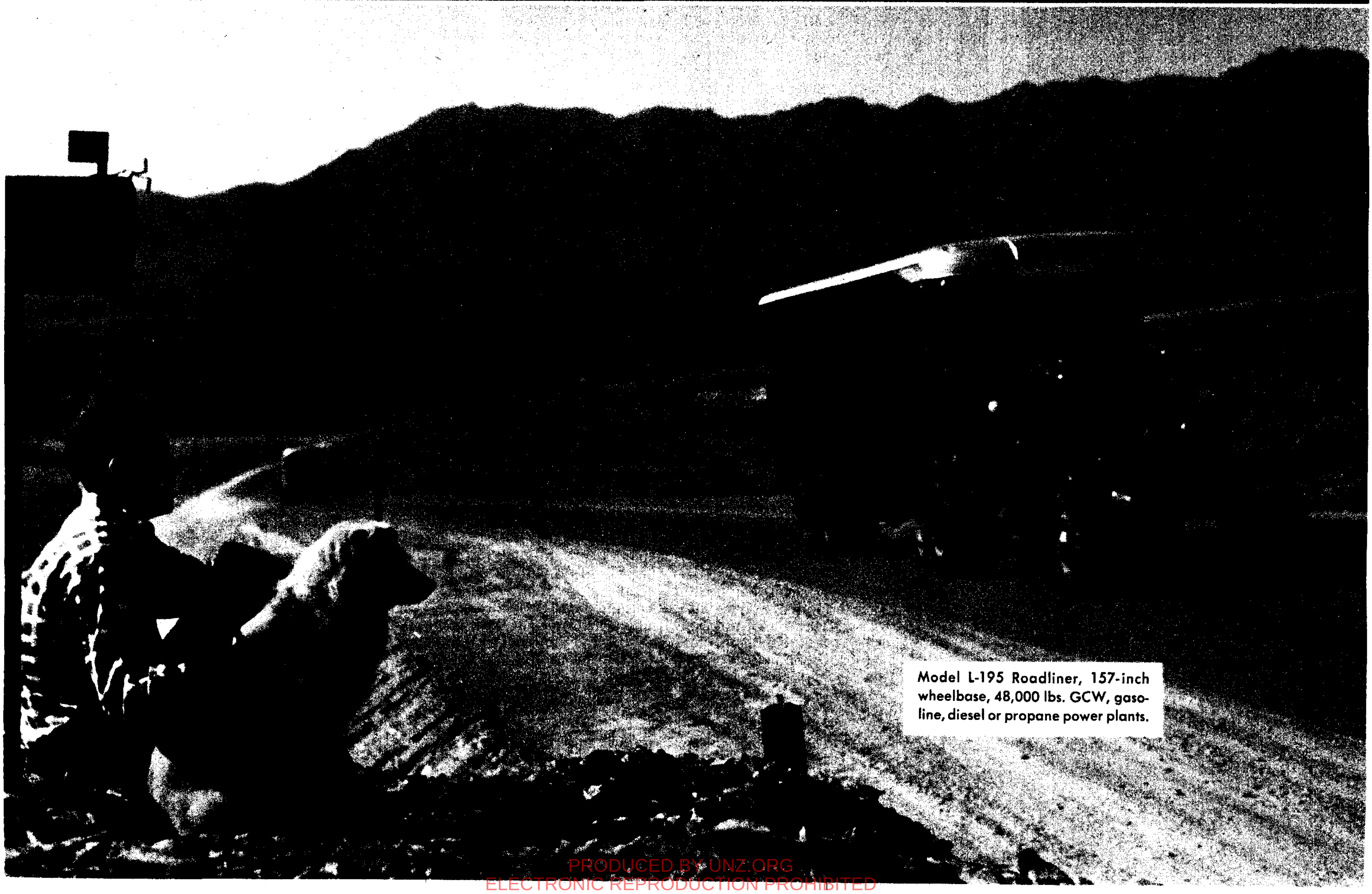

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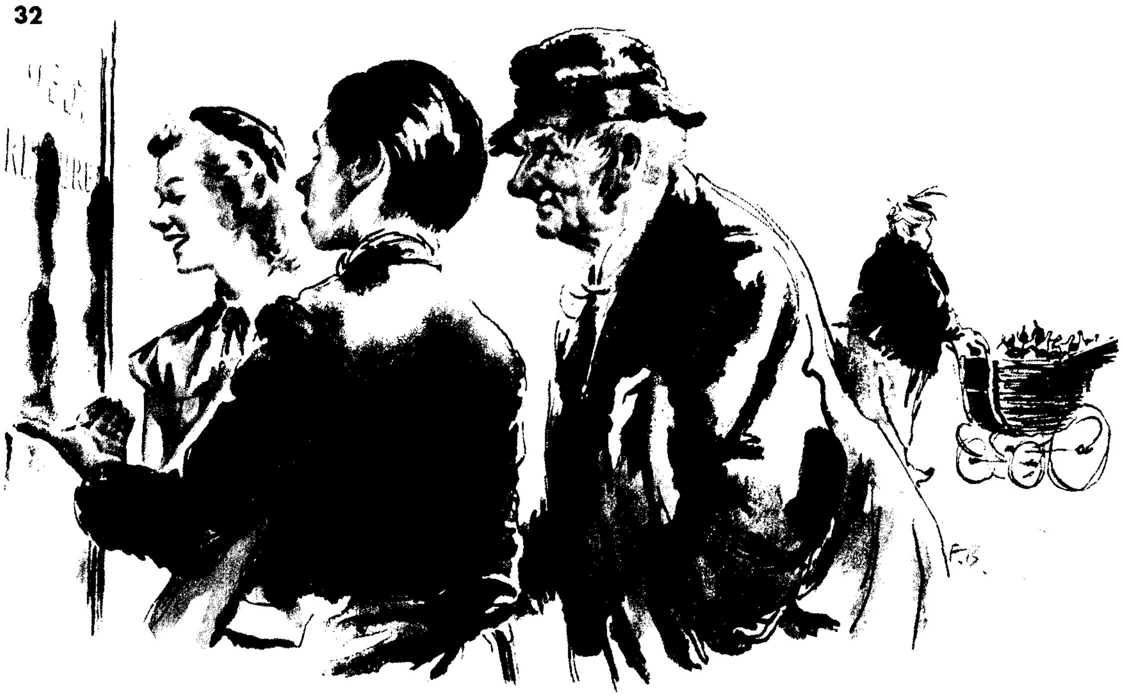


FRED BANBERY

Dear children, thought the seventh baronet, you're to be married. What luck!

SIXPENCE

By GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

IN ENGLAND, *placid men live long.* At eighty-three, Andrew Theyliss Consonby North-Lewes, seventh baronet, had the face of a choirboy, only slightly pinker with time's wind burn. At seventy, Sir Andrew had resigned as chairman of the bank; at seventy-five, he had shrugged off the last of his directorships. Now, except for overseeing his vast home farms in Yorkshire, he was quite free to enjoy himself.

Stepping along in a frayed and ancient tweed jacket and a disgusting old hat which rather resembled an overturned gravy boat, he was on his way to visit the charity he supported, the Ebor Hostel, in the south of London. Old Andrew hoped sincerely that he paid the hostel's bills out of a praiseworthy desire to supply baths, beds and nourishing meals to homeless male vagrants. He very much feared, however, that he did so to some extent because he liked to play the hostel's harmonium.

A few yards short of the hostel, on the narrow slum street with its small brick cottages like barracks, a boy and girl stood staring into a tawdry shop window. Always as curious as a crow, Andrew drew up behind them to see what they were gaping at and hear what they were saying. The girl's Cockney was beyond belief; he had all he could do to understand it. She was saying that the house furnishings in the shop were a little bit of heaven.

Andrew peered over the girl's shoulder. But the shop window and the showroom behind it were filled with the most hideous furnishings imaginable. The chef-d'oeuvre, so far as he could see, was an electric fire of paint-mottled brass, with a bulb glowing beneath bits of broken gray glass to suggest burning coals.

What she wanted, said the girl in the bright, shoddy dress, was a real kitchen with a gas stove in it and a geezer for hot water; that was what she wanted.

What he wanted, said the boy, who wore a dirty yellow scarf in place of a collar, was a real bedroom with a bed in it, and no ruddy lumps in the mattress.

The girl gave him a push and told him to mind his manners. Despite the delicacy of the subject, however, she admitted that she had once seen in *the films the very bed for them—rose color, with a* swan on it.

Dear children, dear children, thought the seventh baronet, you're to be married! What luck! What wonderful years you have ahead. You'll fret and you'll quarrel, you'll be furious and sad, you'll share pleasures and joys. Ah, what good fun it's going to be. I must, I really must have a bit of it for myself. A hundred pounds will buy you everything you want in the world, I dare say, including your geyser for hot water. I must give it to you.

But how selfish I should be, he at once rebuked himself, to do that. Longing for something, making sacrifices in order to get it—why, that's what gives it value. Dear me, I waited ten years for my leather-burning set. I waited a dozen, I do believe, for my hand printing press. Tantalization—that's the fun! A swan bed you get offhand is nothing like a swan bed you buy with your own shillings after years of adoration; nothing like it at all. I mustn't be a spoilsport; I can't permit myself a pleasure that will only destroy yours.

A lorry jolted past. With soot on his nose, a red-haired giant lunged out of a pub, shouting that any swine who refused to sell him a drink was no true friend. ("You have a point there," Andrew remarked to himself.) A whiskery old woman in rags trundled by with a battered perambulator full of scavenged empty bottles. The lovers didn't hear or see any of it, not even the shop any longer, for one dream was carrying them into another, and they were speaking now of far adventure.

What they ought to try for before the nippers came, the boy said, was a spot of travel. Canada, that was the place that took his fancy now.

Coo, said the girl, Canada was cold, all Christmas trees and icicles. She could do with a bit of warm in her traveling. Take those South Sea Islands. You could go bathing there in water as warm as a pot of tea, and when you got hungry a little monkey climbed a tree and brought down a coconut for you, polite as you please. A coconut had milk in it, like a cow.

That *was* a bit of all right, the boy agreed. On those islands a chap could make his fortune, if a chap had luck. Chaps had done that.

Now, thought Sir Andrew, this is really quite sensible and brave of you, children. Poor lambs, you've never in your seventeen years known anything but coal smuts and rain. We shut you out of your blessed cinemas at nine, we close your pubs at ten, we festoon so many taxes on your cigarettes you can't even afford to smoke. If you've ever glimpsed the country you've done it through the window of a charabanc. Get clear away, youngsters, that's right. Go packing off, before it's too late, to Sumatra or Ceylon. And I'm the lad who can help you do it! That nephew of mine, Gerald, or whatever his silly name is, owns ships that go there. I'll get bookings for you—first class, with all the trimmings. Perhaps you will actually stay out there and make your fortune. If you don't, even if you come home again, at least you'll be the richer for a little color and romance. Go, by all means, and let me help you.

But again, as he was at the very point of introducing himself, the wise old brain that had learned caution checked him. Two twanging slum youngsters on a white luxury liner—not knowing which forks to pick up at dinner, the laughingstock of every planter's clerk and dowdy army wife aboard? Not first class, then. Second? No. Third? A great treat *that'll* be for them, fumed Andrew, seeing them cramped for weeks on end in a cubbyhole over the screws, green with seasickness, envying the toffs on the upper decks. Age is addling my wits, he said to himself, but I won't be a complete ass; I won't hand them a ticket to misery. So I can't give them a trip, either.

The boy, whose hair was pasted solidly together with pomade and parted in the middle from his forehead to the nape of his neck, so that he resembled a swimming otter, took the girl's hand. Ah, he exclaimed, what was the use of talking? A place of their own! South Sea Islands! All that took money.

Money, the girl echoed bitterly. Too right, it did. Money was what they wanted; pots of it.

Here, you two, old Andrew nearly said aloud, a moment ago you were being sensible. Now you're being quite silly, really you are. I pay income tax of nineteen and six on the pound, and even so, I'm a wealthy man; I know what I'm talking about. Money has never yet made a living soul happy. On the contrary, you work like a navvy to make it. Then you work like a navvy to keep it. Why? Don't ask me why. Money is its own why. And then it piles duties and obligations on you; hard labor. And meanwhile the very fact you can buy anything you like keeps you from enjoying it, even wanting it. It takes you very nearly your whole lifetime to cut the sticky strings and win back just a bit of your freedom.

A fat chance they'd ever have any, said the boy.

Too right! said the girl.

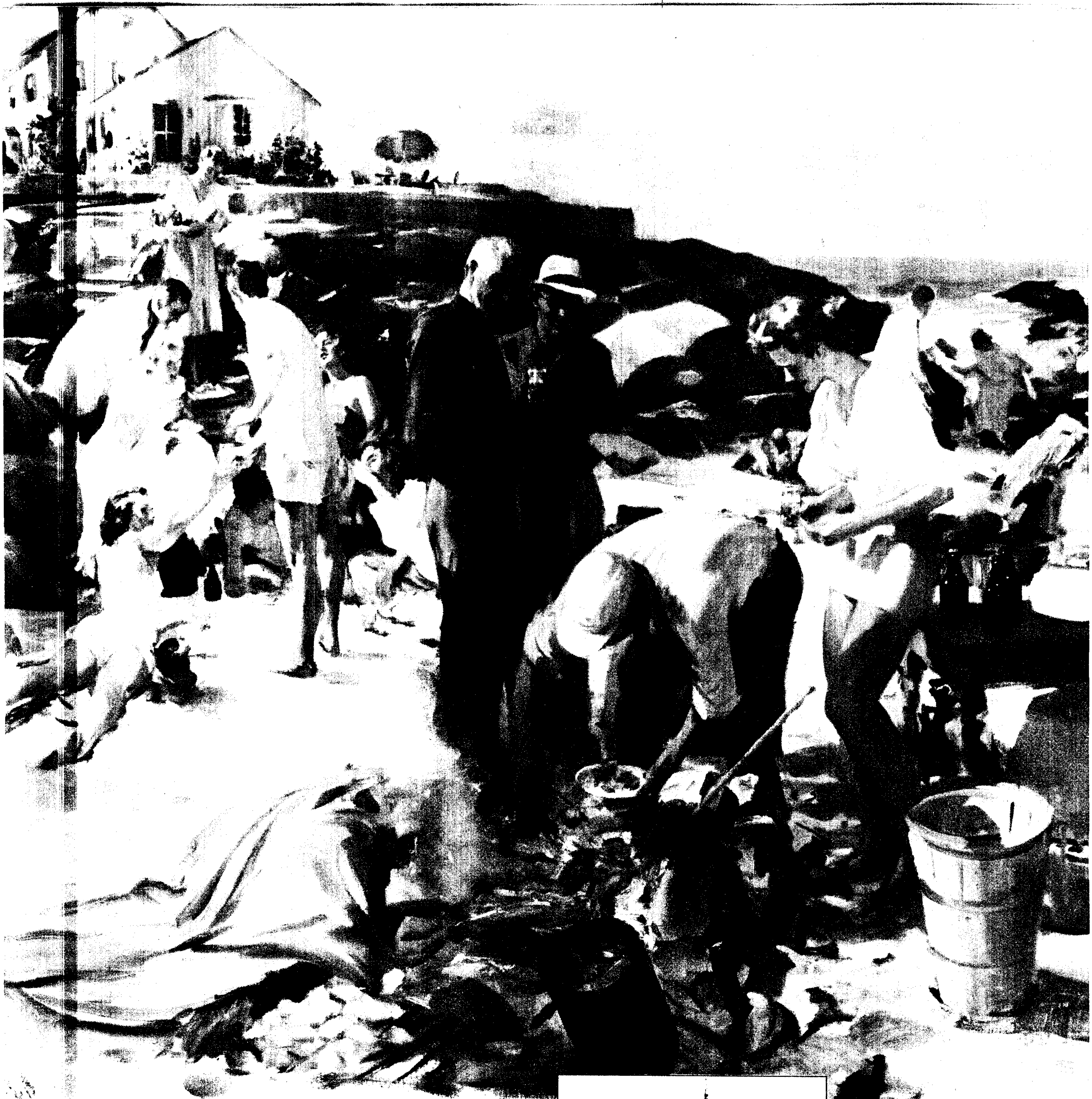
Money, my chicks, said old Andrew to himself, is not worth a damn. But if I speak to you now and say so you'll jeer, you'll laugh in my face. There's only one way I could convince you. I could give you ten thousand pounds and let you find out the bitter facts for yourself. But if I did that, it would be the cruelest stroke of all. There's not one word I can say; there's not one thing I can do. My old bones ache to make you a gift, dear children, and there is nothing I can give you, nothing at all.

DEFEATED, saddened, his frail shoulders sloping under the burden of the wise—their terrible knowledge that nobody can believe them—Andrew turned and walked on to his hostel. But the sweethearts were strolling just behind him, and in the narrow doorway he turned for a last wistful look at them as they went by. The bare electric bulb over the door shone down on his shabby hat and worn jacket.

"Lumme," exclaimed the girl, looking at him. "Arf a mo', Shortie." Opening her cheap, pretty little handbag, she prodded at coins with a stubby fingertip and brought out sixpence. Her voice, for all its Cockney caw, was tender. " 'Ere you are, Dad." His physician, a man given to triteness, sometimes said that Sir Andrew's mind was as lively as a cricket. So quickly that the girl could not possibly be aware of deception, the seventh baronet answered her in the broad Yorkshire used by his tenants.

"Thank 'ee, lass," he said, taking the coin. He touched his white temple. "And God bless thee, lass, for tha tender heart." ▲▲▲

Collier's SHORT SHORT



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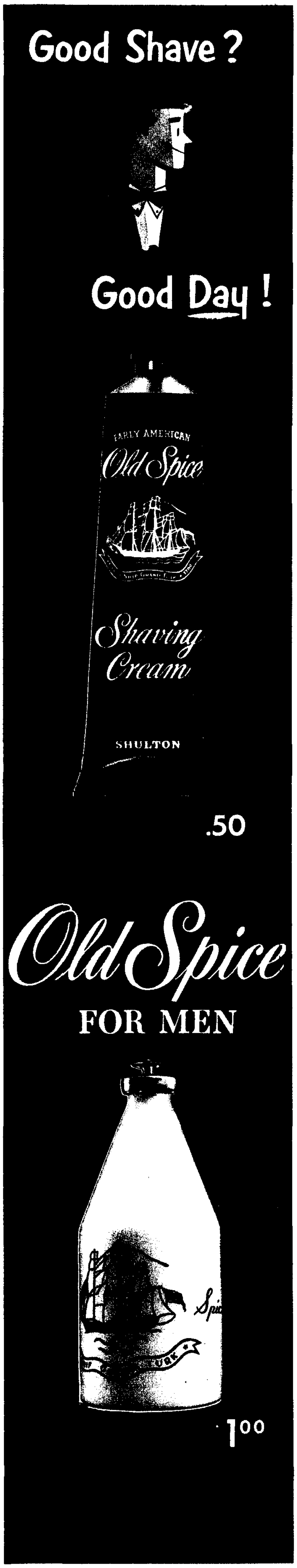


Matthew Meets His Peer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

she would have criticized the diet of the first group and the posture of the second, given them some pamphlets on women's rights and sold them tickets for a charity benefit.

"Mightn't I have known?" Matthew repeated. "Packy, amn't I telling you many's the time never to promise to do a favor for Meg, fine figure of a woman though she is, until you learn what it is and in the presence of witnesses? Where her committees are concerned, you wouldn't find her like for treachery and cunning in the annals of Dublin Castle. Once she inveigled me into being the judge of a baby contest at a picnic out in the Forest Preserve. The babies were all gargoyles, and when I picked the least hideous I barely escaped with my life from the harpies that spawned the others. One of them screamed that I'd been bribed. Bribed indeed. The foul little nipper that won bit me twice with the two teeth he had in his head, and committed unspeakable indignities on my person.

"Another time, owing to the stratagems of Meg, my life was made a living hell by a broomstick of a woman who kept coming to the newspaper where I work to put flowers on my desk—with the whole city room gazing at her—and leaving poetry would bring a blush to the cheeks of a burlesque queen."

PACKY looked up, interested. "Do you tell me, Matt? A poet? It's one of them Meg is sending me after now."

Matthew turned to him gravely. "If it's the same one, Packy, take it from me: better a quick, merciful death by leaping into the river from the Link Bridge. What's her name?"

"It's a man. Name of Cathal Breffny. I'm to meet him at the La Salle Street Station very soon."

"I never heard of him," Matthew said. "He must be a minor poet. What's he to do with Meg?"

Packy sighed. "He's to be the guest of honor at a brannigan the Daughters of Innisfail are throwing tonight over at a hotel near Columbus Park. He's to read them his poems and tell them about poetry, and afterwards there'll be eating and drinking."

"Drinking?"

Packy shook his head. "Nothing you'd care about, Matt. Punch."

Matthew quivered. "I know the kind. Bits of orange peel and assorted refuse floating on top as if it was the drainage canal. What's all this to do with you? You're not a Daughter of Innisfail?"

"I'm telling you," Packy said. "I've to meet this poet at the train. Meg has a committee meeting, so I'm to stay with this fellow till it's time for the shindy tonight. Whatever am I to say to him?"

"You won't need to say much," Matthew said. "Poets are devils to talk, mostly about themselves."

Packy said dejectedly: "Meg wants me to talk with him, ask him questions. She says I'm not very poetic. The only poem I know is The Deserted Village, which I was forced once to learn in school, because of some piece of misbehavior. I don't even remember much of that any more, except when I've a drop in me, and then I'm likely to stand on tables and recite it."

"I never heard you," Matthew said.

"Then you're the lucky one. Mostly it's hard to stop me, and it's a terrible long poem."

He stood up. "It's time for me to go, Matt. I wouldn't want this poor streeshahaun standing in the wilderness of a railway station, being knocked down by commuters bound home for the suburbs, and himself without a friendly face to turn to."

"How will you know him? There's no certain way of telling a poet by the looks of him. In these times, a poet might look like a stockbroker or an insurance salesman. Will this lad be wearing a bay wreath?"

"His name is on his valise," Packy said, "and I'm to meet him at the information booth. Would you come with me, Matt? You know all about poetry, or so you're forever telling everybody."

"I can't," said Matthew. "I'm here to meet Denny Lynch. He's something on his mind, for he phoned saying he had to see me. But I'll likely as not see you tonight, Packy: I've a great curiosity to see the Daughters of Innisfail in action with a live poet."

Packy went somberly on his way.

Some time later, Denny Lynch arrived and greeted Matthew listlessly. "It's the women of the Cleary family that keep their husbands frisking like kittens for the sheer joy of living," said Matthew. "First Packy, and now you. What the hell is ailing you?"

Denny was married to Matthew's daughter and only child, Imelda. They were a splendid couple, Matthew had always thought, for all that Denny had the body of an overtrained wrestler, and Imelda was a slight girl, dark and pretty.

"Ask your daughter what's ailing me," Denny said. "It would take her hours to tell you. I think she keeps a list so she won't forget any little flaw or shortcoming."

"Bitter, Denny, bitter," Matthew said. "Is it some trifle of a family quarrel? The gravy was lumpy, maybe, and you told her it was like eating wet flannel. These things happen—"

Denny made the noise that is called snorting. Matthew hit him on the back and asked: "Drink go down the wrong way?"

"Stop beating me," Denny said irritably. "I've taken all I can from the Cleary family."

"Do you mean to tell me Imelda raised her hand to you?" Matthew said. "I'd not have thought it. A tongue like a scythe, yes, when the bad mood is on her, but open violence—"

"Oh, shut up, Matt," Denny said, "and let me tell you. She was sweet as anything up till the day before yesterday. I don't know what I did or didn't do, but there's no pleasing her now. She looks at me as if I were an oaf and a fat-wit. She practically says I am, when she says anything at all. She told me I have no poetry in me."

"You too?" Matthew said. "Whatever is coming over these women? I never knew either Meg or Imelda to pass the time learning poetry by heart. Meg's more likely to be out suborning chairladies to make rulings in her favor, and Imelda to be home trying out a new recipe. And now both of them are carrying on like they were Phoebe Cary or Adelaide Crapsey."

He told Denny about Packy's ordeal.

"Poor Packy," Denny said. "I have to go to that thing tonight too, Matt—with Imelda, though I wonder she'll let me take her. This Cathal What's-his-name is one of her favorites. She says he has elfin qualities that of course will be lost on me."

"Much she knows about elfin qualities," Matthew said. "Small danger she'll go wandering palely in the Celtic Twilight, living on dreams. Not with *her* appetite. She makes a god of her stomach, and I've seen her put away meals a hard-working truck driver like yourself would find hard to manage."

"Now, wait a minute, Matt," Denny said indignantly. "Stick to the subject. Why shouldn't she eat decently? I like to see her eat, she's such a little thing."

MATTHEW looked at him pleasantly. "I make the most innocent remark about the girl's grosser habits, and you begin raging at me. Am I to take it that you're not thinking of breaking your home and going for a soldier?"

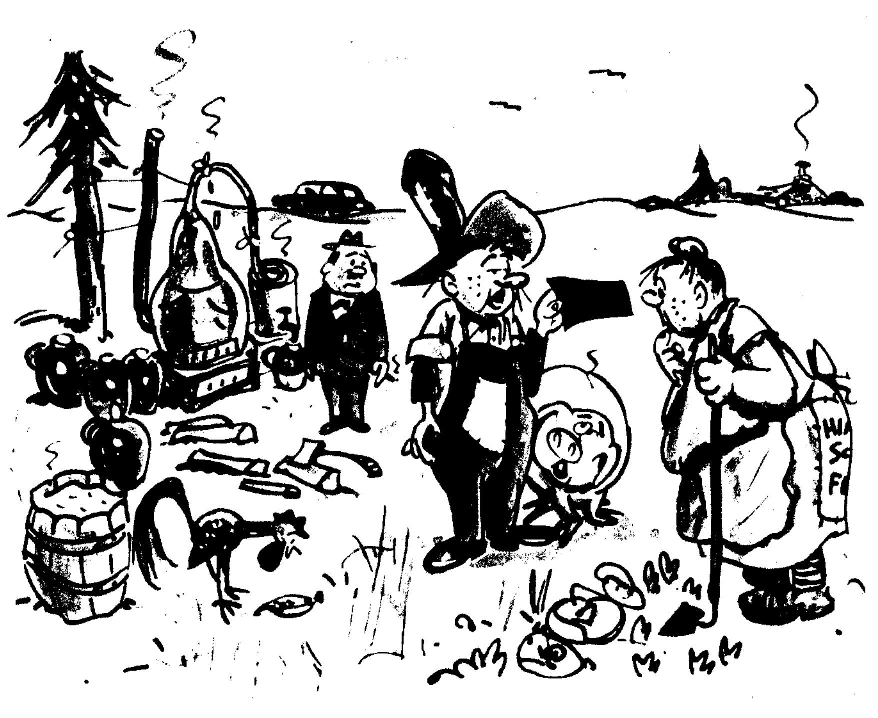
"You know damn' well I'm not," Denny said emphatically. "I didn't mean to be bitter. The girl's probably right: she's too sensitive for a clod like me. But my opportunities are so limited, Matt. I drive that truck daytimes, and at night I study law. You ever try to get poetry out of a tort or an escheat, Matt? I thought you could help me out. You're always blowing about your own poetic nature."

Matthew turned on him imperiously. "Blowing? Now I come to think of it, that's almost the same thing Packy implied. Let me tell you, my lad—"

The telephone had been ringing, and Mulry called grouchily: "It's for you, Matt."

Matthew went to the phone booth. A

KENNESAW



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"He don't have no goods to trade, Bessie. How many of these pictures of Washington should I take?"

REAMER KELLER

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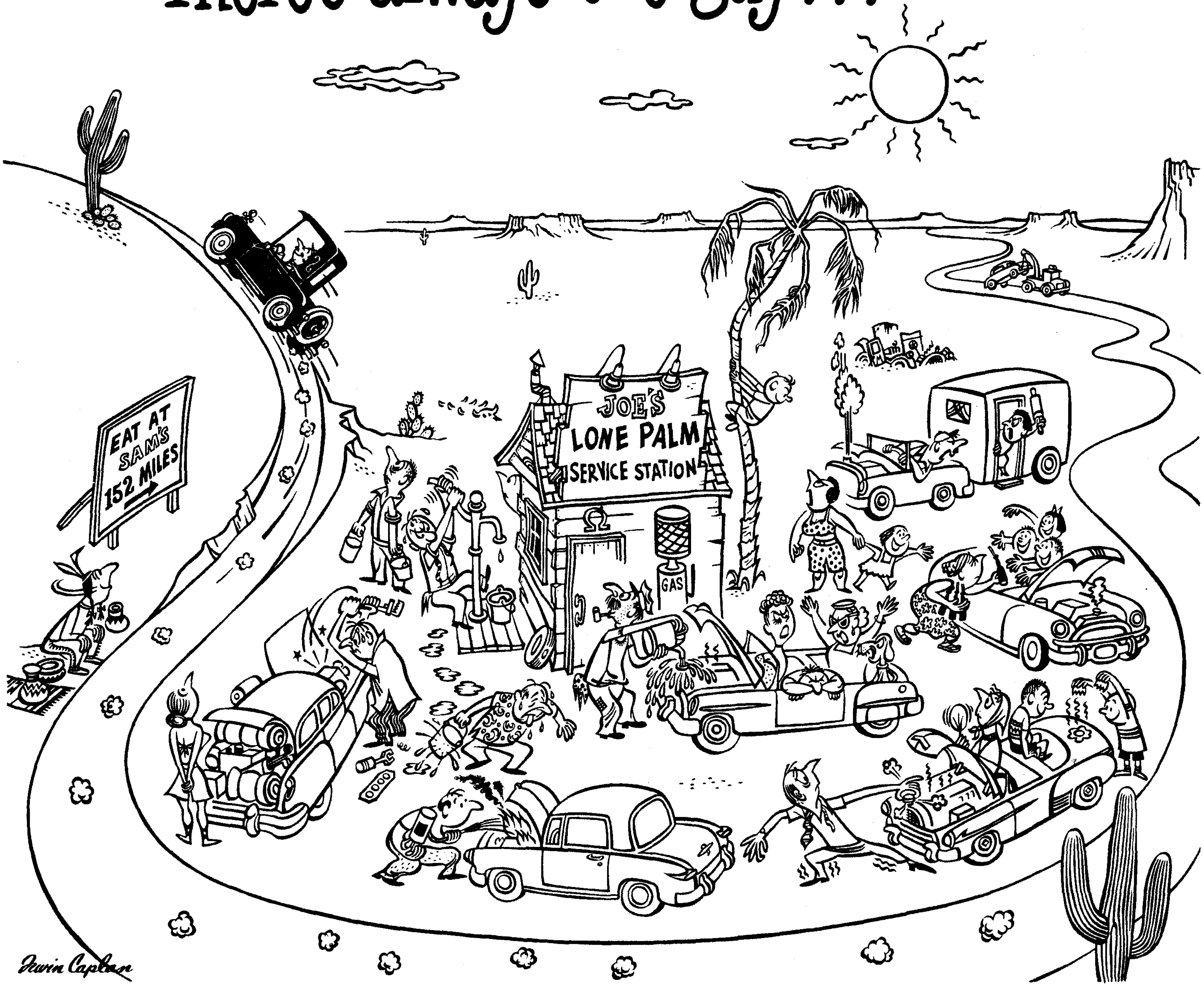

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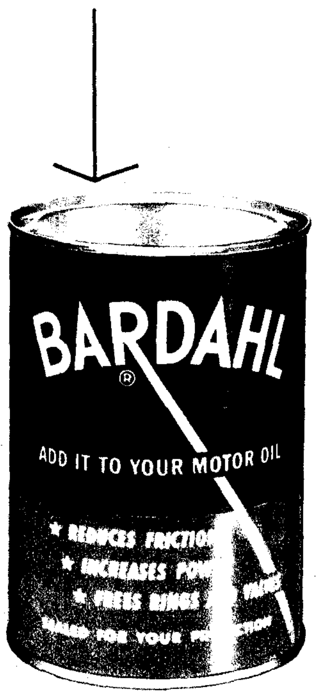

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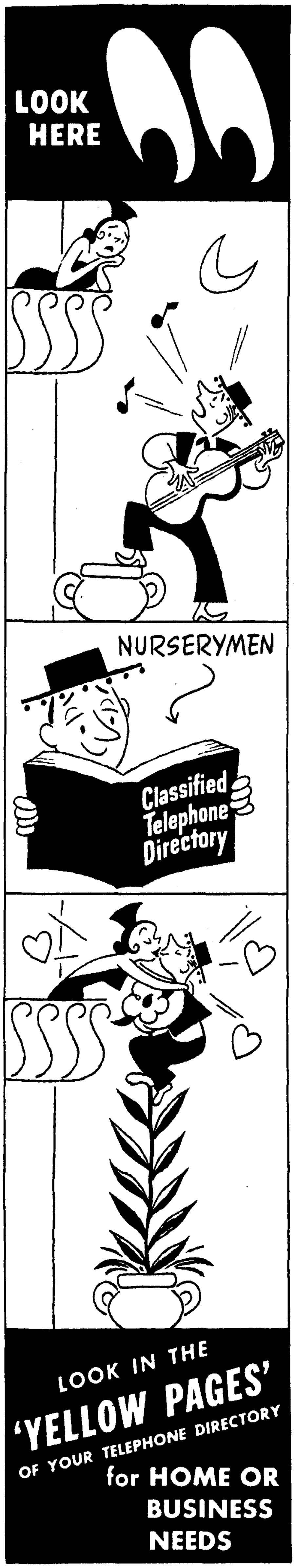
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voice roared into the receiver: "Is that you, Matt? It's me—Packy."

Matthew winced. "Stand back and lower your voice, Packy. You're an insult to the memory of Alexander Graham Bell. What the hell's the matter?"

"I need your help, Matt," Packy yelled. "I can't handle this poet all by myself. Sure, I never knew poets were like this."

"Like what?"

"Like this one. He was capering like a goat when I met him at the train, and the goats won't be in it with him if he keeps up the way he's going now. Matt, I've lived among rough and uncouth characters in my time, but I never heard the like of this one for coarseness."

"Where are you?"

"We're in a place on the Near North Side, but we won't be for long, for I think the manager has sent for the police. This dreadful poet has lined up all the waitresses and is teaching them what he says is an Irish dance, though *I* never saw an Irish dance like that before. He only now got through singing a song about how the French are peculiar because they call their daughters fillies and their mothers mares. The manager is French and he challenged Cathal to a duel."

"Did he accept?" Matthew asked, fascinated.

"No. He says dueling is contrary to the teachings of his religion. But he offered to fight bare-knuckle any time or anyplace, the silly little bantam."

"Is he little?"

"He looks like the pooka," Packy said. "You know, the little sprite that goes around curdling milk. If he took his hat off—and he ought to: wait till you see it, Matt—he could run under a low table and never muss a hair."

MATTHEW had already made up his mind, even without these allurements. "Where is this place?" he asked, and when Packy told him he said: "Stay where you are. Denny Lynch is with me, and he has a vested interest in this poet too. We'll be there in no time. If the cops come, tell them I'm on my way. They all know me as a prominent newspaperman, or at least as an unbeatable poker player—I have IOUs from half the force."

He hung up and called to Denny as he strode toward the door: "Come on now, Denny. There's man's work to be done."

Denny followed him to the street. "Where are we going, Matt?"

Matthew flagged a taxi and they climbed in. "You want to find out about poetry, don't you?" Matthew answered. "This is your chance. Packy has a live poet by the tail, and we're on our way to rescue him."

"The poet?"

"Certainly not. Packy."

They found the Near North Side restaurant easily, but in it nothing like the scene of carnage Matthew had been prepared for. The only rowdiness seemed to be coming from Packy, who rose unsteadily from his chair at a table far in the rear and shouted: "Come on now, Matt, and join us. Denny, you're welcome, but it's Matt we're waiting for, he having the devil's own memory for words. It's a song I'm trying to think of, Matt, and the words are gone on me entirely." He hummed hoarsely. "You know the one I mean: Mrs. Mulligan the Pride of the Coombe."

Matthew looked at him closely, and then at the rest of the party. A husky young policeman sat at one end of the table, wearing his hat pushed back and smiling a rather loopy smile. At the other end of the table sat a large man with magnificent mustaches, whom Matthew rightly took to be the manager. And seated between them was a figure that could only be Cathal Breffny, the poet.

All three rose to shake hands when Packy made the introductions.

"Ah," said Cathal Breffny, "this is an exquisite pleasure that the dashing Packy there has been holding before us with a generous eloquence that must have had your ears burning red fire. Sit down now, Matt, and that snowy-breasted pearl yonder will bring you and Denny a drink."

Matthew glanced at the giggling waitress, who went for the drinks. Matthew turned again to examine Cathal.

He was an odd little valentine, with hair the color and luster of gingerbread; his body was skinny in tweedy clothes of outrageous pattern; his face was engagingly homely, and his bright eyes had a clever look.

"I had it in mind you said trouble was stirring," Matthew said to Packy.

"Trouble?" said Packy as though he had never heard of it. "Sure, there's no trouble at all, Matt. Cathal straightened everything out. The officer there did come in some such anticipation, it's true, but he arrived to the very cooing of doves. And as he was going off duty anyway, he agreed to join us in a drink."

The policeman grinned at Matthew and tilted his glass.

"You see, Matt," Cathal said, rising like a toastmaster, "our host there"—he nodded toward the proprietor—"thought I intended a slur on the nation of his birth by a little song I sang, and in the heat of the drink high words passed between us. But then, as my native wisdom asserted itself over my quick temper, I realized that the dispute need never go so far as the United Nations."

Packy, who had got himself another drink, tossed it off and said: "Hear, hear!" The proprietor beamed internationally.

"Now then," Cathal continued, pointing at Matthew, "can it be gainsaid that the Irish and the French have bonds of friendship forged in the very smithy of history?"

"It cannot," Matthew said. He was already fond of Cathal Breffny, recognizing in him a fellow spellbinder and self-hypnotizer.

"It cannot," said Cathal, "and so I told this honest native of fair France. I told him of the Wild Geese that went from Ireland to France in the seventeenth century."

"I didn't understand that part of it," the policeman said suddenly. "Didn't they have any geese of their own?"

Cathal leaned toward him majestically, or as nearly so as his stature allowed. "Officer," he said, "you should spend less time harassing society's unhappy outcasts and more in reading the history of the country of your forebears. It's a figure, a metaphor."

The policeman looked as though that only made it worse.

"The Wild Geese were soldiers and patriots who fled from the tyranny that oppressed Ireland and took refuge on the Continent. Some of the bravest fought in the armies of France—"

Denny decided to interrupt. Like Matthew, he was pleased by Cathal Breffny, but he was damned if he was going to sit still for a course in Irish history, however abridged.

Not for nothing was Denny the son-in-law of Matthew Cleary. "I think we all need another drink," Denny said, picking the very topic most likely to choke off a harangue; from the look of him, Denny thought it would take only one more drink to cause Cathal Breffny to forget not only the wrongs of Ireland but quite probably his own name.

CATHAL turned to Denny approvingly. "Now, here's a man with a head on his shoulders," he said. "Another drink he's calling for, and a wiser word never was spoken, not by the sages of old, or the druids, or the prophets."

The proprietor by this time was far gone in good will and his own wares; with a generous flailing of arms and a burst of language that raped English idiom with every word, he made it plain that this one was on him, that, in fact, the sky was the limit and their money was no good in his establishment.

All the others gestured back, and in French even weirder than the proprietor's English, Matthew told him that of course they would accept a drink. When his skimpy French—and it was even skimpier than his Gaelic—ran out, he resorted to the English of the stage Frenchman. "We—how shall I say?—we are not insensible to—what is it, the word?—the munificence—"

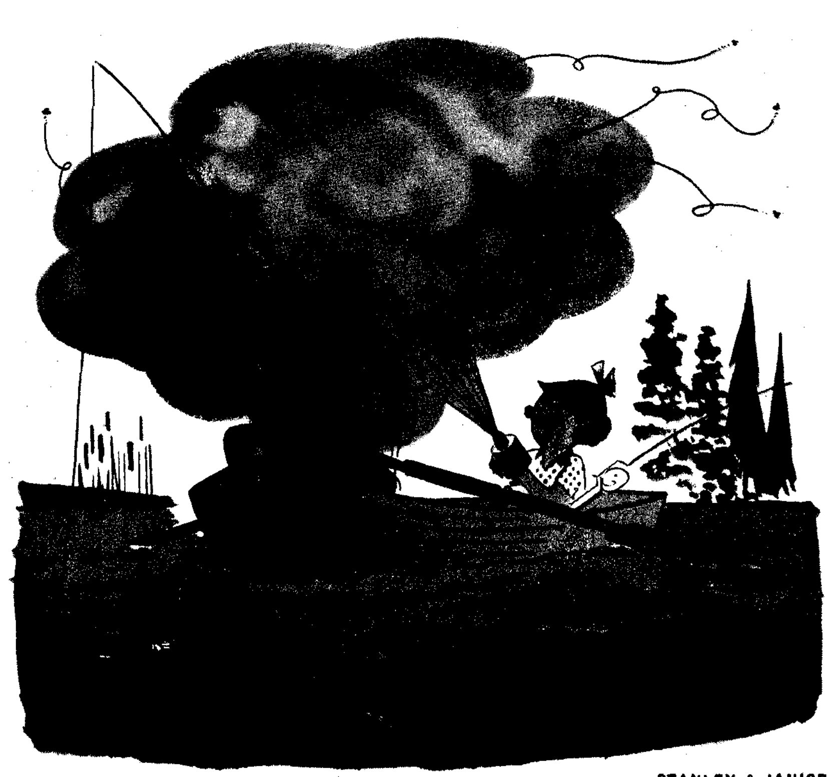
"What he means," Denny told the proprietor, "is that we aren't throwing anything over our shoulders."

Matthew at first scowled and then went back into his act. "So well you explain it, my old: over our shoulders nothing are we throwing."

And so for hours they threw nothing over their shoulders.

The time for the meeting of the Daughters of Innisfail was drawing near. Packy clearly had forgotten his responsibilities

SISTER



COLLIER'S "Boy! Look at those flies disappear!" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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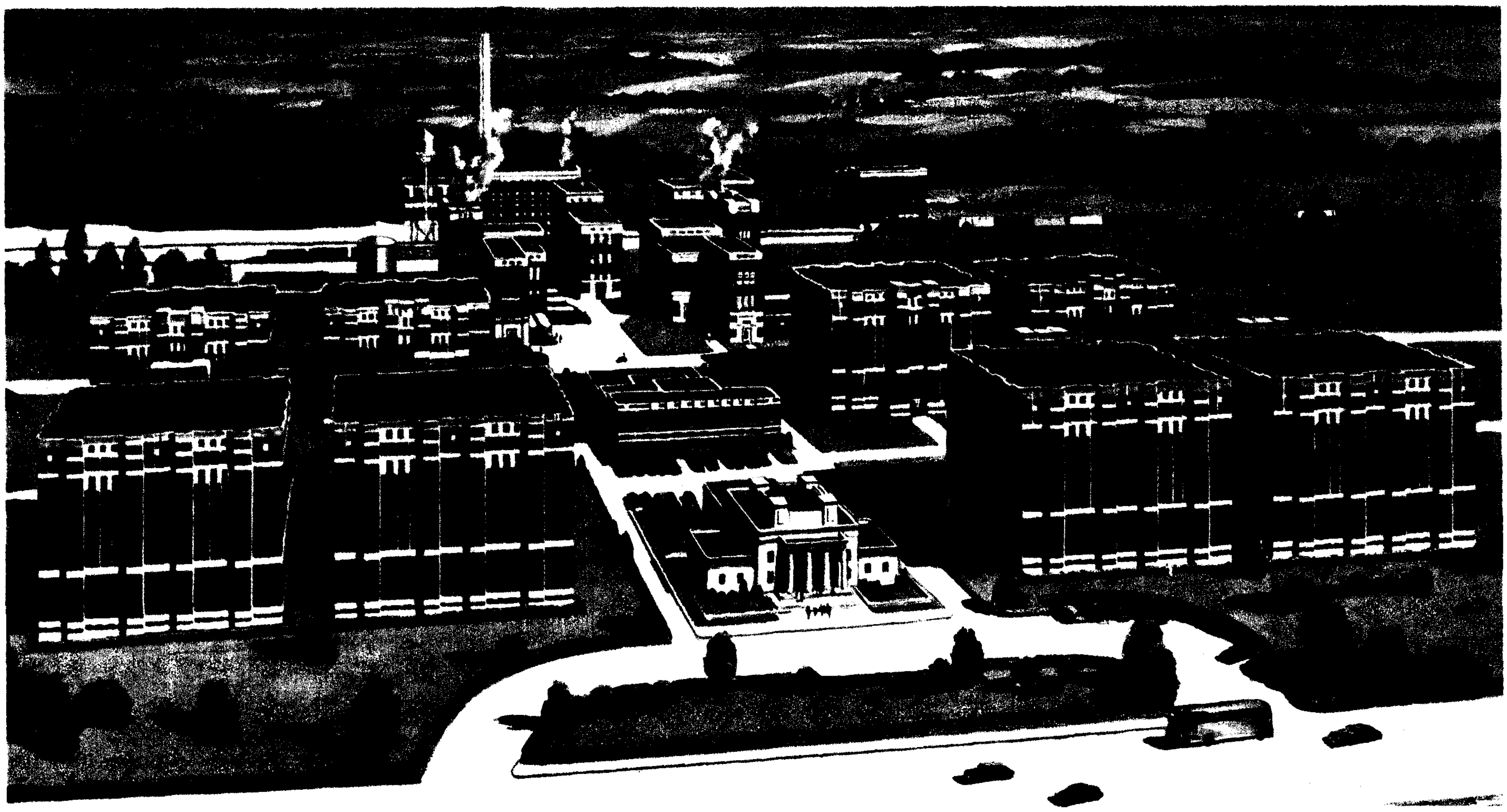

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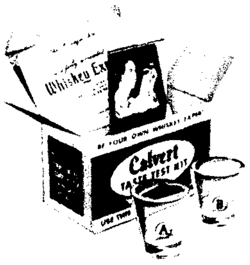

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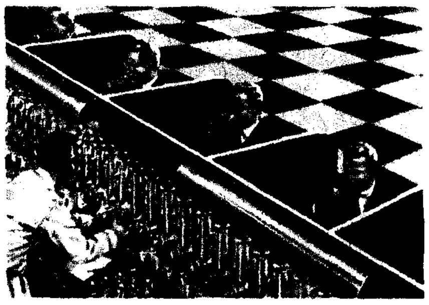

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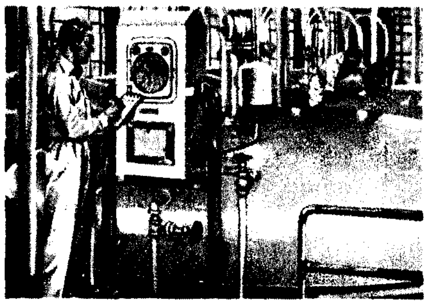

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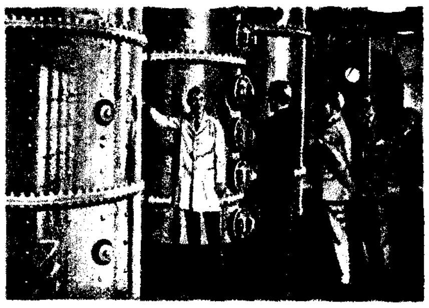

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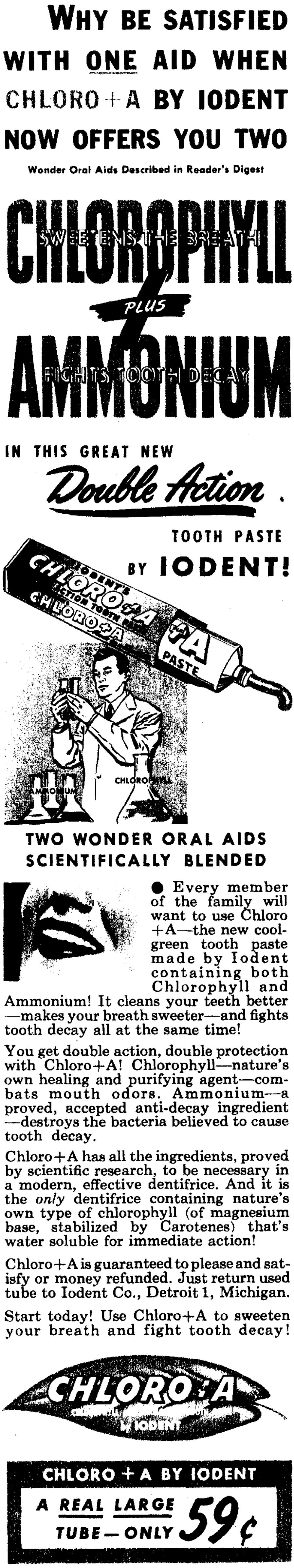

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and was reciting The Deserted Village to a waitress; he had to recite very loud to make himself heard over the juke box, into which Denny kept putting quarters in order to hear Galway Bay over and over again.

Matthew saw that it was up to him. "Cathal," he said, "we must be off. The Daughters of Innisfail will be waiting for you to edify them with the music of your voice and the sweetness of your understanding of poetry."

Cathal had drowsed off, but he stirred himself and said, "True for you. I'd be charmed to meet your daughters any time, and—I being a man punctilious in the decencies—you could trust me with them anywhere."

"Only one of them is mine. The rest are Daughters of Innisfail—about a hundred of them in all."

The cop whistled. "A hundred! Is this Innisfail a friend of yours?" The cop had been drowsing too.

Matthew smiled uncharitably. "Now is the time to meet him. I've known him for years. Let us all go together."

Galway Bay died out, and Denny heard Matthew's proposal; Packy's memory had flagged somewhere in the middle of The Deserted Village and he heard it too. They both expressed enthusiastic approval.

"You see, Cathal," Matthew said, "there's an idea at large among some of these Daughters that there is a dearth of poetry among their men. It doesn't apply to me, of course, for no woman—not one as brazen as my sister Meg or as calloused in conceit as my daughter Imelda—would be bold-faced enough to deny my learning in poetry. But there's more than a small feeling that Packy here is a poor earthbound bosthoon—"

Packy, warmed by Goldsmith's lines, looked indignant.

"—and that Denny, though a man with formidable biceps, knows nothing more about poetry except that sometimes the lines sound the same at the end."

Denny looked indignant too; he remembered that he had been deeply moved by Galway Bay all twenty times he had played it.

Cathal's drowsiness was all gone. He was interested by the challenge of Matthew's words, and was all on the side of Denny and Packy. "Let the policeman come too," he said. "He may be needed to keep the peace."

The cop, in a condition of parboiled amiability, moved his hand vaguely in a gesture of assent, as though he were waving a motorist through an intersection. The proprietor, who had with belated prudence changed his drink to black coffee, refused their invitation on the grounds that he must stay to make the evening trade feel at home.

"Let's be on our way, then," Cathal said. "These ladies of intellect will be given such an evening that I've more than half a mind to up my price."

AT THE hotel near Columbus Park, Meg Cleary Garvey Kinsella—who had acquired her surnames in that order—stood at the entrance to the Tara Room, graciously greeting the incoming Daughters of Innisfail, who were out to pay homage to literature if it killed them; the husbands and swains they drove before them had the gloomy faces of men who were certain that it would do exactly that.

Imelda Lynch stood next to her aunt and watched the door from the street, half anxiously, half impatiently. "Denny should be here by now, Meg," she said. And then she added with bitterness: "If he's coming at all. The very thought of poetry may have frightened him away."

Meg said, "I hope it hasn't frightened Packy, for the guest of the evening is in his keeping. They should be here too—it's only a few minutes till starting time. I hope Packy is learning something from the conversation of a genuinely sensitive man like Cathal Breffny. Packy has splendid qualities, but—"

She stopped, startled by the look on Imelda's face, a look of astonishment. Meg turned in the direction in which Imelda was staring. Across the lobby a tipsy procession was approaching, Indian file, led by Matthew, with Denny towering at the rear.

"Are they being arrested, Meg?" Imelda asked.

"Not by the looks of that cop. In his condition he couldn't arrest a truant from the fourth grade. Wouldn't you know Matt would be with them? My poor Packy has obviously been sniffing corks—that's all it takes with him. Dear girl, we're in for a time of it."

Imelda nodded, numbly.

"The little fellow must be Cathal Breffny," Meg continued, "and I must say I expected something different, considering the price we're paying. I hope he *talks* well."

The procession arrived, and Matthew greeted Meg with shameless self-assurance. "You'll have poetry and to spare before this evening is over, my high-chested sibling and friend of the arts," he said in the posh accents of a stage juvenile.

Meg's reserves of poise were fathomless, and she held out a queenly hand to Cathal. "Ah, Mr. Breffny," she said, "I cannot tell you how deeply honored we are to have you with us."

She had said the same thing to hundreds of guests of honor, and there was lots more to the speech; but Cathal squinted at her so impudently that Meg was almost disconcerted and broke off.

Cathal removed his extraordinary cooky-shaped hat and took her hand courteously. "I should like you to meet a dear friend of mine," he said. "A man of remarkable intellect, with the most profound poetic insights. Mr. Packy Kinsella."

He threw an arm around Packy's shoulders, standing on tiptoe in order to accomplish this.

"Mr. Kinsella and I," said Meg, "are already acquainted."

Packy, grinning foolishly, lunged at her as though she were one of the Sabine women and flung his arms around her waist. "'Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain, where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,'" said Packy, the best friend Oliver Goldsmith ever had.

Meg, whose dignity was often in danger of being betrayed by her humor, choked back a giggle. "Pull yourself together, for Heaven's sake, Packy," she said. "People are looking."

And so they were, raptly, some of the men beginning to feel that the evening might not be such a bore after all.

"'Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid, and parting summer's lingering blooms delayed,'" Packy went on, still clasping Meg ardently.

Cathal Breffny and Matthew looked on with delight, but Matthew said: "Not all of it, Packy: we've a full evening ahead of us."

Meg, without actually struggling, managed to break away from Packy's grip. "It's well past time for the meeting to begin, Mr. Breffny," she said, "and people will be getting impatient. If you're quite ready, I'll lead you to the dais. I'm in the chair, you know."

"And well you'll fill it," said Cathal, with a glance at her person. Meg decided to take the kinder meaning of his remark and smiled. "This way, then," she said. He followed her up the aisle.

Denny's magnificent glow, meanwhile, had worn completely off. Imelda had taken one look at him and walked away to take a seat far up front; this had the same effect as black coffee, and Denny disconsolately sat down in a chair in the last row, next to the policeman, whose head was nodding. Matthew sat down with them and nudged the policeman.

"The show's beginning," Matthew said. The cop sat upright and yelled, "Take it off!"

MATTHEW hushed him, but the damage was already done; and Meg, on the dais, faced an audience that was having a hard time avoiding laughter. The policeman went back to sleep. Packy's glow was as good as ever, but he kept it in order and sat down quietly and gazed lovingly at his wife up on the dais.

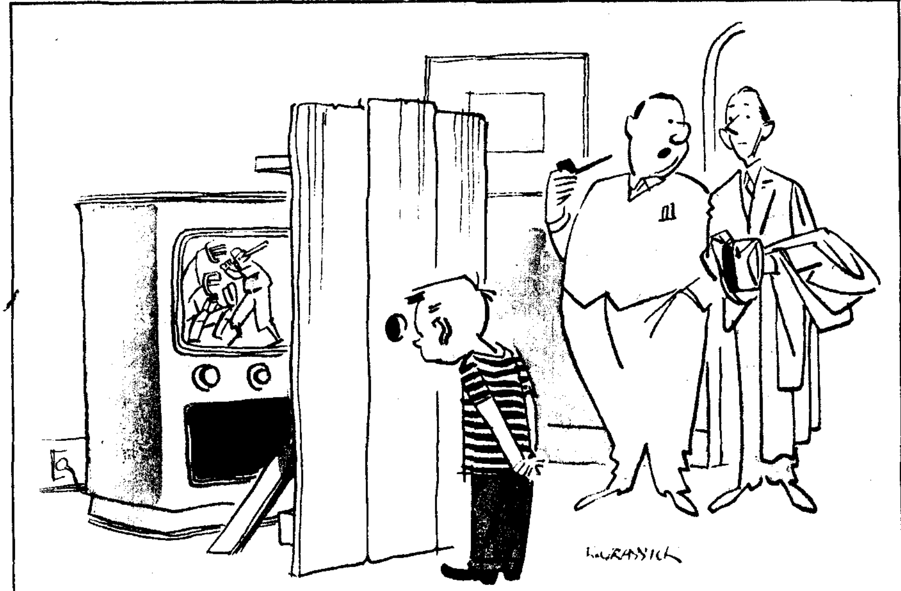
Meg kept her introduction short and simple. The name of Cathal Breffny, she indicated, was too well known to make it necessary for her to elaborate on his achievements in the world of poetry. Hardly anyone in the audience had ever heard of him before, but Meg's platitudes gave them no sense of inferiority: they had listened to too many introductions of speakers who were well known to everybody but themselves.

Meg stepped away from the rostrum, and Cathal approached it. This was disastrous to the solemnity of the occasion, for Cathal's gingery head barely rose above the rostrum; and again there was the restlessness of laughter held back.

Cathal was incapable of being abashed by any kind of laughter; he stepped from behind the rostrum and, seizing a chair, drew it up to the very edge of the dais and sat down cozily.

"I like to see the people I'm talking to," he said, and now there was no need to hold back the laughter. The audience—at least the male half of it—was beginning to take Cathal to its heart.

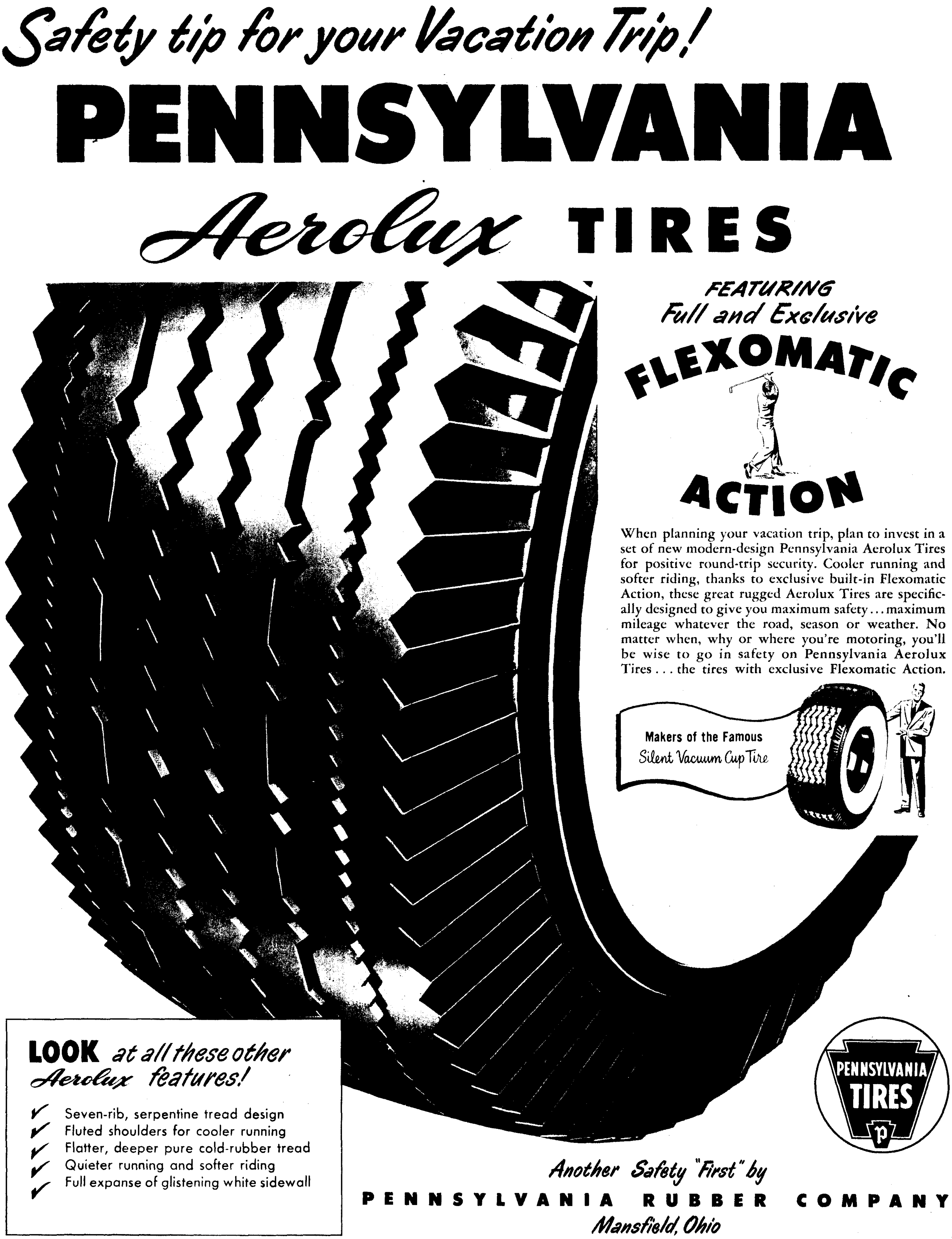
"D'ye know," he said, as intimately as if he were chatting with a friend in a bar, "I've a notion in my head, from what I've heard from some splendid gentlemen I met when I arrived this afternoon, that this eve-



"Things are too easy for kids nowadays—I wanted him to get the feeling of what *we* had to go through"

COLLIER'S

B. GRASSICK



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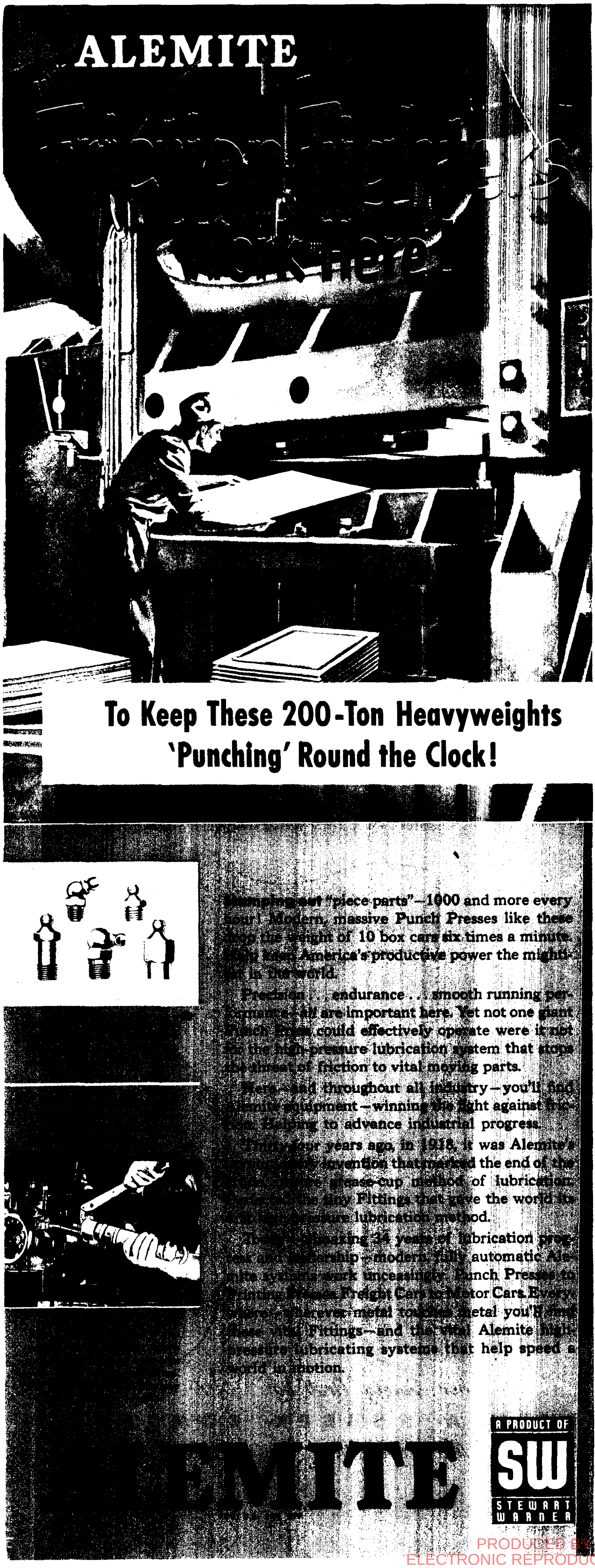

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ning oughtn't to take quite the course the good ladies of your organization planned.

"It is true surely that I am supposed to be a poet, but d'ye know, people have the damnedest ideas about poets and poetry alike, and I'd be the fool of the world if I were to sit here and connive with an attitude of mind which, it seems to me, gives poetry a black eye with many an honest soul. Y'see, I happen to *like* poetry: the written kind, the formal kind, the kind you find in books. But that isn't the only kind of poetry—or better I should say books aren't the only places to look for poetry.

"It finds its way into the books in ways you wouldn't expect. My great compatriot, John Millington Synge, once told how he got some of the loveliest lines in one of his plays from listening through the chink of a cottage wall to the conversation of two servant girls in Wicklow. The girls would have been astonished if anyone told them they were talking poetry. And that happens all the time for anyone with the ear to hear it.

"Now, I know better than to think that among these ladies of intellect and charm there could be that most pitiable of creatures, a snob. I have it on the word of a distinguished member of your audience, Mr. Matthew Cleary, who is a sound man on everything except perhaps Gaelic. I should hate to ask my way around Connacht with the Gaelic Matt has."

Meg, at her chairlady's table, had been looking her most puzzled: a haughty kind of puzzlement. Now, before she could stifle it, a laugh escaped her. It was always pleasant to see Matthew done one in the eye. The other ladies of the audience laughed too, reasoning that they were no more obliged to keep a dignified silence than their chairlady. Besides, they were warming to Cathal from moment to moment. He had praised their brains and threw himself.

It was plain to see that Meg, though still grappling with indignation, was looking more good-natured than she had since the meeting started.

In the back of the hall, Matthew at first bridled, then smiled, knowing that the poet was using policy, and a very wily policy too, that would have done credit to Matthew himself. It was plain to see that Meg, though still grappling with indignation, was looking more good-natured than she had since the meeting started.

Cathal threw out his arms as though to embrace everyone in the hall and squinted blandishingly. "But d'ye know, nothing can kill poetry quicker for any man or woman of spirit than to be told that you're *obliged* to like it—in the book way, I mean. And that is what I do hope doesn't happen here. It *won't* happen here, unless someone else is prepared to give a lecture, for I'm not."

THE audience leaned forward expectantly. They weren't sure exactly what Cathal had in mind, but it was sure to be interesting.

Cathal went on. "I notice," he said, "having a quick eye for such things, that there is a piano in the back of this hall."

The audience stirred, with a restless turning of heads.

"Now, why," said Cathal, "why shouldn't we push all those undertaker chairs to the walls and dance?"

An instant of silence followed, and then a thunder of applause, led by the men but soon joined in by the women. When it died down, Cathal, who was now standing, said: "If no one else can play the piano, I can, and sing like a thrush on top of it. In the interest of my profession, I won't have it said that a poet ever stood in the way of a good time." He clapped his hands. "Let's be on with it, then. And for gallantry's sake, let the men move the chairs. Put your shoulders into it, boys."

The hall was lively with laughter and the noise of chairs being dragged across the floor. Cathal turned to Meg and said: "Of course, I won't be taking the fee."

She stared at him steadily a moment and then began to laugh, a loud and pleasant laugh. "Indeed you will take your fee, Mr. Breffny," she said, when she could manage to talk. "I'd pay twice the money out of my own pocket to be told so tactfully to stop acting like a fool."

She stood up and extended her hands to Cathal. "I'm going to Packy now," she said. "I never did hear how The Deserted Village turns out."

They went down the steps from the dais and Cathal asked: "Tell me now, which of the lovely girls is Imelda?"

Meg pointed to her niece, stony-faced in a corner of the hall. Cathal skipped swiftly over to the girl and began to talk to her earnestly.

Meg joined Packy, Matthew and Denny at the back of the hall. The policeman was still sleeping in the one chair that had not been moved. Meg smiled at Packy, but held up a hand when he set out to make another of his violent lunges.

"Later," she said. "We've all the time in the world."

"Poetry, is it?" said Matthew.

MEG turned to him. "I know it was your doing, Matt. You have your points, charlatan though you are. The punch bowl is over there. And Packy, dear, I do think you've had enough."

Someone was playing the piano, and the floor was crowded with dancers.

Cathal Breffny edged his way along the wall and joined the group at the punch bowl. Of the lot of them, only Denny was looking sad.

"Look here, my lad," said Cathal to Denny, "you are a fine fellow and a handsome one, with the look of one of the fighting heroes out of the old legends. But you are an ass."

Denny lifted his head indignantly.

"Now, don't get into a rage," Cathal said. "I'm telling you this for your own good. Don't you ever read books, you lumbering innocent? Surely you know why your wife is acting the way she is."

Matthew, Meg and Packy leaned toward Cathal expectantly; you never knew about Cathal. Denny's indignation gave way to bewilderment.

"What *is* the matter with Imelda?" he asked. "Did she tell you?"

Cathal nodded smugly. "I'm the lad that can always get the girls to talk. But, Denny, you juggins, you should have guessed. Some women wake up in the night and want olives, or blue cheese, or artichokes or anything else that's not available at the precise moment. Most women want something all the time, when they're in that condition. An eminent psychiatrist, who is a dear friend of mine, explained it all to me once, but I forget the explanation. Anyway, it doesn't matter. Imelda thought she wanted poetry, but she knows better now."

A smile of brilliant happiness was rending Denny's face. Matthew, Meg and Packy also were smiling, especially Matthew.

"What does she want?" Denny asked.

Cathal looked at Matthew and squinted charmingly. "Being the daughter of Matthew Cleary, she wants the moon. Go and give it to her, boy."

Denny ran.

The music and the vigor of the dancing suddenly wakened the policeman, and he made his way uncertainly to the little group around the punch bowl. "Sorry I missed your act, sister," he said to Meg courteously, "but I had a lousy seat and you never can see anything anyway, without there's a runway."

Meg's forces were spent: it had been a strenuous evening, and she felt she was entitled to collapse in laughter. "Packy, my angel," she spluttered, "I believe this is your dance."

They waltzed away, light of foot and light of heart.

"The dame's batty," the cop said to Cathal and Matthew, but they were too far gone in laughter to manage any speech.

"You're all batty," the policeman said, and then, always the philosopher, helped himself to some punch. THE END

The Gift of Cochise

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

"What about my two ponies?" she called after him. "Your young men took them from me."

Cochise did not turn or look back, and the little cavalcade of riders followed him away. Angie stepped back into the cabin and closed the door. Then she sat down abruptly, her face white, the muscles in her legs trembling.

When morning came, she went cautiously to the spring for water. Her ponies were back in the corral. They had been returned during the night.

Slowly, the days drew on. Angie broke a small piece of the meadow and planted it. Alone, she cut hay in the meadow and built another stack. She saw Indians several times, but they did not bother her. One morning, when she opened her door, a quarter of antelope lay on the step, but no Indian was in sight. Several times, during the weeks that followed, she saw moccasin tracks near the spring.

Once, going out at daybreak, she saw an Indian girl dipping water from the spring. Angie called to her, and the girl turned quickly, facing her. Angie walked toward her, offering a bright red silk ribbon. Pleased, the Apache girl left.

And the following morning there was another quarter of antelope on her step—but she saw no Indian.

Ed Lowe had built the cabin in West Dog Canyon in the spring of 1871, but it was Angie who chose the spot, not Ed. In Santa Fe they would have told you that Ed Lowe was good-looking, shiftless and agreeable. He was, also, unfortunately handy with a pistol.

Angie's father had come from County Mayo to New York and from New York to the Mississippi, where he became a tough, brawling river boatman. In New Orleans, he met a beautiful Cajun girl and married her. Together, they started west for Santa Fe, and Angie was born en route. Both parents died of cholera when Angie was fourteen. She lived with an Irish family for the following three years, then married Ed Lowe when she was seventeen.

Santa Fe was not good for Ed, and Angie kept after him until they started south. It was Apache country, but they kept on until they reached the old Spanish ruin in West Dog. Here there were grass, water, and shelter from the wind.

There was fuel, and there were piñons and game. And Angie, with an Irish eye for the land, saw that it would grow crops.

The house itself was built on the ruins of the old Spanish building, using the thick walls and the floor. The location had been admirably chosen for defense. The house was built in a corner of the cliff, under the sheltering overhang, so that approach was possible from only two directions, both covered by an easy field of fire from the door and windows.

For seven months, Ed worked hard and steadily. He put in the first crop, he built the house, and proved himself a handy man with tools. He repaired the old plow they had bought, cleaned out the spring, and paved and walled it with slabs of stone. If he was lonely for the carefree companions of Santa Fe, he gave no indication of it. Provisions were low, and when he finally started off to the south, Angie watched him go with an ache in her heart.

SHE did not know whether she loved Ed. The first flush of enthusiasm had passed, and Ed Lowe had proved something less than she had believed. But he had tried, she admitted. And it had not been easy for him. He was an amiable soul, given to whittling and idle talk, all of which he missed in the loneliness of the Apache country. And when he rode away, she had no idea whether she would ever see him again. She never did.

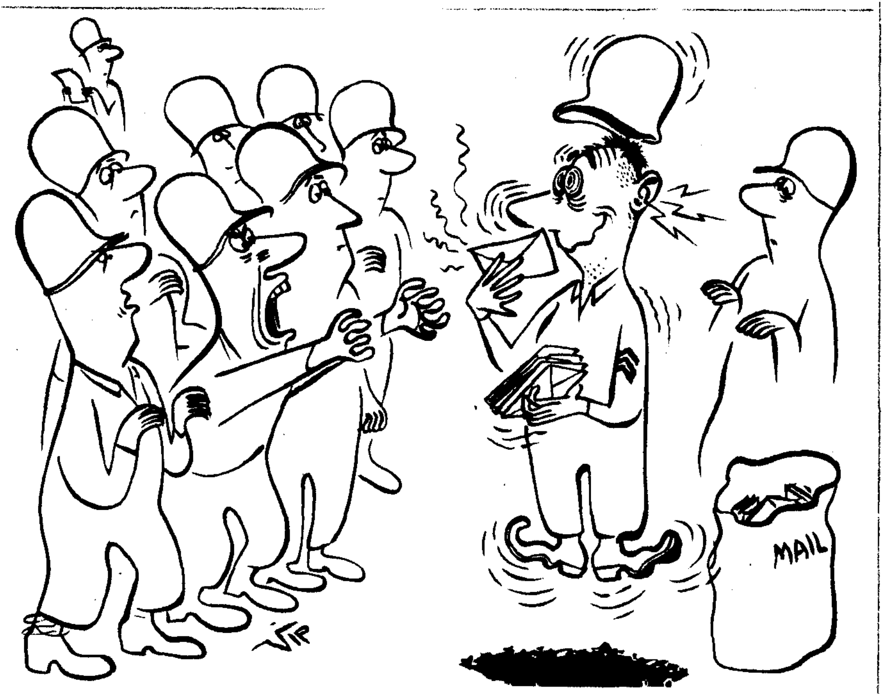
Santa Fe was far and away to the north, but the growing village of El Paso was less than a hundred miles to the west, and it was there Ed Lowe rode for supplies and seed.

He had several drinks—his first in months—in one of the saloons. As the liquor warmed his stomach, Ed Lowe looked around agreeably. For a moment, his eyes clouded with worry as he thought of his wife and children back in Apache country, but it was not in Ed Lowe to worry for long. He had another drink and leaned on the bar, talking to the bartender. All Ed had ever asked of life was enough to eat, a horse to ride, an occasional drink, and companions to talk with. Not that he had anything important to say. He just liked to talk.

Suddenly a chair grated on the floor, and Ed turned. A lean, powerful man with a shock of uncut black hair and a torn, weather-faded shirt stood at bay. Facing him across the table were three hard-faced young men, obviously brothers.

Ches Lane did not notice Ed Lowe watch-

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Well, come on! *Who's it for?*" VIRGIL PARTCH

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

ing from the bar. He had eyes only for the men facing him. "You done that deliberate!" The statement was a challenge.

The broad-chested man on the left grinned through broken teeth. "That's right, Ches. I done it deliberate. You killed Dan Tolliver on the Brazos."

"He made the quarrel." Comprehension came to Ches. He was boxed, and by three of the fighting, blood-hungry Tollivers.

"Don't make no difference," the broad-chested Tolliver said. "'Who sheds a Tolliver's blood, by a Tolliver's hand must die!'"

Ed Lowe moved suddenly from the bar. "Three to one is long odds," he said, his voice low and friendly. "If the gent in the corner is willin', I'll side him."

Two Tollivers turned toward him. Ed Lowe was smiling easily, his hand hovering near his gun. "You stay out of this!" one of the brothers said harshly.

"I'm in," Ed replied. "Why don't you boys light a shuck?"

"No, by—!" The man's hand dropped for his gun, and the room thundered with sound.

Ed was smiling easily, unworried as always. His gun flashed up. He felt it leap in his hand, saw the nearest Tolliver smashed back, and he shot him again as he dropped. He had only time to see Ches Lane with two guns out and another Tolliver down when something struck him through the stomach and he stepped back against the bar, suddenly sick.

The sound stopped, and the room was quiet, and there was the acrid smell of powder smoke. Three Tollivers were down and dead, and Ed Lowe was dying. Ches Lane crossed to him.

"We got 'em," Ed said, "we sure did. But they got me."

Suddenly his face changed. "Oh, Lord in heaven, what'll Angie do?" And then he crumpled over on the floor and lay still, the blood staining his shirt and mingling with the sawdust.

Stiff-faced, Ches looked up. "Who was Angie?" he asked.

"His wife," the bartender told him. "She's up northeast somewhere, in Apache country. He was tellin' me about her. Two kids, too."

Ches Lane stared down at the crumpled, used-up body of Ed Lowe. The man had saved his life.

One he could have beaten, two he might have beaten; three would have killed him. Ed Lowe, stepping in when he did, had saved the life of Ches Lane.

"He didn't say where?"

"No."

Ches Lane shoved his hat back on his head. "What's northeast of here?"

The bartender rested his hands on the bar. "Cochise," he said. . . .

For more than three months, whenever he could rustle the grub, Ches Lane quartered the country over and back. The trouble was, he had no lead to the location of Ed Lowe's homestead. An examination of Ed's horse revealed nothing. Lowe had bought seed and ammunition, and the seed indicated a good water supply, and the ammunition implied trouble. But in that country there was always trouble.

A man had died to save his life, and Ches Lane had a deep sense of obligation. Somewhere that wife waited, if she was still alive, and it was up to him to find her and look out for her. He rode northeast, cutting for sign, but found none. Sandstorms had wiped out any hope of back-trailing Lowe. Actually, West Dog Canyon was more east than north, but this he had no way of knowing.

North he went, skirting the rugged San Andreas Mountains. Heat baked him hot, dry winds parched his skin. His hair grew dry and stiff and alkali-whitened. He rode north, and soon the Apaches knew of him. He fought them at a lonely water hole, and he fought them on the run. They killed his horse, and he switched his saddle to the spare and rode on. They cornered him in the rocks, and he killed two of them and escaped by night.

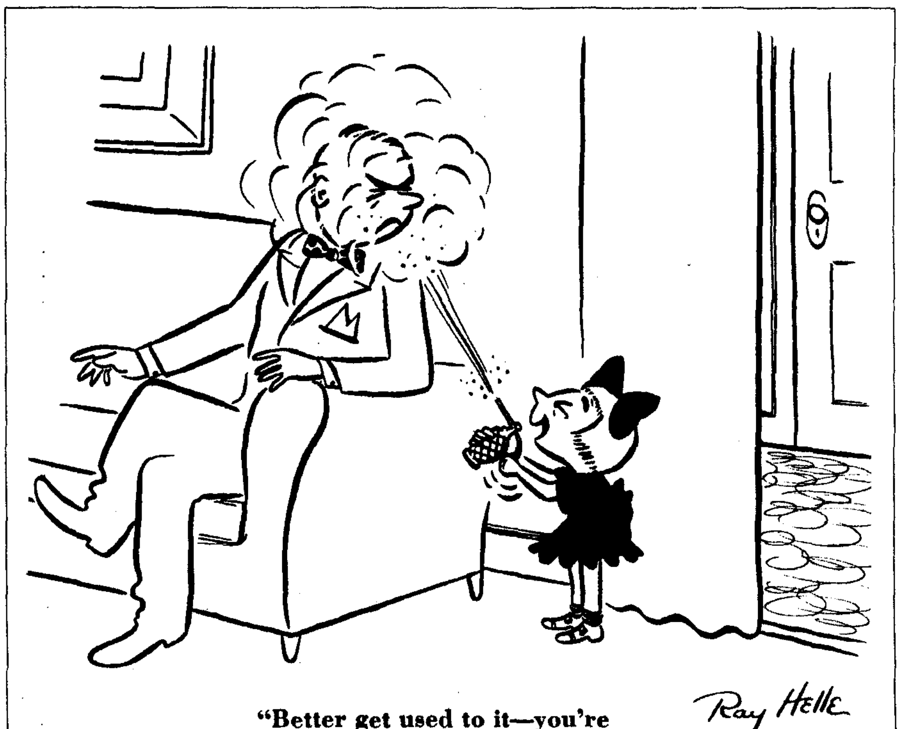
THEY trailed him through the White Sands, and he left two more for dead. He fought fiercely and bitterly, and would not be turned from his quest. He turned east through the lava beds and still more east to the Pecos. He saw only two white men, and neither knew of a white woman.

The bearded man laughed harshly. "A woman alone? She wouldn't last a month! By now the Apaches got her, or she's dead. Don't be a fool! Leave this country before you die here."

Lean, wind-whipped and savage, Ches Lane pushed on. The Mescaleros cornered him in Rawhide Draw and he fought them to a standstill. Grimly, the Apaches clung to his trail.

The sheer determination of the man fascinated them. Bred and born in a rugged and lonely land, the Apaches knew the difficulties of survival; they knew how a man could live, how he must live. Even as they tried to kill this man, they loved him, for he was one of their own.

Lane's jeans grew ragged. Two bullet holes were added to the old black hat. The slicker was torn; the saddle, so carefully kept until now, was scratched by gravel and brush. At night he cleaned his guns and by day he scouted the trails. Three times he found lonely ranch houses burned to the



COLLIER'S

"Better get used to it—you're going to smell it all evening"

Ray Helle
RAY HELLE

ground, the buzzard- and coyote-stripped bones of their owners lying nearby.

Once he found a covered wagon, its canvas flopping in the wind, a man lying sprawled on the seat with a pistol near his hand. He was dead and his wife was dead, and their canteens rattled like empty skulls.

Leaner every day, Ches Lane pushed on. He camped one night in a canyon near some white oaks. He heard a hoof click on stone and he backed away from his tiny fire, gun in hand.

The riders were white men, and there were two of them, Joe Tompkins and Wiley Lynn were headed west, and Ches Lane could have guessed why. They were men he had known before, and he told them what he was doing.

Lynn chuckled. He was a thin-faced man with lank yellow hair and dirty fingers. "Seems a mighty strange way to get a woman. There's some as comes easier."

"This ain't for fun," Ches replied shortly. "I got to find her."

Tompkins stared at him. "Ches, you're crazy! That gent declared himself in of his own wish and desire. Far's that goes, the gal's dead. No woman could last this long in Apache country."

At daylight, the two men headed west, and Ches Lane turned south.

Antelope and deer are curious creatures, often led to their death by curiosity. The longhorn, soon going wild on the plains, acquires the same characteristic. He is essentially curious. Any new thing or strange action will bring his head up and his ears alert. Often a longhorn, like a deer, can be lured within a stone's throw by some queer antic, by a handkerchief waving, by a man under a hide, by a man on foot.

This character of the wild things holds true of the Indian. The lonely rider who fought so desperately and knew the desert so well soon became a subject of gossip among the Apaches. Over the fires of many a rancheria they discussed this strange rider who seemed to be going nowhere, but always riding, like a lean wolf dog on a trail. He rode across the mesas and down the canyons; he studied sign at every water hole; he looked long from every ridge. It was obvious to the Indians that he searched for something—but what?

COCHISE had come again to the cabin in West Dog Canyon. "Little warrior too small," he said, "too small for hunt. You join my people. Take Apache for man."

"No." Angie shook her head. "Apache ways are good for the Apache, and the white man's ways are good for white men—and women."

They rode away and said no more, but that night, as she had on many other nights after the children were asleep, Angie cried. She wept silently, her head pillowed on her arms. She was as pretty as ever, but her face was thin, showing the worry and struggle of the months gone by, the weeks and months without hope.

The crops were small but good. Little Jimmy worked beside her. At night, Angie sat alone on the steps and watched the shadows gather down the long canyon, listening to the coyotes yapping from the rim of the Guadalupes, hearing the horses blowing in the corral. She watched, still hopeful, but now she knew that Cochise was right: Ed would not return.

But even if she had been ready to give up this, the first home she had known, there could be no escape. Here she was protected by Cochise. Other Apaches from other tribes would not so willingly grant her peace.

At daylight she was up. The morning air was bright and balmy, but soon it would be hot again. Jimmy went to the spring for water, and when breakfast was over, the children played while Angie sat in the shade of a huge old cottonwood and sewed. It was a Sunday, warm and lovely. From time to time, she lifted her eyes to look down the canyon, half smiling at her own foolishness.

The hard-packed earth of the yard was swept clean of dust; the pans hanging on the kitchen wall were neat and shining. The children's hair had been clipped, and there was a small bouquet on the kitchen table.

After a while, Angie put aside her sewing and changed her dress. She did her hair carefully, and then, looking in her mirror, she reflected with sudden pain that she *was* pretty, and that she was only a girl.

Resolutely, she turned from the mirror and, taking up her Bible, went back to the seat under the cottonwood. The children left their playing and came to her, for this was a Sunday ritual, their only one. Opening the Bible, she read slowly,

". . . though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou . . ."

"Mommy." Jimmy tugged at her sleeve. "Look!"

CHES LANE had reached a narrow canyon by midafternoon and decided to make camp. There was small possibility he would find another such spot, and he was dead tired, his muscles sodden with fatigue. The canyon was one of those unexpected gashes in the cap rock that gave no indication of its presence until you came right on it. After some searching, Ches found a route to the bottom and made camp under a wind-hollowed overhang. There was water, and there was a small patch of grass.

After his horse had a drink and a roll on the ground, it began cropping eagerly at the rich, green grass, and Ches built a smokeless fire of some ancient driftwood in the canyon bottom. It was his first hot meal in days, and when he had finished he put out his fire, rolled a smoke, and leaned back contentedly.

Before darkness settled, he climbed to the rim and looked over the country. The sun had gone down, and the shadows were growing long. After a half hour of study, he decided there was no living thing within miles, except for the usual desert life. Returning to the bottom, he moved his horse to fresh grass, then rolled in his blanket. For the first time in a month, he slept without fear.

He woke up suddenly in the broad daylight. The horse was listening to something, his head up. Swiftly, Ches went to the horse and led it back under the overhang. Then he drew on his boots, rolled his blankets, and saddled the horse. Still he heard no sound.

Climbing the rim again, he studied the desert and found nothing. Returning to his horse, he mounted up and rode down the canyon toward the flatland beyond. Coming out of the canyon mouth, he rode right into the middle of a war party of more than twenty Apaches—invisible until suddenly they stood up behind rocks, their rifles leveled. And he didn't have a chance.

Swiftly, they bound his wrists to the saddle horn and tied his feet. Only then did he see the man who led the party. It was Cochise.

He was a lean, wiry Indian of past fifty, his black hair streaked with gray, his features strong and clean-cut. He stared at Lane, and there was nothing in his face to reveal what he might be thinking.

Several of the younger warriors pushed forward, talking excitedly and waving their arms. Ches Lane understood none of it, but he sat straight in the saddle, his head up, waiting. Then Cochise spoke and the party turned, and, leading his horse, they rode away.

The miles grew long and the sun was hot. He was offered no water and he asked for none. The Indians ignored him. Once a young brave rode near and struck him viciously. Lane made no sound, gave no indication of pain. When they finally stopped, it was beside a huge anthill swarming with big red desert ants.

Roughly, they untied him and jerked him from his horse. He dug in his heels and shouted at them in Spanish: "The Apaches are women! They tie me to the ants because they are afraid to fight me!"

An Indian struck him, and Ches glared at

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the man. If he must die, he would show them how it should be done. Yet he knew the unpredictable nature of the Indian, of his great respect for courage.

"Give me a knife, and I'll kill any of your warriors!"

They stared at him, and one powerfully built Apache angrily ordered them to get on with it. Cochise spoke, and the big warrior replied angrily.

Ches Lane nodded at the anthill. "Is this the death for a fighting man? I have fought your strong men and beaten them. I have left no trail for them to follow, and for months I have lived among you, and now only by accident have you captured me. Give me a knife," he added grimly, "and I will fight *him!*" He indicated the big, black-faced Apache.

The warrior's cruel mouth hardened, and he struck Ches across the face.

The white man tasted blood and fury. "Woman!" Ches said. "Coyote! You are afraid!" Ches turned on Cochise, as the Indians stood irresolute. "Free my hands and let me fight!" he demanded. "If I win, let me go free."

Cochise said something to the big Indian. Instantly, there was stillness. Then an Apache sprang forward and, with a slash of his knife, freed Lane's hands. Shaking loose the thongs, Ches Lane chafed his wrists to bring back the circulation. An Indian threw a knife at his feet. It was his own bowie knife.

Ches took off his riding boots. In sock feet, his knife gripped low in his hand, its cutting edge up, he looked at the big warrior.

"I promise you nothing," Cochise said in Spanish, "but an honorable death."

The big warrior came at him on cat feet. Warily, Ches circled. He had not only to defeat this Apache but to escape. He permitted himself a side glance toward his horse. It stood alone. No Indian held it.

The Apache closed swiftly, thrusting wickedly with the knife. Ches, who had learned knife-fighting in the bayou country of Louisiana, turned his hip sharply, and the blade slid past him. He struck swiftly, but the Apache's forward movement deflected the blade, and it failed to penetrate. However, as it swept up between the Indian's body and arm, it cut a deep gash in the warrior's left armpit.

The Indian sprang again, like a clawing cat, streaming blood. Ches moved aside, but a backhand sweep nicked him, and he felt the sharp bite of the blade. Turning, he paused on the balls of his feet.

He had had no water in hours. His lips were cracked. Yet he sweated now, and the salt of it stung his eyes. He stared into the malevolent black eyes of the Apache, then moved to meet him. The Indian lunged, and Ches side-stepped like a boxer and spun on the ball of his foot.

The sudden side step threw the Indian past him, but Ches failed to drive the knife into the Apache's kidney when his foot rolled on a stone. The point left a thin red line across the Indian's back. The Indian was quick. Before Ches could recover his balance, he grasped the white man's knife wrist. Desperately, Ches grabbed for the Indian's knife hand and got the wrist, and they stood there straining, chest to chest.

Seeing his chance, Ches suddenly let his knees buckle, then brought up his knee and fell back, throwing the Apache over his head to the sand. Instantly, he whirled and was on his feet, standing over the Apache. The warrior had lost his knife, and he lay there, staring up, his eyes black with hatred.

Coolly, Ches stepped back, picked up the Indian's knife, and tossed it to him contemptuously. There was a grunt from the watching Indians, and then his antagonist rushed. But loss of blood had weakened the warrior, and Ches stepped in swiftly, struck the blade aside, then thrust the point of his blade hard against the Indian's belly.

Black eyes glared into his without yielding. A thrust, and the man would be disemboweled, but Ches stepped back. "He is a strong man," Ches said in Spanish. "It is enough that I have won."

Deliberately, he walked to his horse and swung into the saddle. He looked around, and every rifle covered him.

So he had gained nothing. He had hoped that mercy might lead to mercy, that the Apache's respect for a fighting man would win his freedom. He had failed. Again they bound him to his horse, but they did not take his knife from him.

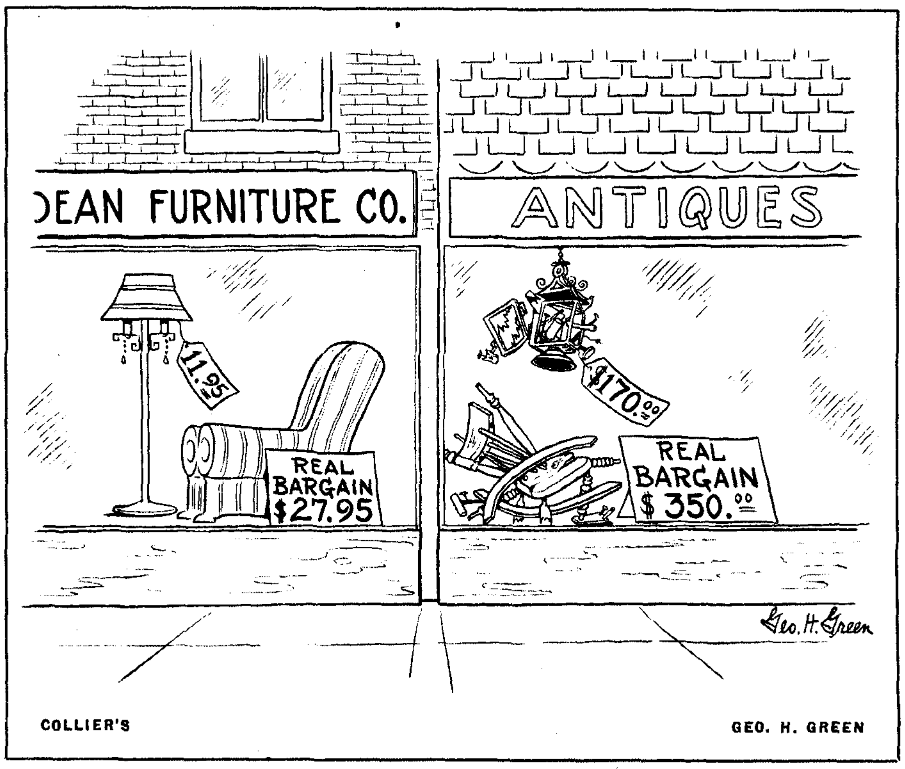
When they camped at last, he was given food and drink. He was bound again, and a blanket was thrown over him. At daylight they were again in the saddle. In Spanish he asked where they were taking him, but they gave no indication of hearing. When they stopped again, it was beside a pole corral, near a stone cabin.

WHEN Jimmy spoke, Angie got quickly to her feet. She recognized Cochise with a start of relief, but she saw instantly that this was a war party. And then she saw the prisoner.

Their eyes met and she felt a distinct shock. He was a white man, a big, unshaven man who badly needed both a bath and a haircut, his clothes ragged and bloody. Cochise gestured at the prisoner.

"No take Apache man, you take white man. This man good for hunt, good for fight. He strong warrior. You take 'em."

Flushed and startled, Angie stared at the prisoner and caught a faint glint of humor in his dark eyes.



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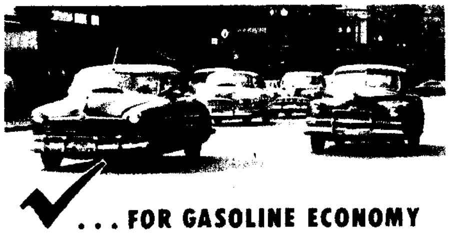

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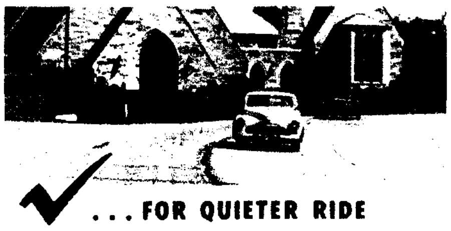

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"Is this here the fate worse than death I hear tell of?" he inquired gently.

"Who are you?" she asked, and was immediately conscious that it was an extremely silly question.

The Apaches had drawn back and were watching curiously. She could do nothing for the present but accept the situation. Obviously they intended to do her a kindness, and it would not do to offend them. If they had not brought this man to her, he might have been killed.

"Name's Ches Lane, ma'am," he said. "Will you untie me? I'd feel a lot safer."

"Of course." Still flustered, she went to him and untied his hands. One Indian said something, and the others chuckled; then, with a whoop, they swung their horses and galloped off down the canyon.

Their departure left her suddenly helpless, the shadowy globe of her loneliness shattered by this utterly strange man standing before her, this big, bearded man brought to her out of the desert.

She smoothed her apron, suddenly pale as she realized what his delivery to her implied. What must he think of her? She turned away quickly. "There's hot water," she said hastily, to prevent his speaking. "Dinner is almost ready."

SHE walked quickly into the house and stopped before the stove, her mind a blank. She looked around her as if she had suddenly waked up in a strange place. She heard water being poured into the basin by the door, and heard him take Ed's razor. She had never moved the box. To have moved it would—

"Sight of work done here, ma'am."

She hesitated, then turned with determination and stepped into the doorway. "Yes, Ed—"

"You're Angie Lowe."

Surprised, she turned toward him, and recognized his own startled awareness of her. As he shaved, he told her about Ed, and what had happened that day in the saloon.

"He—Ed was like that. He never considered consequences until it was too late."

"Lucky for me he didn't."

He was younger looking with his beard gone. There was a certain quiet dignity in his face. She went back inside and began putting plates on the table. She was conscious that he had moved to the door and was watching her.

"You don't have to stay," she said. "You owe me nothing. Whatever Ed did, he did because he was that kind of person. You aren't responsible."

He did not answer, and when she turned again to the stove, she glanced swiftly at him. He was looking across the valley.

There was a studied deference about him when he moved to a place at the table. The children stared, wide-eyed and silent; it had been so long since a man sat at this table.

Angie could not remember when she had felt like this. She was awkwardly conscious of her hands, which never seemed to be in the right place or doing the right things. She scarcely tasted her food, nor did the children.

Ches Lane had no such inhibitions. For the first time, he realized how hungry he was. After the half-cooked meat of lonely, trailside fires, this was tender and flavored. Hot biscuits, desert honey . . . Suddenly he looked up, embarrassed at his appetite.

"You were really hungry," she said.

"Man can't fix much, out on the trail."

Later, after he'd got his bedroll from his saddle and unrolled it on the hay in the barn, he walked back to the house and sat on the lowest step. The sun was gone, and they watched the cliffs stretch their red shadows across the valley. A quail called plaintively, a mellow sound of twilight.

"You needn't worry about Cochise," she said. "He'll soon be crossing into Mexico."

"I wasn't thinking about Cochise."

That left her with nothing to say, and she listened again to the quail and watched a lone bright star.

"A man could get to like it here," he said quietly.

THE END

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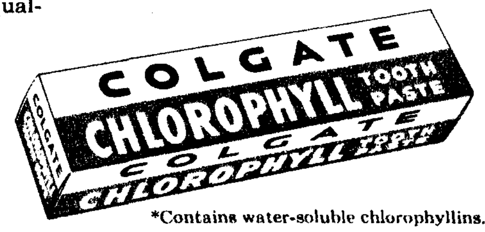

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Everything Tastes Better Outdoors

By HARRY BOTSFORD

These hot days, the family picnic offers an alluring prospect: Mouth-watering food, eaten at leisure in the cool, comfortable countryside. Here are some suggestions you'll want to follow

ONCE in a while, a normal person rebels against the comfort, the familiar premises of that great institution, the home. Outside, the sun is shining, there's a vagrant breeze and the sky is flecked with a sportive white cloud or two. There is a feeling of unrest and discontent in the home, a vague uneasiness that takes tangible shape when some forthright member of the family pinpoints it with five crisp words.

"Hey! How about a picnic?"

The idea almost always rouses instant enthusiasm. Talk about the simple pleasures of the poor! The family picnic is the answer to a limping budget; what's more, everything tastes better outdoors. It is also a gay adventure, a chance to hear the birds sing, to enjoy rural beauty and serenity, a time for pleasant relaxation, for letting down of the hair, an interval when wars and politics can be forgotten.

If any problem exists, it is in equipment and food. But the art of staging a class-A picnic is probably more refined and perfected in America than anywhere else in the world. For generations, the basic provender hasn't varied too much. One of the best and the oldest of rules to observe is to prepare a little more food than you think will be eaten. Beware of complicated dishes; let simplicity guide you to economical, easy-to-prepare food that has tested quality and popular appeal. Outdoor appetites are robust and there is no greater error than not having enough victuals for all present.

Plan ahead. Avoid too much in the way of homework; get as much as possible done the day before the picnic. Buns, rolls and bread can be buttered at home, wrapped in wax paper, ready for consumption. Sandwiches, too, can be wrapped beforehand.

Let the dishes be disposable ones; they are inexpensive and functional, as are disposable spoons, forks and knives. Plenty of paper napkins and towels and paper cups are a must. And the predatory raids of hungry ants and bothersome flies are no longer a part of the modern picnic, thanks to the use of DDT bombs that discourage such pests. Be comfortable!

Besides the principal viands, take along a generous supply of radishes, green garden onions, slices of green pepper and cucumbers, crisp stalks of celery, all nestled in cracked ice. A bottle of ripe or green olives, some assorted pickles and ripe tomatoes are also nice things to carry along. Fill a pair of salt and pepper cellars, remove the tops and insert a small circle of paper, then screw the caps on again. At the picnic grounds, remove the paper circles—and there's your salt and pepper, ready to use, instead of being spilled on other food.

Now for the main dishes. There are those who say no picnic is complete without a big bowl of rousing good potato salad, a simple statement of fact with which few will quarrel. Here's a foolproof formula for one of the best potato salads in which you ever sank a tooth:

Potatoes, cubed or sliced cold boiled, 4 cups
Salt, ½ teaspoon
Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon
French dressing, ½ cup
Pepper, ¼ teaspoon
Sage or savory, ½ teaspoon

Add sauce and spices to the French dressing, and toss the potatoes in this marinade very lightly. Then chill for two hours, drain and add:

Small onion, diced, 1
India relish, bottled, 3 tablespoons
Celery, chopped, 1 cup
Mayonnaise, thinned with marinade, 1 cup
Romaine, torn, 1 head

Refrigerate, and carry to the picnic in a big bowl nestled in a bed of ice.

Many Americans cling, and rightly, to the idea that the perfect pal to the salad is an abundance of steaming-hot frankfurters. Let the franks boil for 2 or 3 minutes, or broil over a small fire, split 'em lengthwise, place in a roll, dollop on some relish or mustard, take a liberal bite and everything is right in this best of all worlds. You can make your relish at home, if you so desire: finely diced onion, plenty of prepared mustard, chopped pickles and a little catsup. Mix and taste, and when you are happy with the combination, spoon it into a glass jar, cover, and it's ready to join the picnic parade.

The backbone of millions of enjoyable picnics is the sandwich—and there are, literally, at least a gross of varieties that appeal to the outdoor appetite.

Have several types of sandwiches, if you really want to please the customers—and use several types of bread: pumpernickel, French or Italian, whole wheat, rye. What's better than a hearty Swiss cheese sandwich, spread with your favorite mustard? Add plenty of butter or margarine to the rye bread; also have sliced onion handy for those who enjoy it.

If you have time, and the budget permits, boil or stew an elderly hen or rooster the day before the picnic. Let the fowl cool, slice both dark and white meat, place the pieces on fairly thin slices of fresh French bread and cover the meat with mayonnaise, a dash of pepper and a little salt. Add a thin slice of tomato, sprinkled with a little dried tarragon—and you have a noble and an uplifting sandwich.

Ham? Of course. Use the canned or regular baked ham, slice not too thin, spread with French mustard and a paper-thin slice of dill pickle, place between slices of rye bread—and, with another bottle of beer or another cup of coffee, you have a miniature feast.

One of the finest of picnic sandwiches is composed of thinly sliced *(Continued on page 77)*

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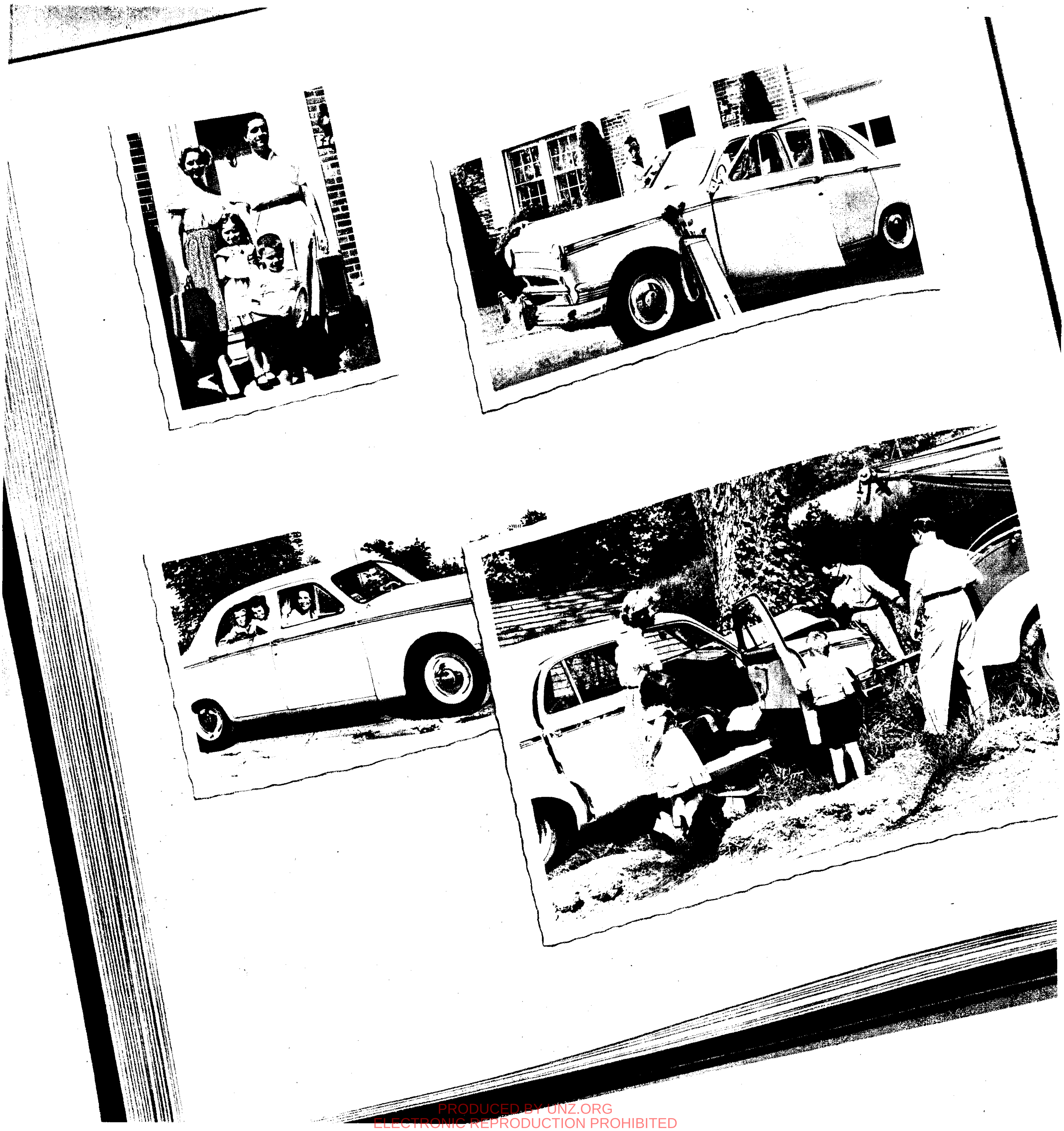

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BUT JUST LAST SUMMER, more than 600,000 automobile accidents were reported . . . more than 14,000 persons were killed. Add to this innumerable minor accidents and inconveniences that were not reported *plus* nearly 20 million roadside breakdowns . . . and you get some idea of your chances of being featured in this tragic "Vacation Album."

This frightful toll is entirely unnecessary. Perhaps they shouldn't be called "accidents" . . . most could have been avoided. Careless driving . . . selfish driving . . . mechanical failures . . . yes, most could have been avoided with just a little care.

Take mechanical failures, for example. "Mushy" brakes increase your "stopping distance" from 50 to 75% . . . the difference between a safe stop and an "accident." Or worn tires blow out and . . . CRASH . . . an "accident." Or headlights "black out" and . . . another "accident." The "play" in your steering wheel . . . the windshield wiper that "smears" . . . the horn that doesn't honk . . . little things, yes—but accomplices in many "accidents."

Maybe you'll be lucky. Maybe it will be just an "inconvenience." Like the radiator that boils over because you neglected to have it cleaned. Or the bearing that "burns" because you forgot to change oil. Or the hidden extra costs of excessive oil and gas consumption because of a dirty carburetor or worn rings.

Whatever the cause, it can be avoided by a little extra care . . . a trip to your nearest service man for a summer check-up.

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Bad Brakes—Check brake lining by removing a wheel. Brake fluid lines should be checked—worn parts replaced and fluid added, if necessary.

Overheating — Clean radiator and add rust-inhibitor. Check thermostat and radiator hose.

Poor Vision—Check headlights and tail lights, glass, windshield wipers. Re-aim headlights if necessary.

Steering Trouble and Rough Riding—Check steering mechanism and wheel alignment. Unbalanced wheels, faulty shock absorbers, broken spring leaves should be corrected.

Worn Tires—Repair or replace them. The last 1000 miles of rubber is not worth the risk.

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Traffic Jams

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

building roads. If this $2,700,000,000 available for construction were concentrated exclusively on the Interstate System, the project could be finished in four to six years. However, there are two big reasons why such a concentration of funds would be neither desirable nor practical.

To begin with, *there are urgent construction* needs outside the Interstate roadnet. Secondly, the various state governments, which eventually must finance most of the Interstate project, are largely dominated by farm voters. Consequently, inevitable political pressures tend to distribute available highway construction funds on a statewide basis (with special emphasis on rural areas), rather than concentrate road-building activity in metropolitan areas where traffic needs are greatest.

For example, a recent survey revealed that Ohio spent a total of $1,700,000,000 for maintenance and construction of roads and streets during the period 1929 through 1948. Percentagewise, the $1,700,000,000 was divided this way: state highways, 42.3 per cent; county roads, 29.1; township roads, 6.8; and municipal streets, 21.8. In effect, this breakdown allocated about *one fifth* of available construction and maintenance funds to municipal streets which carried *one half* of Ohio's traffic. No wonder Ohio motorists in urban areas are now experiencing migraine traffic headaches.

Cities Neglected, Expert Says

This nation-wide tendency to neglect urban road needs was summed up in a recent New York Times article by Wilfred Owen, transport authority of the Brookings Institution, a private research organization. "Another reason the road builder fell behind in the job of building roads," wrote Owen, "was lack of funds and inability to spend what was available where it was most needed. For many years there was almost complete neglect of the cities, where half of all automobile traffic is concentrated. Highway construction by the states was confined to rural areas, not because engineers disliked the city but because legislative bodies dominated by rural memberships like the country."

Highway authorities agree there is only one way to finance both the Interstate System and other desperately needed U.S. road improvements. Obviously, the federal and state governments must greatly increase road-building budgets, and these additional construction funds must be concentrated on the Interstate System and other high-priority mileage.

Apparently, the task of raising about $1,000,000,000 a year to complete the Interstate roadnet in the next decade or so will have to be accomplished by each of the 48 states in direct proportion to their varying shares of Interstate mileage. There are four methods by which part or all of this $1,000,000,000 can be raised; but, unfortunately, all four methods are painfully unacceptable to at least one of the many powerful groups whose financial interests are deeply involved in the eventual solution of the U.S. highway problem. Here are the four possible methods of raising that elusive $1,000,000,000 and also the anticipated objections to each method:

1. The state governments could make additional highway appropriations from general funds, such as property taxes, sales-tax moneys and liquor-tax receipts. This solution is vigorously opposed on grounds that it amounts to an outright motor-transport subsidy favoring commercial vehicles; those opposing it are such motor-transport competitors as railroads and air lines.

2. The states could raise about $1,000,000,000 by adding another three cents a gallon to gasoline taxes, now ranging from a high of nine cents a gallon in Louisana to a low of two cents a gallon in Missouri. The national average is five cents. Invariably, any proposal to raise gasoline taxes is good for a knockdown fight in state legislatures. In recent years, 31 states have raised these taxes, but only over the outraged protests of motorists and trucking and petroleum interests.

In *many states, motorists have* sound reasons for objecting to higher gas taxes. Since Oregon originated the gasoline tax in 1919, numerous states have diverted millions of dollars in revenues collected from highway users to defray the cost of nonhighway operations, ranging from schools and unemployment relief to mosquito control. In 1950, 27 states and the District of Columbia diverted to other purposes a total of $217,000,000 collected from highway users.

Example: New York State has diverted approximately $800,000,000 of highway taxes from road building and maintenance during the last 26 years. Commenting on this diversion, the American Trucking Association points out: "But today, when the state needs a new road from east to west, New York motorists and commercial vehicle users find themselves being bonded for $500,000,000 to build it *and it won't be free for them to use—it will be a toll road!*"

3. The states could raise motor vehicle fees. This proposal opens up the violently controversial question: Are trucks paying a fair share of highway maintenance and construction charges?

As might be expected, there is a wide difference of opinion. William Bresnahan, director of research for the American Trucking Association, says: "Trucks constitute only 17 per cent of all motor vehicles and account for only 18 per cent of vehicle mileage, but they pay one third of all the highway taxes paid by all motor vehicles." Bresnahan believes trucks pay more than their rightful share of highway costs.

Others disagree, pointing their remarks particularly at those trucks which carry excessive loads over the highways. The American Automobile Association said in 1949: "Billions of dollars' worth of the nation's finest highways are being pounded to pieces by overweight and overloaded commercial vehicles." And in the same year, the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads, after a series of road-maintenance studies, declared: "Costs were from three to seven times more on roads carrying a greater amount of commercial traffic."

Heavier Fees Loom for Trucks

Whatever the merits of the argument, it appears that heavier highway-user fees will be levied against commercial vehicles in most states (particularly on truck trailers weighing 50,000 pounds or more). Twelve states have recently increased trucking levies, including Iowa, Indiana, Kansas, Maryland, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oregon, Washington, New York and Illinois.

4. The states could issue bonds to provide *immediate funds for Interstate construction*. But most state legislatures shy away from incurring long-term debts, preferring to operate on a pay-as-you-go highway plan. Bond proposals invariably are bitterly opposed by legislators from rural areas.

Although a few states may make limited use of general fund appropriations and bond issues to raise additional highway revenues, the tendency seems to be to collect the bulk of the money required for future construction from highway users, in the form of increased *gasoline taxes and vehicle operating* fees. For understandable reasons, motorists instinctively oppose higher taxes in any form. However, say government experts, there is a sound basis for arguing that higher gasoline taxes and increased vehicle fees ultimately would cost the motorist little or nothing. Here's why:

At present, highway taxes take only 10 cents out of every transportation dollar spent by vehicle owners. The other 90 cents go into gasoline, oil, tires, maintenance, insurance and vehicle depreciation. *According to automotive experts, this* ratio will not produce the tax revenues needed to build adequate highways. However, they say, if a bigger part of each transportation dollar—perhaps 15 cents—were allotted to taxes, the resultant road improvements would lower ownership and operational expenses from 90 cents to 85 cents, or less.

"In other words," an Ohio highway official said recently, "if a motorist puts more money into roads through higher taxes, he'll spend less money operating his car—and he'll enjoy driving a lot more."

In Florida, a motorist driving 10,000 miles a year pays about six tenths of a cent per mile in taxes for road maintenance and construction. This is the peak figure for the nation. Only six other states (Alabama, Tennessee, Maine, Arkansas, North Carolina and Louisiana) tax motorists in excess of half a cent a mile. In more than half of the states, the rate of payment is less than two fifths of a cent.

Toll Succeeds in Pennsylvania

However, there is ample evidence that motorists are willing to pay upwards of *one cent a mile* for better roads. For example, the Pennsylvania Turnpike levies a toll charge of about one cent a mile on passenger cars. This toll is equivalent to a gasoline tax of 15 cents per gallon (assuming the average car travels 15 miles on a gallon of gas). But motorists are willing and eager to pay a cent a mile for Turnpike accommodations. So are trucks, which pay much higher tolls and provide two thirds of the Turnpike's total revenues.

Recently, a series of truck-cost operating tests was conducted on a 25-mile section of the Pennsylvania Turnpike—a divided four-lane highway with over- and underpasses at all intersections. These operating charges were then compared with the results of a similar test conducted on a 25-mile stretch of the winding and mountainous Lincoln Highway, which parallels the Turnpike. The comparison proved that a 50,000-pound truck could save three and a half gallons of gasoline and 52 minutes by using the 25-mile stretch of Turnpike instead of the adjacent Lincoln Highway.

Significantly, savings were bigger on bigger trucks. A 139,000-pound truck cut both fuel costs and operating time by more than 50 per cent over the same 25 miles of Turnpike. Gas consumption for the 25 miles dropped from 23.8 gallons on the Lincoln Highway to 10.6 gallons on the Turnpike; running time dropped from two hours and six minutes to 44 minutes.

The popularity of turnpike toll roads in our northeastern states demonstrates conclusively that motorists are willing to pay a *premium price for a quick, safe, comfortable* ride on a modern road. Moreover, the fact that trucking concerns (which analyze costs closely) have become steady toll-road customers indicates that worth-while savings can be realized by putting more money into roads and less money into operating expenses.

When state governments face long delays in raising urgently needed highway funds via conventional taxation, the tollgate sometimes offers the only quick method of financing high-priority construction. However, *toll-road financing is not destined* to play a major role in rebuilding our crumbling highway system. Nationally, there is one big objection to pay-as-you-go turnpikes. Their successful operation depends upon high-density, long-distance traffic, which permits access points and collection stations to be widely separated.

For example, a 160-mile stretch of Pennsylvania Turnpike is served by only 11 toll collection stations, set anywhere from eight to 35 miles apart. The average vehicle using the Turnpike travels 100 miles. Under these ideal toll-road conditions, long-distance traffic moves smoothly and the maintenance charges involved in manning widely separated collection stations can be kept to a profitable minimum (3.5 per cent of gross revenues).

However, the kind of highway mileage which carries enough traffic far enough to make toll-type operation profitable is extremely scarce. Right now, less than 2,000 miles of toll roads are in operation or under construction. There is little likelihood, say highway authorities, that this mileage will increase appreciably.

This dim view of the toll road's future is based on uncompromising statistics which indicate that the bulk of our rural highway traffic is of the short-haul, city-to-city or farm-to-city variety. About 85 per cent of all passenger-car trips cover less than 20 miles.

An estimated 80 per cent of our 9,000,000 trucks are rated at one and a half tons or less and are used to haul small loads on short trips. According to BPR surveys, eight out of every 10 vehicles traveling on highways approaching our larger cities—those of more than 50,000 population—are not on long trips, but have those cities as their destinations.

When all this short-haul traffic converges near or in metropolitan areas, it must be carried on four- or six-lane expressways to assure quick, easy movement. However, these expressways in metropolitan areas cannot be operated as toll roads because short-haul traffic disperses rapidly. Consequently, short-haul traffic must be permitted to enter or leave expressways at numerous convenient points no more than half a mile apart. Any attempt to collect relatively small urban toll fees at so many entrances and exits would be uneconomical. It would also snarl traffic.

Consequently, highway design experts have come to the conclusion that nontoll, multilane, metropolitan expressways—financed largely by increased gasoline taxes and higher vehicle fees—are the only practical approach to the problem of eliminating our most heavily congested traffic bottlenecks. But expressways are expensive. A survey of Ohio's traffic requirements not long ago revealed that 89.9 miles of expressways were needed in six cities: Cleveland, Cincinnati, Columbus, Toledo, Akron and Dayton. The estimated cost of these 89.9 miles is $336,782,000. Expressways also are a long time in construction. It may take Detroit engineers 10 years to complete a 40-mile expressway system now under construction.

But It's Worth Waiting For

But Detroiters believe their six-lane, divided expressways will be worth waiting for. Depressed about 15 feet below street level (to eliminate interference from cross traffic), the expressways will carry five times as many vehicles per lane as an average city street. What's more, the expressways will keep vehicles rolling at an uninterrupted 45 miles per hour from the heart of the city to the suburbs, or vice versa. Trucks, which will have no sharp curves or steep grades to contend with, will be able to keep pace with passenger vehicles.

So far as time savings are concerned, Detroit engineers estimate that motorists will be able to drive 20 miles across town (a one-and-a-half-hour trip at present) in about 30 minutes on expressways. This means substantial operational savings for both passenger vehicles and trucks—and lower delivery costs for merchandise, among other things.

The tremendous utility of Detroit's depressed-type expressways was demonstrated during a 24-inch snowfall last December. Narrow city streets quickly became virtually impassable as the snow piled up around abandoned cars. But vehicles on the short sections of expressways then in operation kept moving steadily, their way cleared by snowplows. Under such adverse weather conditions, each lane of expressway carried *20 times* as much traffic as a lane of average city street.

According to Detroit's master traffic plan, 23 miles of expressways will be operating by 1956, and another 20 miles will be ready by 1960; then construction will start on another 62 miles. Eventually, the cost of this 105-mile system will total an estimated $840,000,000.

So far, Detroit's expressways have been paid for out of state gasoline and vehicle tax receipts, plus federal aid funds. These two sources originally provided $50,000,000. When this amount was exhausted, the Michigan Highway Department raised another $80,000,000 by selling revenue bonds which are secured by a pledge of a portion of future motor-tax receipts collected by the state, city and county governments, cooperating with the expressway project.

Admittedly, $80,000,000 is a lot of money to spend for expressways. So is $82,500,000,000 — the minimum total amount needed to modernize our deteriorating highway system over the next 15 years. There is even a suspicion that highway officials may have underestimated our present road-building requirements.

Traffic Surprises on New Pike

When the 118-mile New Jersey Turnpike was opened last fall, state highway officials expected a daily traffic load of 23,000 vehicles. Instead, the Turnpike averaged 38,500 vehicles per day. "What happened," a Turnpike official said recently, "is simple. We've got our anticipated traffic load for 1960 riding the Turnpike in 1952." Right now, New Jersey engineers are working on improvements to enlarge the Turnpike's traffic capacity. On the original timetable, these improvements were scheduled to start in 1959!

Thus, it may turn out that even the $82,500,000,000 figured as the minimum cost of repairing our essential roads is set too low. Nevertheless, one thing is certain: the roads must be rebuilt.

Lately, a concerted effort has been launched to attain that end. Leading the campaign is an organization called PAR (for Project—Adequate Roads), which was established by 40 industrial firms and national organizations, brought together at the invitation of the National Highway Users Conference. The industries represented range from the truckers and automobile makers to bakers and ice-cream manufacturers, and the organizations include groups like the American Automobile Association, U.S. Chamber of Commerce, National Association of Manufacturers and even the American National Rural Letter Carriers Association.

A PAR National Committee was named, to "(a) stimulate efforts for highway improvement; (b) act as a clearinghouse to make available wherever possible engineering, legislative and other pertinent data; and (c) provide information to the public primarily through the use of the advertising and public-relations departments of participating groups."

An example of individual action in the field is provided by General Motors, a member of the National Highway Users Conference (which, in turn, belongs to PAR). The company produced a film, Let's Get Out of the Muddle, dealing with the critical need for modernizing the nation's highway system, and made it available to interested groups without charge.

There are two reasons why this road-improvement program must gain headway swiftly: The need is great, and the construction dollar isn't what it used to be. For $1 in 1952, you can buy only as much road as you could have built for 50 cents in 1940.

So we'd better get to work. There may never be a cheaper time to start. THE END

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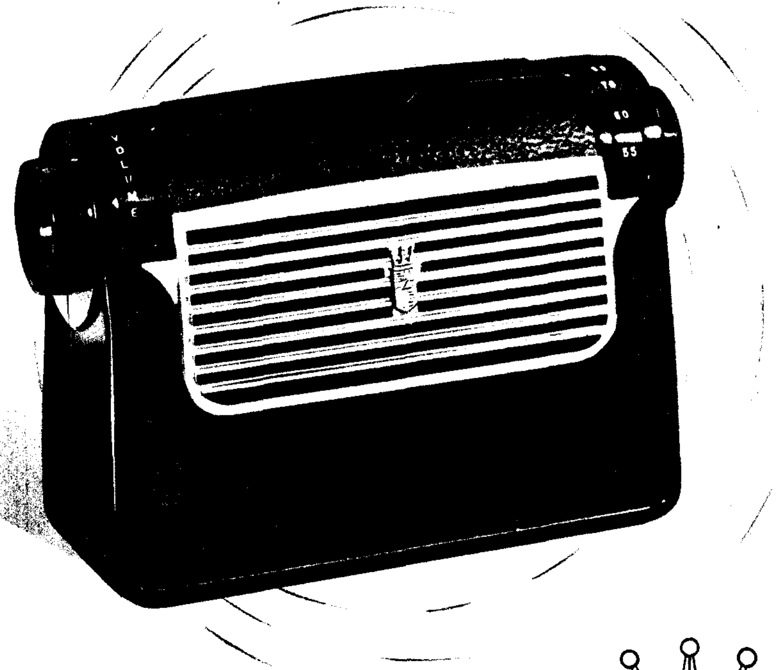

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Chill Wills gives Francis a helping hand as the mule and his voice rehearse their lines

Voice of the Mule

By RICHARD G. HUBLER

As the unseen voice of Francis, Hollywood's talking mule, actor Chill Wills finds it highly profitable to be saddled to a bray

CHILL WILLS, a six-foot-plus, 210-pound Hollywood actor from Texas, has a motto for success. "My daddy," Wills says, "always told me to stay in back of the bull and in front of the mule."

Wills has come remarkably close to heeding that advice literally, with excellent results. An ex-vaudevillian, he entered the movies as a cowboy actor, and then rose to his greatest achievement as the wry, disenchanted voice of Francis, the talking mule of motion pictures.

The first of the mule's starring vehicles, called, simply, Francis, but unofficially known around the studio as On a Wing and a Brayer, was somewhat diffidently produced in 1949 at Universal-International Studios. Contrary to most expert predictions, it was a fabulous success. So was the sequel, Francis Goes to the Races (the only other mule picture released to date, although two more have been made: Francis Goes to West Point is scheduled for July release; Francis Covers the Big Town is due for release late this year or early in 1953).

As a result of the first two films, the only feature motion pictures ever to star a live "talking" animal, more than 40,000,000 people all over the world—even including such unlikely spots as Pakistan and Macao—have had the pleasure of Francis' celluloid acquaintance. The two pictures, produced for about $1,100,000 altogether, have already grossed close to $8,500,000; and Bill Goetz, in charge of production at U-I, calls them "the studio bread and butter." Goetz, an avid fancier of art and race horses, has come to like mules nearly as much as Van Gogh and a fast track.

Not all the credit for the success of Francis goes to Wills, of course. In foreign countries, the mule's voice is dubbed in; Francis now speaks half a dozen languages. But Wills's native wit (which contributes much of Francis' dialogue) and his sandpaper larynx, which has been likened to a concrete mixer in torment or a foghorn with insomnia, have done much to make Francis a popular figure in this country—and have given foreign mule-voices a mighty target at which to shoot.

"I'm kind of proud to be speaking for a jackass," Wills says. "These days so many people are speaking for themselves."

The words of Wills, earthy and hardheaded, actually do give an amazing illusion of what a mule might really say if he had the chance. This talent of vocal reincarnation has done very well for Wills. The forty-nine-year-old performer gets $2,000 a week during the filming of each picture for thinking up and delivering, in his natural voice, a variety of grunts, wheezes and similar monosyllabic mulecisms to a sound track. That's more than triple his original salary in Western whoop-and-hollers.

Wills gives the mule full collaboration credit. The beast is a sleek, brown, sixteen-year-old animal (that's the prime of life for a mule) originally named Molly and privately dubbed Frances, with an "e." The long-eared film star stands 12 hands high, about up to Wills's chest, and weighs four times as much as he does. "Intelligent, too," says the voice. "What I forget, the mule ad-libs."

The character of Francis was created in a series of magazine stories by David Stern, publisher of the New Orleans Item. The stories (and the motion pictures based on them) involve a naïve individual named Peter Stirling, played in the films by Donald O'Connor, who constantly has to be yanked out of trouble by his wise, resigned friend, the talking Army mule (now discharged).

Studio Buys Idea, Then Seeks a Star

U-I bought the idea on the faith of a director, Arthur Lubin, who had read and enjoyed Stern's stories. The writer and the director turned out a screen play and tried to sell it; after a number of studios had rejected it, U-I, with many a doubt, bought it cheap.

The talent hunt for Francis began. A "beauty contest" was held in Columbia, Missouri, world headquarters for mules, but the studio got only a stand-in out of it. Francis, a pure California product, was finally selected out of a herd of a dozen aspirants by Jimmie Phillips, head of the U-I animal department, and purchased for $350.

Next came the effort to find a voice. Forty were tried out and an Irishman from Brooklyn selected. But it was hard to reconcile Greenpoint-go-bragh with the necessary asininity. Thirty more were culled over. None was as mulish as the studio brass deemed it should be.

Wills, working in a Western on the U-I lot, dropped by the dubbing room. He gagged off a few lines into a microphone, filtering them through a thrice-broken nose and a gravel throat. "Next day," says Wills, "somebody came runnin' up to me and yelled: 'You made Spitz laugh!' "

That was fine by Wills. He had no idea that placid Leo Spitz was one of the heads of U-I and a very tight man with a guffaw. Then Goetz heard the recording and, Wills says, "It leveled him." The job was his.

According to standard authorities, the mule normally emits "a hoarse noise, which is neither horse nor ass"—which describes Wills's vocal acrobatics precisely. The shooting of Francis "talking" is done by attaching a couple of long, invisible threads to the mule's limber lips and pulling to match lines, or by gently pressing a muscle in the side of the jaw. The usual wire-puller and jaw-presser is a former Nevada cow hand named Les Hilton.

Wills sits in the dubbing room afterward and watches the mule's mouth work on film, twisting the lines to fit the flap. "I used to skin mules," says Wills, "down in the Oklahoma oil fields. I learned their language. I had to, to beg them to take me home."

The technique of Wills and Francis developed to its present high state with the second picture. "I kind of adapted my thinking to Francis'," says Wills. He commenced to put in salty asides of his own. He began to work on the set to match the dialogue. In the third and fourth Francis pictures, Wills estimates that nearly 35 per cent of the dialogue is his own. "Of course," he admits, "there's Lubin, who directs, and writers like Stern or Oscar Brodney or Dorothy Reid—but the mule and I work lip-to-lip."

It took two months to train Francis, but it took Wills eighteen years to acquire his trigger tongue. Wills takes oath that he started his career at the age of nine as a tenor in a quartet for $5 a spot. As

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTY CRAIL

Research Reveals

New Orange Health Discovery

The "Protopectins" in the meaty solids of fresh oranges create a better "digestive climate," ***help you get more good from all the foods you eat!***

Today nutritionists are pointing out the importance of *eating* oranges.

They are doing so because important nutritional benefits for you have been found in the "meaty solids" of the orange. These contain the *protopectins,* remarkable substances whose importance is just now becoming recognized.

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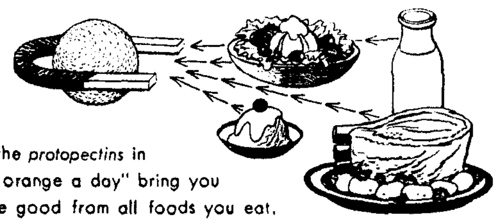
In this era of high speed and high pressure, few of us give our digestive systems a fair chance. We may eat well, but our bodies could make far better *use* of the food. *The protopectins help you absorb into your system a greater share of the essential food elements from all the foods you eat.*

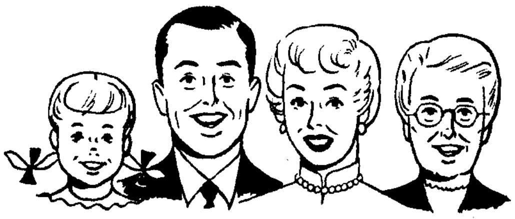


Let the protopectins in "an orange a day" bring you more good from all foods you eat.

And they do this without increasing your calories, without leading to weight gain!

The *protopectins* help you avoid many digestive ills and upsets. When the digestive tract becomes overactive and irritated, or becomes sluggish, they help it regain normal action. They remove harmful bacteria from your digestive system. And they encourage the friendly types to grow and flourish.

Consequently, *eating* an orange a day can mean better nourishment. And when you are better nourished, greater well-being generally follows . . . *greater work-output, a keener mind, more resistance to infectious disease, and often a better complexion.*



The whole family needs protopectins *every day*—children, too, for good nourishment and sound growth.

Get these newly recognized health benefits this way:

1. Serve each member of your family two or three Sunkist Oranges every day. This will give them their quota of vitamin C. But remember that the *protopectins* are found mostly in the *meaty solids* . . . so be sure they *peel* and *eat* at least one orange a day.

2. Choose a regular time to eat oranges . . . with meals, between meals or at bedtime. Include a Sunkist Orange in the lunch box.

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Research uncovering new values in natural foods

The *protopectins* are only one example of the new health values being found in natural, fresh foods. Now under special study are the bioflavonoids. These also are found in the meat of fresh oranges. They are known to strengthen the tiniest blood vessels . . . more evidence of the importance of eating "an orange a day."

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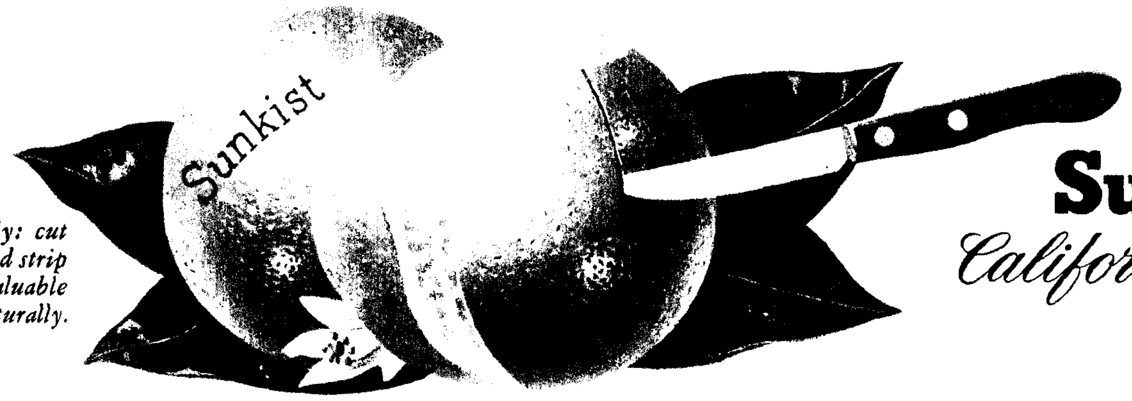

***To peel an orange quickly:** cut off top, score skin in sixths and strip off as shown, leaving the valuable white material that clings naturally.*

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his voice degenerated, his salary rose. At the age of fifteen, Wills had left church choirs forever for a $60-a-week job in a Chicago burlesque house as a hick straight man.

"I graduated from Minsky's," Wills says, "*cum laude,* and went into vaudeville in the 1920s. Once I introduced a two-year-old named Mickey Rooney on New Year's Eve. He was the New Year and I was the Old." He worked himself up to $600 a week as a master of ceremonies, and appeared for the last time as a vaudevillian in San Francisco in 1936, on the same bill with a sad-eyed Swede and a chipper dummy named, respectively, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. Thereafter, Wills worked in night clubs.

He got into pictures as casually as he slipped into Francis' vocal chords. He had been admired for his act at the Trocadero, a Hollywood night club, by a movie executive. He was tested and accepted as a "character actor." Subsequently he made the mistake of telling the state of his birth. "Any flesh from Texas is cowboy!" exclaimed his sponsor; and Wills was clapped into high-heeled boots and saddles, continuing in this role, with a few exceptions, until Francis' bray gave him a new career. Among his pre-Francis films were Cattle Drive, Apache Trail, The Yearling and The Harvey Girls.

Wills finds nothing exceptional about his story, although he sometimes finds it necessary to explain the origin of his first name. "On that fascinating subject," he comments, "I will simply say that I was born on the hottest July 18th on record at Seagoville, Texas." The fact that his two names rhyme apparently is pleasing to him, however; he and his wife, the former Betty Chappele, named their daughter, who is now twelve, Jill, and their son, now ten, Will.

The Wills family lives in a ranch house in North Hollywood. Chill finds it a pleasant life, and he does not complain about the fact that he owes it all to a mule. In fact, he has made more than a score of personal appearances with Francis, standing cheerfully in the background when, as in Denver, thousands of kids turn out to adore the mule.

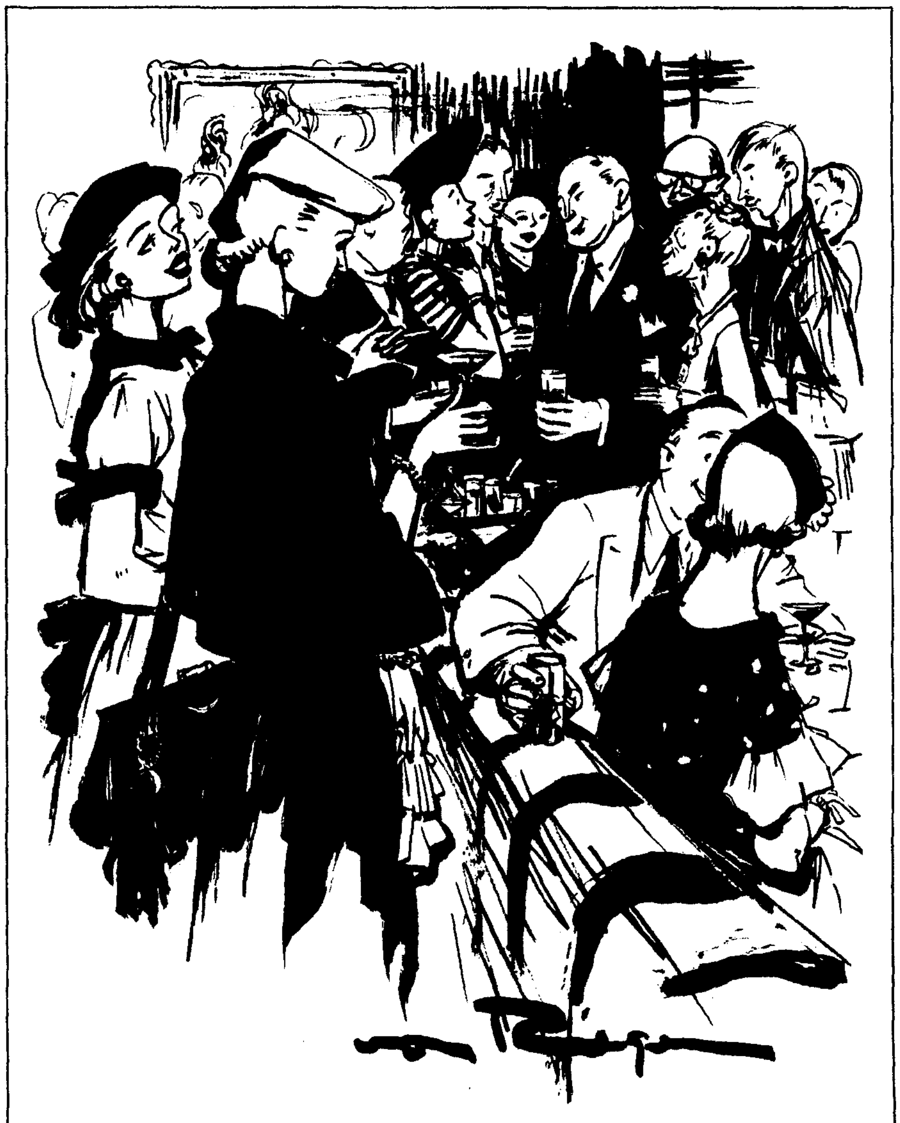
"I like success for anybody," he says amiably, "myself and the mule included. Anyway, it's kind of late in life for me to be jealous of a jackass." Wills even professes to have observed a similar viewpoint on Francis' part. When someone remarked recently on what he thought was a resemblance between Wills and Francis, the voice explained: "That mule is a fan of mine. Combs his hair the same way I do, straight down." Wills swears that he and the animal work in such harmony that in their most recent picture "he got two colds and darned if I didn't come down with both of them!"

The Partners Avenge an Insult

As further evidence of their teamwork, there was the time in Cheyenne when Francis, at the behest of a zealous publicity man, was in a local bar, having his carrots with straight water. A drunk stumbled in and stared at the mule in stupefaction. "Jeepers," he exclaimed. "What an ugly mule!" Wills promptly sprang to his friend's defense. He flipped Francis' chin and, as the lips moved, replied, "You're drunk, cousin."

The bemused fellow recoiled, then turned and hastily staggered for the door. "Maybe I am," he said over his shoulder, "but I'll sure be sober tomorrow."

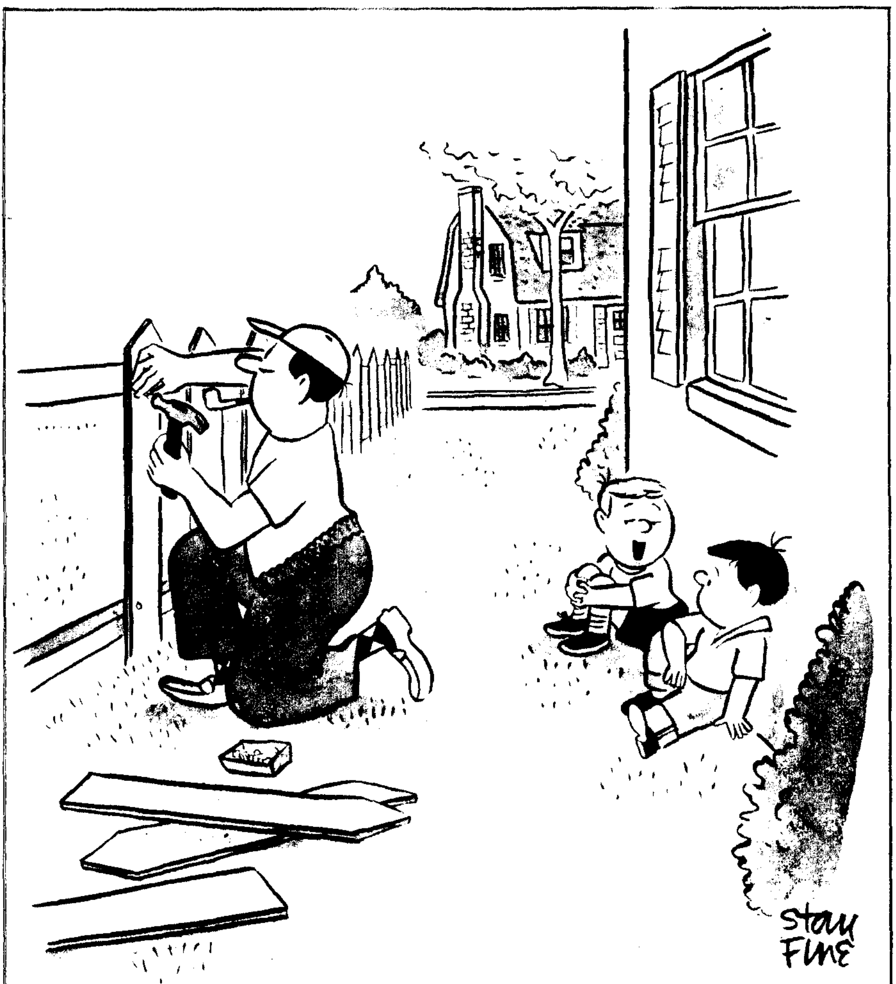
Despite these evidences of liaison between Francis and his partner, close observers profess to see a growing rivalry between them to see who can punch a line better. Wills sadly claims that many of his best gags never appear in the finished pictures. He cites one scene in which Francis showed affection for a zebra. "I wish you were a mule," he said, wistfully. Wills, speaking for Francis, suddenly had a



COLLIER'S

"I think he's a phony . . . he sounds *too* intelligent"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



COLLIER'S "May be a while before he misses, but, boy, it's worth the wait" STAN FINE

thought and threw in a reply for the zebra. "Don't let the pajamas fool you," he said.

It is probable that, in any competition, Wills's lines will never beat Francis' mugging. For example, on spotting a luscious girl spy in one scene, Francis bulged his eyes, popped his lips and emitted a long, yearning slobber. Another time when the weary Peter Stirling, then in the Army, complained about a long hike, Francis dredged up a Gargantuan yawn. On one memorable day, when Stirling led the mule into the commanding general's office and said: "You sent for us, sir?", Francis made the ultimate gesture of disdain which many a private in like circumstances has felt like doing. He blatted his lips, producing a sound believed indigenous to the Bronx, and sprayed the high brass from head to foot.

Francis: Tough But Sagacious

Wills likes to think of Francis' basic character as that of a tough, experienced old Army sergeant. He tailors his dialogue to fit the philosophy of any veteran mule drafted into the Remount Service. Francis, via Wills, has become an expert in French, mathematics, Einstein's theory, military etiquette, strategy, sports, social deportment, horse touting, smooching, medicine (veterinary), and muckraking.

Francis can do a great many tricks on his own, too, including climbing stairs and opening newspapers. Once he even led a samba line in a Hollywood night club. But he will not sit down. His stand-in has to compensate for this bit of temperament.

However, the mule costs the studio only about $15 a week for food and lodging, the lowest star pay in moviedom (Francis does not belong to the Screen Actors' Guild): so there is no complaint about his occasional lapses. Once Francis got gout from soft living and had to go on a diet, and have his feet soaked, but this medical outlay was only temporary. There's no make-up expense for Francis, either. On his original tests, there was some feeling that his ears were not long enough, and a special fur-lined pair was ordered. But the mule looked overdressed and all make-up thereafter was discarded, except for currycomb and brush.

So far as can be discovered, neither of the Francis pictures thus far released has been pan-fried by any critics. Wills has received more than 2,000 fan letters, many from ministers and priests, congratulating him on being the voice of such a morally sound and hardheaded view of life. (It seems to Wills that a good deal of common sense which cannot be spoken right out in meeting is perfectly acceptable when delivered by a mule.)

Wills is sometimes plagued by his own creation. On a visit to his home state, he was greeted by his own braying from a loudspeaker which could be heard for miles. A song called Francis, the Talking Mule, has been written for Francis; Wills recorded it, and the sale has been large. The mule and Wills sold hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of defense bonds on a tour. The pair has been congratulated by Generals George C. Marshall and Dwight D. Eisenhower, Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder and other notables; Vice-President Alben Barkley asked for an autographed picture—of the mule, of course. Francis souvenirs, from blotters to windup toys, are part of the flora and fauna of novelty stores across the land.

A comic strip starring Francis' face and Wills's sentiments is in the works. Two more pictures, portraying Francis in the oil fields and Francis in the wild West, are being mulled over. Francis has appeared on TV with Donald O'Connor on the Colgate Comedy Hour.

Wills also is ambitious to produce a children's album of Francis, consisting of songs, jokes and advice.

For it is the children, after all, who form more than 90 per cent of the Francis fans. They are the ones who inevitably ask Wills what for anyone else might be a more difficult question: "How do you get into the stomach of the mule?"

To this, Wills, the good-will ambassador of Francis, always has a ready answer:

"Well," he says dreamily, "I grease myself all over with goose grease, put my hands over my head just like a diver, see, and then Francis opens his big mouth and—"

THE END

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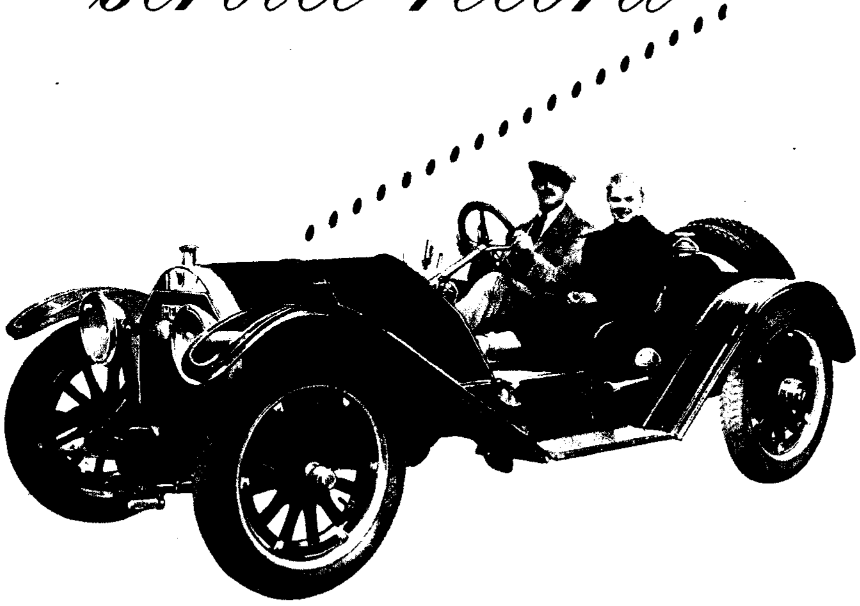

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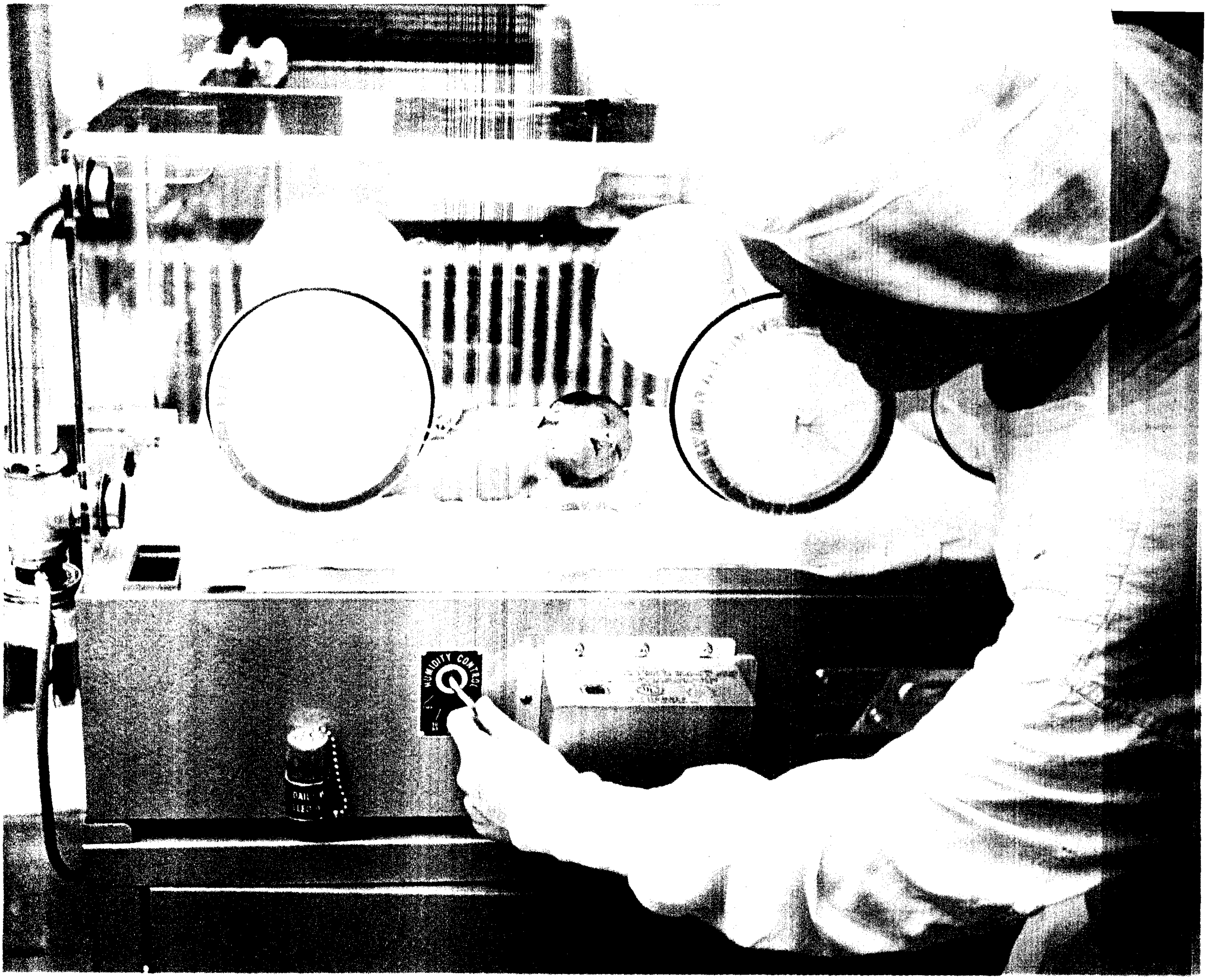


Part of the current research program on premature babies, this infant is aided by raising humidity in incubator at Johns Hopkins Hospital

PREMATURE BABIES

Premature are handled only through incubator "portholes," until they attain normal weight

OF THE 3,500,000 children born yearly in the U.S., 7 to 10 per cent are premature. Yet, despite all that modern medical science knows about human birth, there is relatively little information concerning "short-term" babies.

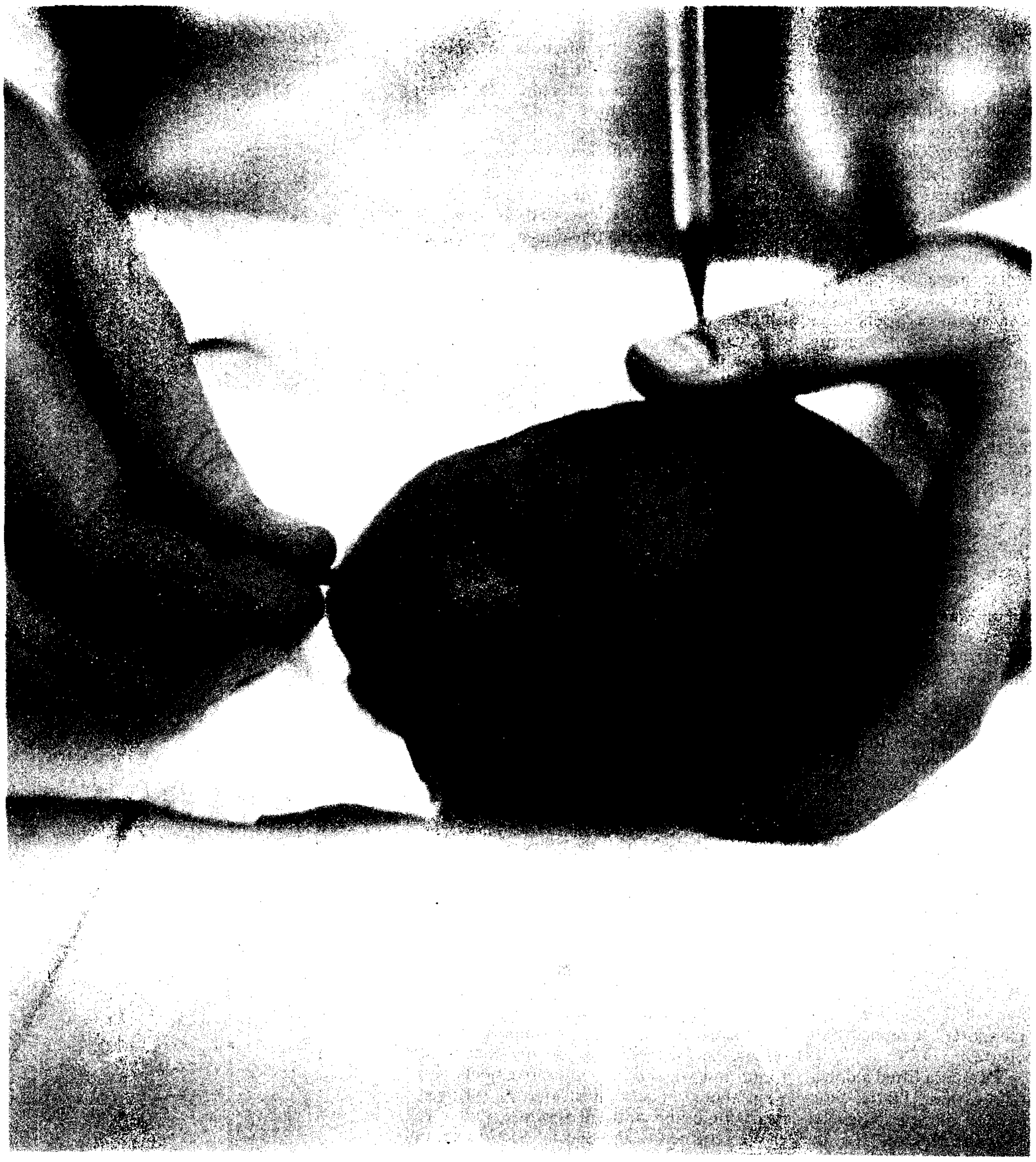
Pediatricians know that congenital abnormalities—those existing at birth—are more common among prematures than among full-term infants. Children born before nine months may also have higher susceptibility to anemia, rickets, scurvy, and respiratory and circulatory troubles. Perhaps more typical of prematures than any other disease is an eye condition known as retrolental fibroplasia, in which poorly developed blood vessels in the retina may cause eventual blindness. Although the disease affects from 6 to 15 per cent of all prematurely born children, there is as yet no known cure.

But such information does little to lessen the toll that prematurity takes during the first month of life. Since premature births seldom can be prevented, any decrease in the mortality rate (up to 20 per cent among four-pound babies) must depend upon improving the methods of care.

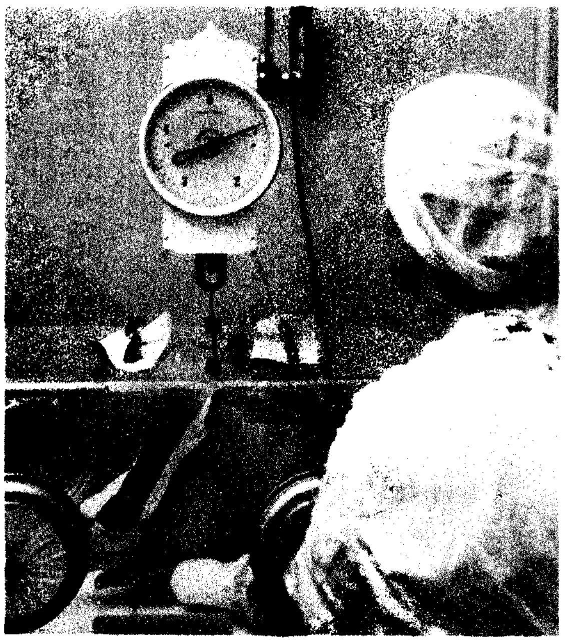
Aimed at combating the tragic statistics, an ambitious project was begun last January at the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health, in Maryland. Under the supervision of a group of doctors and statistical experts in the Hopkins' Division of Maternal and Child Health, a study is being made to determine, first, the adequacy of existing hospital facilities for the care of prematures and, second, specific facts about their growth and development. The estimated 3,000 premature infants born in Maryland during 1952 will be under general observation by 46 hospitals. In addition, in Baltimore, a controlled group of 1,000 children—500 born prematurely and 500 who were full-term—are periodically undergoing identical physical and psychological tests, to see if any differences develop as the children grow older.

At midyear, as untabulated findings begin to emerge from their study, the Hopkins group expects that with the ultimate answers will come a fuller understanding of the prematurely born child, the care he requires and the handicaps under which he may live. Through such understanding, they hope, may be achieved the certainty of a long and healthy life for the 300,000 infants who, each year, are in a bit too much of a hurry to begin living.

MARTHA WEINMAN



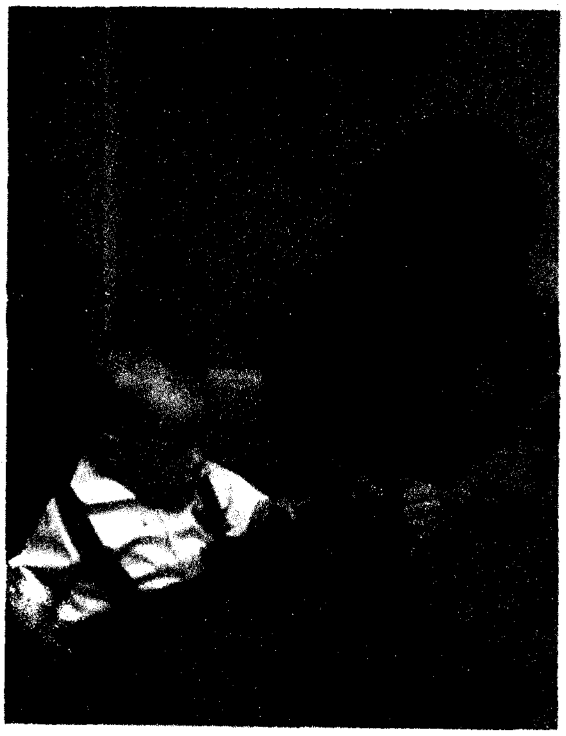
Premature babies often have poor sucking response, are fed through tubes inserted into throat



Baby is weighed in incubator. At this two-pound level, 85 per cent of all prematures die

Before going home, prematures are transfused through scalp vein as added "insurance"

Comparison of full-term infant (left) with premature baby shows startling disparity in size. Hopkins study may find whether any differences remain after the premature's weight "catches up"



Under Hopkins plan, periodic tests are made on prematures to check development at home

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BERNARD NEWMAN

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The Case of Mario Bravo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

After four days of that revolting assignment, I had fled Buenos Aires under pretense of a motor trip, only to become involved in an accident that tossed me back into bed at home with four broken ribs. Painful as it was, the injury did shield me from a repetition of the demands of the Special Section, and I carried on my regular medical practice in peace for three years with no greater worries than normally come to a father of eight children.

If I had accustomed myself to think in the devious fashion of Peronismo, I might have realized that a passport application would advise the Special Section that my injury was thoroughly healed. But I was not a Peronista, and I was taken by surprise when my bedside telephone rang at three o'clock on the morning of May 18, 1951.

My wife answered the call and whispered, in a strained voice, "It's the Special Section again." I picked up the receiver reluctantly.

"It's Amoresano, Doctor," the voice on the wire said. "I'm sorry to disturb your sleep, but we need you. A car is waiting to fetch you."

I breathed a curse on the day Amoresano had become a reception clerk in my father-in-law's private hospital. I would never be able to forgive the man for remembering me.

I rose, dressed and went downstairs. Standing in front of my door was the same plain black sedan that had taken me to the Special Section in 1948. Two plain-clothes men were in the front seat; I got in back. After a short drive, they parked in front of the Ramos Mejía Hospital, across General Urquiza Street from district police station No. 8.

Amoresano was waiting for me with his boss, Special Section Commissioner Cipriano Lombilla, on the second floor of the station house. We went immediately into Lombilla's office. With no preliminaries at all, the commissioner asked: "Doctor, have you applied for a passport?" I replied that I had, eight days before.

From the desk top Lombilla lifted a document. "Here it is," he said. "It is quite ready." And he handed me my passport.

My surprise was considerable. To be called from bed at 3:00 A.M. to receive a passport I had requested through normal channels!

"In return for this passport," Lombilla declared pleasantly, "you will have to take care of a boy we have here in very bad condition."

Finds Mangled Victim

And he led me down the long, bare hallway that ran the length of the station, past an image of the Virgin of Luján, irreverently placed in a gleaming niche, to a small library and through it to an inner room. In this hidden space was one window, too small to light the darkness of the place. On the floor stood two small desks and four chairs.

Against one windowless wall a man was lying unconscious on the wooden floor.

So monstrously deformed was the face of this creature that the features could not be distinguished. The entire head was covered with so many bruises that it seemed to be colored blue. The swelling of the face and neck pushed the left ear out at a right angle. The eyes appeared like two slits between the blackened lids, and the jaws were as completely inflated as if infected with mumps.

A coat and trousers of gray flannel were draped loosely over the naked body. The garments seemed new, although spattered with blood. The coat lapels had been ripped off. Red and purple bruises could be seen at every point where the clothing parted.

I knelt to examine the boy. As I parted his eyelids, I noticed a crepitation, or crackling of the skull, and a collapse of the bone which amounted to a cave-in. I reported this over my shoulder to Amoresano, who exclaimed brightly:

"I should have been a doctor. I told them immediately that they had broken his head."

The swelling of the jaws was too great to allow me to determine whether they were fractured or not. But the upper ribs plainly were broken. They crackled as the boy breathed, something like the crunching of snow when the cold is bitter. The abdomen, too, was swollen and bruised. Even though unconscious, he trembled each time I touched him. His pulse was weak and unsteady.

I interrupted my examination to inform Lombilla that an immediate X ray of the skull was necessary.

Visibly annoyed, he told me X rays were impossible. Nobody else must know about the case.

"Is it his head that's broken?" he asked. "If so, we'll have it run over by a truck and no marks will be left."

This remark was so utterly callous that I forgot where I was and shouted: "How can you kill a man so young!"

"If this case were known," Lombilla answered, "it would be dangerous for us."

I suggested then that I be allowed to try to save the youth without moving him from the station house. Lombilla did not seem eager to accept this proposal, but he finally said: "We are going to consult about this. Meantime, do what you think necessary."

First Treatment Begins

My first task was to rouse the patient from his present state of deep shock. For this I had to return to my office for instruments. Lombilla assigned Amoresano and two other men to escort me. On the way, near the corner of Callao and Viamonte Streets, we stopped to pick up a man in a doorway. His name was Ferreiro, and, I was told, he had a great deal of practice in administering injections. Along with the others, he followed me into my consulting room and watched all my movements as I went about collecting instruments, syringes, heart tonic and nutrient serum.

We returned to the Special Section about 4:00 A.M.

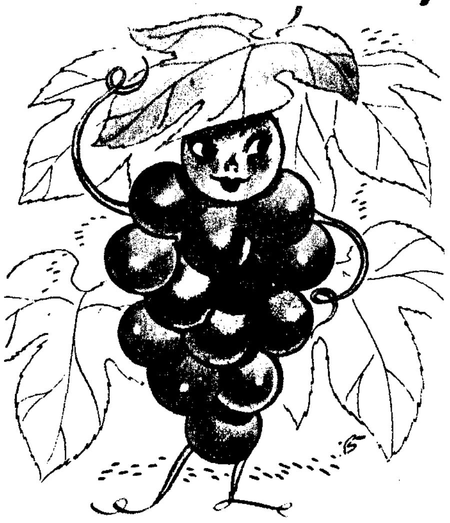
There Lombilla told me that the procedure would be the same as it had been three years earlier: I was not to give the youth the injections myself, but was merely to write down my prescriptions and let others carry them out. Once again great pains would be taken to prevent any communication between my patient and me. In absence of X rays and the other normal adjuncts of accepted hospital care, the best treatment was rudimentary: the young man should be laid on a bed with pillows, an ice bag should be placed on his head, and since the weather was very cold and the room unheated, a small stove should be brought in. Penicillin should be administered to forestall infection, nutrient serum should be injected at least twice a day and the heart should be strengthened with periodic stimulants.

Lombilla promised to oversee everything. Then he invited me into an armchair, called for coffee and began to explain why this case was especially delicate.

"Understand my position," he said. "At the beginning of the year, Perón summoned me to caution me that this is an election year, that I should have no violence in the Special Section. Tortures had to be suppressed until after Election Day. Then I could have a free hand again. I promised Perón I would comply with this order, and we have been pretty careful up to now.

"Naturally, I must consider the position of my boys, who have been restraining themselves for four months. They saw a chance to let themselves go with this youth who resisted them. But it makes me mad to think that after such a long time they haven't yet learned to use their heads.

Luscious is the word for Tokay



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"Even if they wanted to eliminate him, it could have been done. Just taking him out at night, giving him a good beating and leaving him as a street accident would do. But not leave a man torn to pieces inside the station for me to explain away."

In my earlier encounter with the Special Section, I had not been able to decide just what part of Lombilla's blurtings was the crude braggadocio of the hired sadist, and how much was a deliberate attempt to intimidate me. So I pretended to ignore the subhuman tenor of this latest expression, and asked a basic medical question: How could any punishment be so extreme as to leave a man in such a state?

At that juncture, Amoresano entered with José Gonzalez, Lombilla's assistant, but the commissioner ignored them.

The story, he said, went like this: A group of policemen had gone to the University of Buenos Aires to arrest some boys for distributing pamphlets. The students did everything they could to prevent the arrests, and the raiders left a stooge behind them to observe and inform. In this spy's presence the boy whose mangled body was now in my charge had climbed upon a bench and improvised a speech against the extralegal methods of the Special Section.

When the spy's report reached Lombilla, the commissioner immediately sent for the boy's dossier. Examination disclosed that the lad had no police record, but was a sober student with a brilliant reputation. Nevertheless, Lombilla ordered him taken in the usual way, without a warrant.

The boy was eating lunch when his mother's home was entered. He escaped immediate capture by vaulting a wall behind the house. But his pursuers sealed the block, caught him after a violent struggle, carted him into a station wagon, took him to the Special Section and locked him up.

"I decided that I would soften him," Lombilla continued. "And I went to his cell with the idea of giving him a few warning slaps. To my surprise, I found him not at all aggressive. I insulted him harshly, abusing him and his mother, to provoke him. But he made no answer.

"I had to go out then, and I entrusted the questioning to the men who stayed behind. When I came back about midnight, Gonzalez told me that during the afternoon the boy had refused to answer questions. They had written a declaration for him to sign, but he tore it to pieces. That provoked those nearest him, and they hit him. He got up, grabbed a typewriter and poised to throw it. After taking it from him, all the men there started hitting him at once.

"A policeman, who was not on duty but who was watching, took a bludgeon from the wall. It was a leaden tube, a little over a foot long, covered with rubber. I had forbidden its use because it was too brutal. With it they struck the young man two or three times on the head. He lost consciousness and fell to the floor.

"As he lay there, the men who had been hitting him started to kick him. Someone jumped on his abdomen. Then they dragged him back to his cell, where they threw water on him to revive him. When he did not revive, they informed Gonzalez, who was in charge in my absence."

Gonzalez took up the story at that point, explaining that he had ordered the unconscious prisoner taken from the cell to the hidden room where I found him.

"The boys have no soul," he laughed. "Imagine! They brought him downstairs, carrying him by hands and feet, and when his head fell backwards, they yanked it up by the hair."

It was 6:00 A.M. before I got back to bed. But at 9:00 A.M., Amoresano was on the phone again. He said a Special Section car was waiting at my door, and Lombilla expected me to use it whenever I left the house.

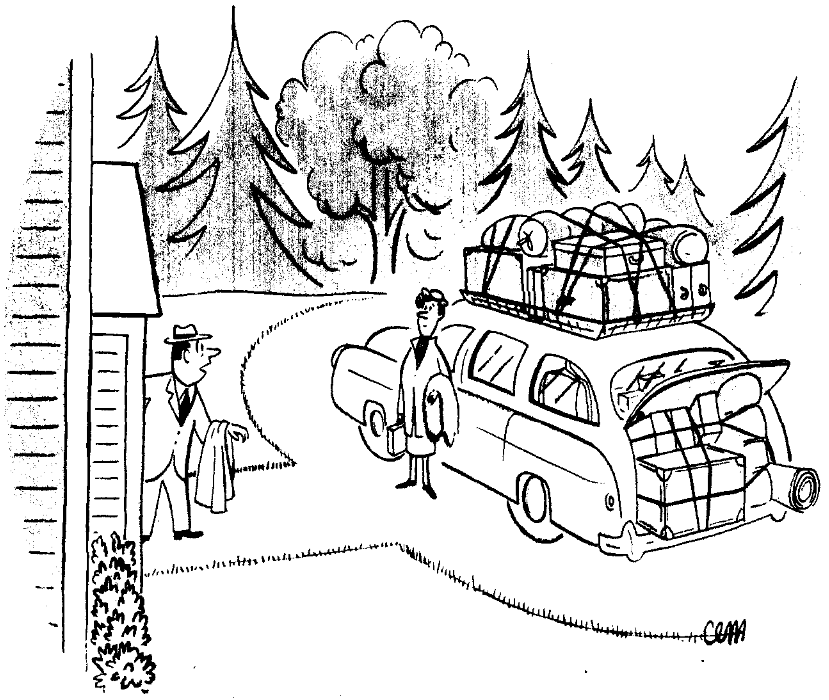
At four that afternoon, I returned to the Special Section. Lombilla received me. He warned me that my passport could not be used until I finished my present assignment in the Special Section. Then he led me to the patient, and I saw that the same animal-like attitude prevailed as I had witnessed in 1948. Absolutely nothing had been done to make the prisoner comfortable. The senseless man still lay on the bare floor.

I told Lombilla flatly that I would do nothing further until I actually saw the patient on a bed.

Lombilla placated me, as he had in the previous case, and asked me to join him in his office until the bed came.

"I have consulted above," he said after we sat down, "and I have been instructed not to eliminate this boy.

"His family has presented a petition of habeas corpus. But I told Perón some time ago that we could not work if the courts were allowed to meddle in our affairs. He told me not to worry. Soon after that, all the judges were called to the office of Gache Piran, the Secretary of Justice, who ordered that any action relating to the Special Section should not be allowed to proceed if introduced in court. Judge Durrieux and Judge Ortiz refused to abide by the instruction, saying that as judges they must do what justice required. But, fortunately,



COLLIER'S

"I don't think we've forgotten anything. The place looks pretty bare"

CHARLES E. MARTIN

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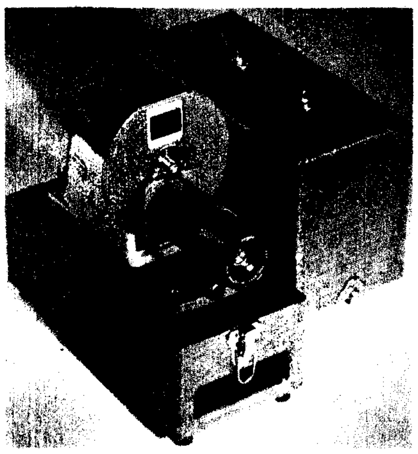

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the other judges behave well. They phone me before coming on any inspection."

A plain-clothes man interrupted to say that the patient was now in a bed. Lombilla invited me to confirm the fact.

There was a bed, without sheets, and the unconscious prisoner was covered with a blanket marked: "Federal Police." I left my prescriptions and went home.

At eleven o'clock that night I returned to the Special Section by prior agreement, for the boy's condition was grave. Lombilla was annoyed because new habeas corpus writs had come.

"At any moment, the family's lawyer may be here in a surprise visit," he fretted. "I'd like to get the boy out as soon as possible."

I asked where we could take him.

"We have a villa on the outskirts of Buenos Aires, where prisoners recuperate," he said. "It is a secret place."

Lombilla had kept the villa's existence from me, up to now. It made me certain of one thing: all his previous frankness had been calculated. He had told me only those details which he felt would inculcate fear.

I asked if the villa was far away. He estimated about 35 miles, by an unpaved road. I told him the boy might not survive such a trip.

"The situation as it is cannot be maintained long," he insisted. "It is difficult to hide this man here. I trust my boys, although there are 130 of them. But 20 women were appointed to the Special Section recently. I have ordered them not to come to work until Tuesday (this was Saturday night) but I can't keep them away longer."

How long would my treatment take, he wanted to know. I said the danger period could last a month. He said he would again consult "above" to see what could be done.

During my visit to the station house next day—in the usual unmarked sedan, after the usual summons—Lombilla told me that "above" considered the prisoner safe where he was, but that a large bookcase in the library should be pushed in front of the door of the hidden room so that the library wall would appear to be blank and the hidden room would not seem to exist. The bookcase should be moved only long enough to allow me to pass. The arrangement was already working when I arrived. The bookcase was a perfect blind.

On the next day—Monday—the prisoner began to speak. Lombilla informed me about it when I got there. While we were discussing this development, a clerk came in with a judicial communication. "Read that," Lombilla said. "Look how they are following this case." A judge was inquiring if "Ernesto Mario Bravo has been or is detained or if there is an order for his arrest." Lombilla took two or three similar communications from his desk. They all asked whether Mario Bravo, or Mario Bravo Mattarazzo, or Mario Mattarazzo was being detained by the Special Section.

So my patient's name was Mario Bravo!

"Answer it the same as the others," Lombilla told the clerk. "He has not been, nor is he, detained, and there is no warrant for his arrest."

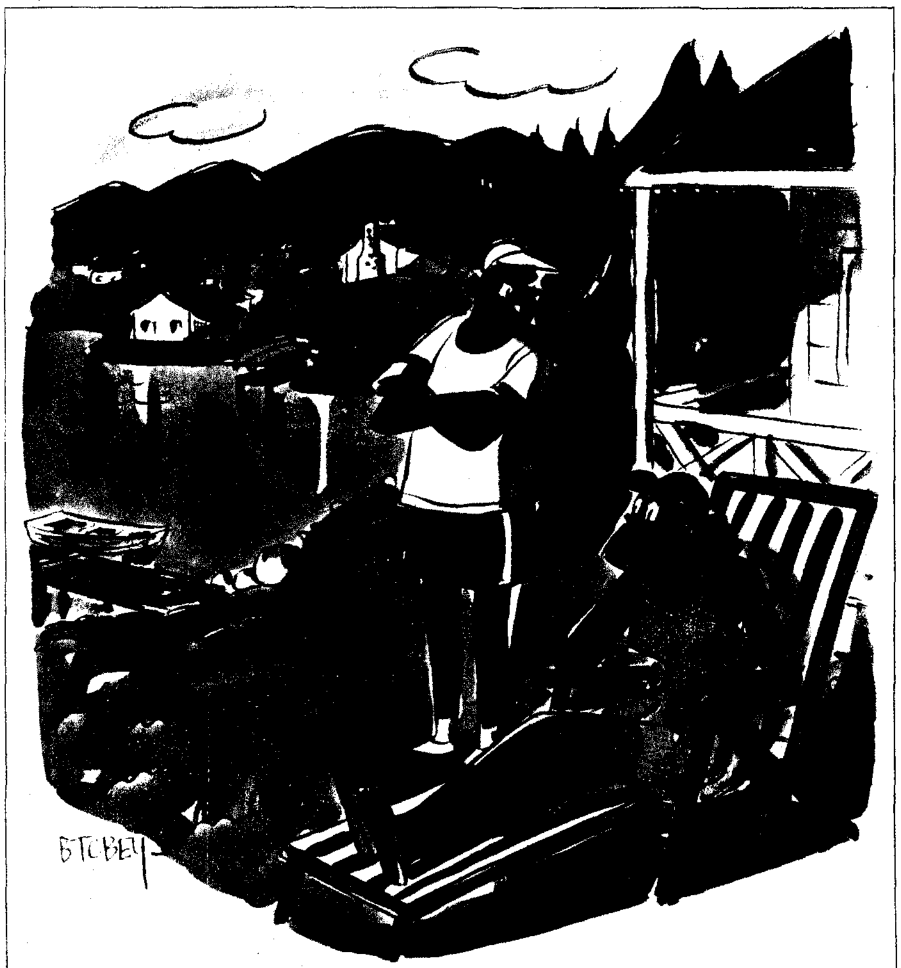
On Tuesday morning the one surviving independent Buenos Aires newspaper, La Nación, reported that student associations at the university were protesting the disappearance of the student Bravo.

All this time I was under the strictest police surveillance. Every move was in an unmarked car, driven by a Special Section employee named Saporiti. We talked during many long trips, visiting my patients. He told me he and Bravo had been chums in high school. He had been present when Bravo was beaten, but had taken no part in it. When his colleagues kicked his friend, he said, the sound their shoes made on the unconscious body caused him to sit down because he felt dizzy.

A few days after Bravo began to regain consciousness, Gonzalez invited me to watch the jailer give the boy an injection. Whenever I had examined Bravo, they had bandaged his eyes, and on this day I was allowed to observe him only from the darkness of the library next door, where I could see him without his seeing me.

It was a disgusting spectacle, with the "nurse," in short-sleeved white pajamas, approaching Bravo with a great hypodermic syringe in his hand and saying, "Come on, you wretched bastard, prepare yourself. I'm going to give you a shot."

In a dim, muted voice, Bravo answered



COLLIER'S "Well, where do you wish we had gone instead today?" B. TOBEY without hesitation: "Do your job. Give me the shot, and don't insult me."

"Still want to talk back, do you?" the attendant rasped. "Don't you realize that with a broken head like you've got, one slap could kill you?"

"Kill me if you will," the prisoner said hoarsely. "But I shall remain a shame for the Special Section. Because you have not been able to make me speak. Sarmiento, too, was jailed, and also for the cause of liberty." (Domingo F. Sarmiento, President of Argentina from 1868 to 1874, was exiled for opposing the tyrant Rosas.)

"You make me laugh, comparing yourself with Sarmiento," the attendant shouted. "If I showed you your face in a mirror, you'd see we have turned you into a monster. You speak of liberty and look what liberty has made you: a pile of broken bones, thrown on a bed."

Gonzalez leaned over and whispered in my ear: "A priceless guy, that nurse. He was well chosen."

They bandaged the tortured boy's eyes then, and I went in to make my routine examination.

The roughnecks of the Special Section were depressing company, saddled as I was with them day and night. I felt even the briefest escape would be a pleasure. So one night I told my shadow Saporiti that I would remain at home all evening, and asked him why he didn't go visit his wife and daughter. He thanked me for being "very human," and I went out to dine at a restaurant with an enemy of Perón, the radical congressman Silvano Santander.

A Discreet Warning

Of course that evening would be the very night that Solveyra Casares, Perón's chief of political information (to whom Lombilla had told me he reported through Gonzalez and thus by-passed the chief of police), would choose to dine in the same restaurant. I hadn't seen him once in all the 20 years since I had been an intern at the Ramos Mejía Hospital and he had lunched with us there because he didn't earn enough money as a rookie cop in the then new Special Section to go home to eat each noon. But I recognized him on sight. And he not only recognized me but made a point of greeting me. It was plain that he knew I had escaped surveillance and was putting me on notice that one false move would find me under a truck in some dark street.

Neither Gonzalez nor Lombilla gave any sign next day that he knew I had slipped away from Saporiti. I was certain, however, that Solveyra Casares had told them. And I was not at all comfortable when the Special Section sent for me at eleven o'clock at night at the height of the student strike against Bravo's disappearance.

Earlier in the day that this call came, police chief (General) Arturo Bertollo pledged his word of honor that the police had nothing to do with the missing boy. He promised to prove that Bravo had been kidnaped by the Communists.

Lombilla was absent from the station house when I arrived that night. Gonzalez received me. He said Bravo had to be moved. I told him the boy's condition did not permit it. Gonzalez said he didn't care what risks Bravo ran, for he had to be taken away. And to prevent the boy from knowing where he was going, he must be given a paralyzing shot of morphine.

Seeing that they were determined to take Bravo away, I accepted the decision with the proviso that the boy was not to be moved from the bed but should be transported bed and all.

Gonzalez acted at once, ordering a station wagon to be driven into the yard below and stripped of its back seats to make room for the bed. While Amoresano and his helpers were doing this, I carried on a halting conversation with Gonzalez. He was not a talkative man, but he did confirm what Lombilla had told me before: that he saw Perón and Eva almost every day in the course of his duty as aide to Solveyra Casares. He referred to Eva respectfully, as *the Señora.*

Lombilla returned about midnight. Bravo was given the morphine. The mattress and springs on which he lay were lifted from the bedstead and pushed into the station wagon, and that vehicle was driven into the street by Amoresano. Lombilla, Gonzalez, Saporiti and myself drove close behind it in another car. We followed Rivadavia Street across the entire city of Buenos Aires in a straight line west to the open country.

It was a night of fine, persistent rain. We barely crawled along. The car in which we rode was never more than one block behind the station wagon, but we could distinguish the wagon only by the glimmer of its red taillights. Every 10 or 15 minutes, it would stop. Our car would catch up then, and I would get out and see how Bravo was faring. We proceeded thus for two hours, more or less, before we stopped on an unpaved road in a section called Paso del Rey, near Moreno, and entered the gate of a small country house partly screened by old trees.

Four Special Section employees awaited us there. One of them held a flash lamp to light the sopping gloom while the others lifted Bravo, unconscious on the mattress, into a room which had just enough space for two beds. The two small windows in it were covered with thick brown paper.

Owing to the jolting of the trip and the deadening effect of the morphine, Bravo's heart was tiring. I broke the restrictions Lombilla had imposed on me, and gave him a stimulating injection myself. Before we left him there in the care of three plainclothes men, handcuffs were placed on his wrists and tied to the bedsprings.

At Lombilla's order, I visited the villa at Paso del Rey daily for the first three days after the trip and later every other day. A Special Section car carried me back and forth, calling for me at my house between 11:00 A.M. and noon.

The villa was located at a crossing of two unpaved streets. A block away there was a grocery store, with gasoline pumps, which worried the Special Section. They tried to hide what occurred at the villa by giving the impression to the store's customers that the house was occupied by police on holiday. A quoit game called "frog" was installed in front of the house, so that it could be seen from the street. It was played continuously by two or three men, who wore sport clothes.

Barbecues were prepared with great deliberation in the open air so passers-by could see. After I examined Bravo, they used to "invite" me to these. We would finish eating, then Bravo would be given his lunch. One of his hands was freed to use the spoon and fork, while they held his plate and made jokes about not giving him too much to eat lest he grow strong and beat them up instead of their beating him.

The Patient Improves

Day by day the boy recovered. I encouraged him to sit up in bed, at first for only ten minutes and then gradually longer. As his condition improved, the police lost all consideration for me. At lunch, they never offered me a chair. I had to eat standing. After the meal, they played "frog" endlessly, ignoring my requests to return to the city. My office hours began at 2:30 P.M., but they would not return until it suited their convenience. Many times I had to open my consulting room after five o'clock in the afternoon, unable to explain the delay to my patients.

On the ninth of June, 23 days after my first summons to treat the tortured boy, a friend came to my house to warn me that the university students were on strike again because a corpse had been found on the road to La Plata and it was said to be Bravo's. "I fear it's now your turn to disappear," he said, "to suppress the only witness." But on my regular visit to Paso del Rey later that morning, I found Bravo still alive. And after I returned to the city, Lombilla told me they had decided to

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"make him appear" the following evening.

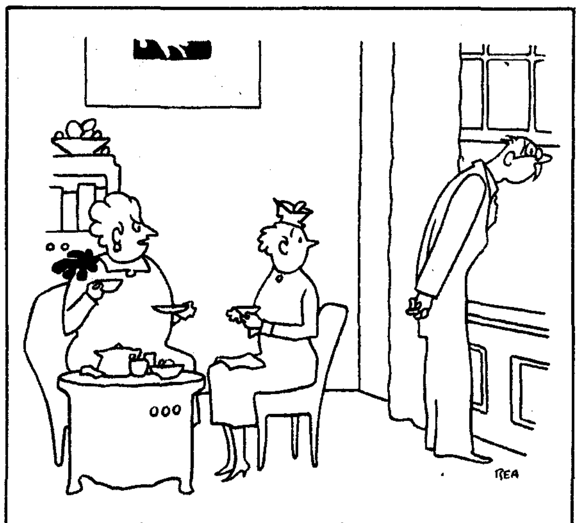
Already, the commissioner declared, the tortured boy's suit had been cleaned and pressed; a prisoner who was a tailor had darned it to cover all signs of violence. New underclothing had been bought. And a squad of police had been sent to ransack the Bravo house in ostensible search for incriminating papers, but actually to find a pair of shoes to substitute for those the jailers had stolen while the lad was unconscious.

"I'll have these shoes polished after I get them, and tomorrow morning a brother of mine who is a barber will go out and cut his hair and shave him, and I shall even have him perfumed," Lombilla concluded. "Thus, well fixed up, we'll leave him in the street, two blocks from his house. Nobody will ever believe he was tortured."

After a moment's reflection, he added:

"I know this boy will present himself to a judge and denounce us. But we have taken care not to mention your name before him. If they place you with us in a police line-up for Bravo to identify, you *must* say you have never seen him. The judges are prepared for this."

After I returned home, Congressman Santander sent word that the most dangerous moment of all had now arrived for me; until Bravo appeared, I had to take great care against a possible police kidnaping.



"Goodness knows, I keep *at* him to be more cheerful!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

On Sunday, Saporiti called me to say that I must continue making my professional visits to my private patients in a police car. I did so that day. On Monday and Tuesday I did not leave my consulting room. On Wednesday morning, before Saporiti appeared at his usual post before my door, Congressman Miguel Angel Zabala Ortiz and other of my friends arrived suddenly with confidential information that the police were coming for me. They did not want to free Bravo, it seemed, before securing me. It was necessary for me to disappear—if possible, to leave the country.

I left with Dr. Zabala Ortiz about 10:00 A.M. At noon I learned that the police had, in fact, gone to my home to arrest me. From then on, I lived in hiding in Buenos Aires while my friends worked out plans to smuggle me from the country. I changed residence two or three times every day. Some of the houses I stayed in were searched within minutes after I left them.

Still Bravo was not freed. And as long as he was not, I dared not make an accusation in court. Because then they could dispose of him and make me out a liar.

Fortunately, university-student sentiment always has been a powerful political force in Argentina. Even Perón could not ignore it. And on June 14th, the Special Section tried one last desperate attempt to clear itself. The government-controlled newspapers that afternoon published a photograph of Bravo (propped against a wall, because he could not stand) along with the "news" that he had just been arrested for shooting at a police car. A photograph of the car was printed, too, with white circles indicating the supposed bullet holes. Along with this went a statement from police chief Bertollo saying that what he had foreseen was now confirmed: that Bravo's alleged arrest and incarceration between May 18th and June 14th was all a Communist lie.

At last I could reveal what really happened. The police, having admitted that Bravo was in their custody, would have to produce him in court to deny my story. That was obvious. The question now was: Would it be worth while for me to act? Would the effect of my revelations be powerful enough to justify abandoning that call I was awaiting to London and the bedside of England's king? Still more important, would it warrant leaving my wife and children to the possible retaliations of Perón?

The king had many other doctors at his command; my advice was hardly vital to his well-being. My wife had never been active in politics and my oldest child was only fourteen; Perón would have no excuse for persecuting them. I decided that what I had to say was worth the risk. Perón's proudest boast was that he would duplicate Mussolini's syndicalist power without duplicating Mussolini's mistakes. And what was Il Duce's greatest mistake? The killing of the anti-Fascist deputy, Giacomo Matteotti. Bravo was Perón's living Matteotti!

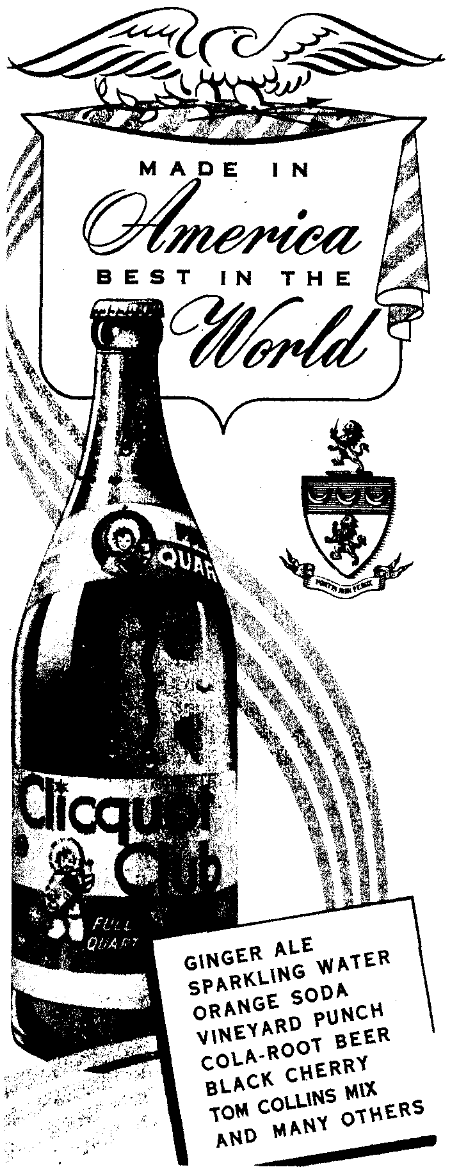
I wrote my affidavit and signed it while still in hiding in Buenos Aires. The night it was finished I gave it to Dr. Zabala Ortiz, who presented it to Judge Sadi Conrado Massué while I was crossing the Río de la Plata to the safety of Uruguay in a small yacht.

We deliberately planned our strategy around the fact that Judge Sadi Massué was sitting in court at the time. We based it on a statement which the commissioner of the Special Section, Lombilla, had made to me in our very last conversation: that he (Lombilla) had Sadi Massué under his thumb. It seems that the judge asked Lombilla to arrange a good-conduct certificate for a relative to obtain an identity card and a passport. Lombilla performed the favor, obtaining in exchange the judge's pledge not to interfere in the torture orgies of the Special Section.

The conversation in which Lombilla stated all this was included in my affidavit. It was circulated clandestinely from Jujuy in the extreme north of Argentina to Tierra del Fuego in the extreme south. After that, Sadi Massué had to summon Bravo, hear his case and free him for lack of evidence. For the judge was trapped by the very thing that makes it difficult for the world to believe that Perón holds power through secrecy and fear—that is, Perón's mania for covering the naked force of his dictatorship with the clothing of legal order.

The time has come for democracy to call the Argentine dictator's bluff. If what I have written here is false, let a commission of the United Nations prove it by going to Buenos Aires and examining the record. Ample documentation to support a prima facie case was formally presented to UN Secretary-General Trygve Lie on May 1, 1952, by the International League for the Rights of Man.

There is no time to lose. The student Bravo, immune to further terror as a *cause célèbre*, already has turned Communist in reaction to the brutality he suffered at Perón's hands. He was not a Communist before. And he is only one of scores of physical and mental cripples the torture chambers of Perón have loosed upon my once rich and happy, now paupered and cynical homeland—a fountainhead of evil or, if Perón falls, of potential good for the future of South America. THE END



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Ike Should Be Nominated

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

the political machines in most big cities and in many states. It has entrenched itself with jobholders everywhere. And it is spending 40 to 60 billions of dollars a year. Spending on such a vast scale gives great and threatening power to the party in office.

We Republicans must face the facts, and choose our candidate in the light of these facts. Assuming, as fortunately we can, that all the Republican candidates are men of high morals, fine ability and strong devotion to our country, I think we should nominate the man who is most likely to win. I am convinced that man is Eisenhower. In saying this I am not advocating victory at any price. I am merely recognizing the political axiom that no man can be a great President unless he first is nominated and then elected.

Millions of Independents

Registered Republican voters alone will not elect the next President. In order to win, our candidate must get not only the votes of registered Republicans, but also the votes of millions who have no fixed party affiliation. These are the independents who will determine the outcome. In my own state of Massachusetts in 1950, there were 672,000 registered Democrats, 644,000 registered Republicans. But the largest group of all were the independents, *of whom there were more than a million!* Comparable situations exist in many other states. Who can arouse the enthusiasm of these independent voters? To me, the answer seems quite plain—Ike Eisenhower!

Ike's ability to inspire is so great that prior to his announcement that he is a Republican, many in both parties were hoping that he would be their own candidate. Personally, I felt from his early speeches and other public statements that he had always been a Republican. His announcement merely confirmed me in that view.

A man with that kind of appeal, plus character, common sense and ability, is a winner! That's what we Republicans need, not only for our party's future, but for the welfare of our country. Speaking now as a Republican, I am reminded of what Lincoln said 91 years ago in a Cleveland, Ohio, speech: "If we do not make common cause to save the good old ship of the Union on this voyage, nobody will have a chance to pilot her on another voyage."

I'm for Ike because I think he understands more clearly than any other candidate how our problems abroad are related to our security at home. We want a President who will lead us to greater security here and bring about a greater opportunity for peace in the world.

The peoples of Free Europe have more faith in Ike than in any other American. Because they like him and trust him, they are putting together a defense team such as no one, even a few years ago, would have thought possible. As Supreme Commander in Europe in the course of the war he proved his ability to get along with people, and to get them to do their enthusiastic best. He did the same as head man in NATO. Nominate and elect him President, and his power to energize, stimulate and lead the free peoples of the world will be magnified incalculably. That cannot help but bring about greater security here in the United States.

We have not yet won the battle to build up the strength of the countries comprising NATO, despite the billions we have invested in this good cause. We can never win that battle with money alone. We can never win it unless we convince the countries of NATO that they must help themselves. But with the leadership of a man such as Eisenhower in the White House, we *can* win it, and with fewer billions than otherwise would be required.

The moral element in our leadership of the free world must always be present and uppermost. Let us never forget this. If we do forget it, we will become far too much like the godless enemy we face. Eisenhower has the ability to inspire the hearts and to direct the energies of people. To me, he seems our very best bet in the situation existing at home and abroad.

The first time I saw Ike was at Château-Thierry, France, in 1945. I was one of the committee of the Congress invited by him to come over to see the horror camps of Dachau and Buchenwald. We performed our unpleasant task. We viewed those camps before they had been cleaned up in any particular. We saw the horrible piled-up bodies there. Then we went back to Château-Thierry where we were greeted by General Eisenhower at his headquarters. We asked him many questions.

I was impressed then by the clearness of his views—by the frankness and straightforward manner in which he answered difficult questions and discussed his war plans. He gave us confidence that the war would soon be over. Then we had lunch with him in a small café in the town. It was a pleasant luncheon, but what gave me a thrill was when we went out of the door into that little French village. The street was filled with men and women—perhaps there were 2,000 of them held back by the gendarmes—who had heard that Eisenhower was having lunch in the café. The joyous shout that went up—the applause that greeted his appearance—made me proud of being an American. Eisenhower's personality—his ability to inspire friendship and confidence—is not merely a superficial asset to a candidate. It is a necessary attribute for a successful President of this country.

Politics is the technique of getting people to do things under our representative form of government. The successful politician is, therefore, a man who can work effectively with people. Eisenhower certainly has proved that he can do that. He has proved it in his dealings with world leaders, in his hearings before committees of the Congress, and in his personal relationships with friends. I am convinced that he can and will do it in the vital field of domestic policy where his strong common-sense attitude toward our way of life has been so firmly declared. People just naturally like him and want to work with him.

A political campaign in which Ike takes the lead will be a fighting, strenuous, energetic effort on his part that will convince people that he is their man for President, that he will give them the type of leadership and service in the White House that they expect from their President.

Our Foreign Policy Needs

Since World War II our foreign policy has not been clear. It has not been consistent. It has been difficult if not impossible to understand. I believe Eisenhower will give us a consistent foreign policy. When at Columbia University, he said the best foreign policy was "to live our lives in honesty, decency and integrity; at home, making our own land a more fitting habitation for free men; and, abroad, joining with those of like mind and heart, to make of the world a place where all men can dwell in peace." Better than any other American citizen, Eisenhower knows what such a statement and such a policy mean.

The fact that the security of our country and its military strength will be so much a factor in the responsibility of our government in the next four years is an inducement for us to put into the President's office a man who understands the problems of the military—but, let me knock down right here any hint that he will turn our government over to the military. Far from it! Every expression, every attitude of Ike's as president of Columbia University and as a man, in the many speeches that he has made throughout the United States and in other countries in the past two years, clearly indicates that he is body and soul,

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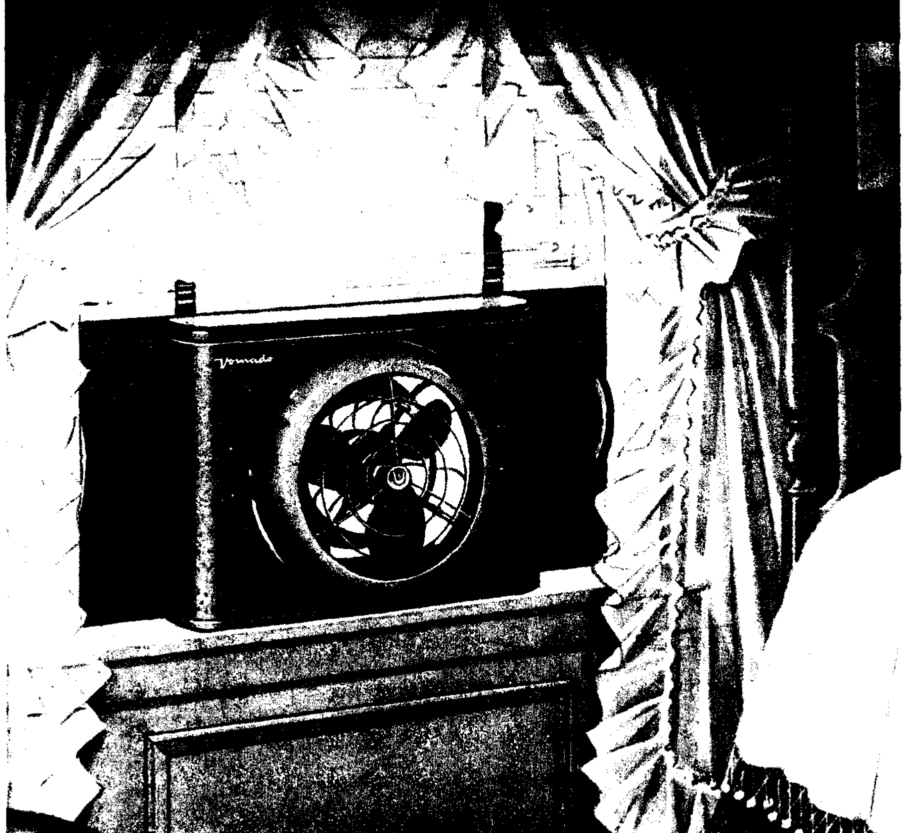

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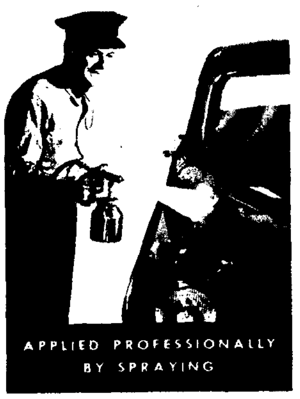

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heart and mind, above all a civilian in the sense that he looks at the problems from the civilian point of view rather than the military point of view.

Let us not forget that Ike was brought up among middle-class folks and knows what it is to work hard for an education and a living. He realizes well from his own experience what average men and women are up against daily. It was in those early years in the great Midwest that many of his attitudes toward life and many of his principles were established.

We want a government of laws and not of men. We want a government that is based on the actions of Congress, which is the voice of the people. We know that our Constitution gives the President certain inherent powers but the Constitution was never conceived to give the President powers over our lives and property without an expression by the voice of the people in Congress. I am confident that Eisenhower understands the theory and ideals upon which our founding fathers established our government. I am confident that he will exercise his leadership in a way that will never impugn the foundations of our government.

It doesn't take many minutes of conversation with Eisenhower to gain confidence in his integrity and to believe in his character. I have sat across the table from him in committee rooms enough times to feel his frankness—to gain confidence in his common sense and judgment. He answers the questions of every member of the committee with equal sincerity and speed. He makes you feel that you have asked an important question, that it demands his best, and he gives it to you. From this I have gained the feeling that he knows how to weigh the pros and cons and to reach sound decisions based upon a full knowledge of our principles of government as they concern the problem under discussion.

It is hard for me to put into words the feelings that I have toward him as a natural leader of men. A natural leader of men must have the gift of attracting people to him and making them believe in him, of giving them the confidence that he will instinctively do the right thing so far as they are concerned. This is not a quality that can be defined. It is rather a quality that is inherent in some people and is not possessed by others.

Eisenhower in my opinion has this quality. After he heard of the results of the elections in New Hampshire he said: "Any American who is informed that so many other thousands of fellow Americans think he's fit for the Presidency—well, by golly, if he isn't proud, then he just isn't an American." That statement we can all understand. It comes from the heart of an American with humility and with an understanding of the responsibilities of the job.

Briefly then—

I'm for Ike because he has shown beyond all question that he is an able administrator, good executive, crackajack diplomat.

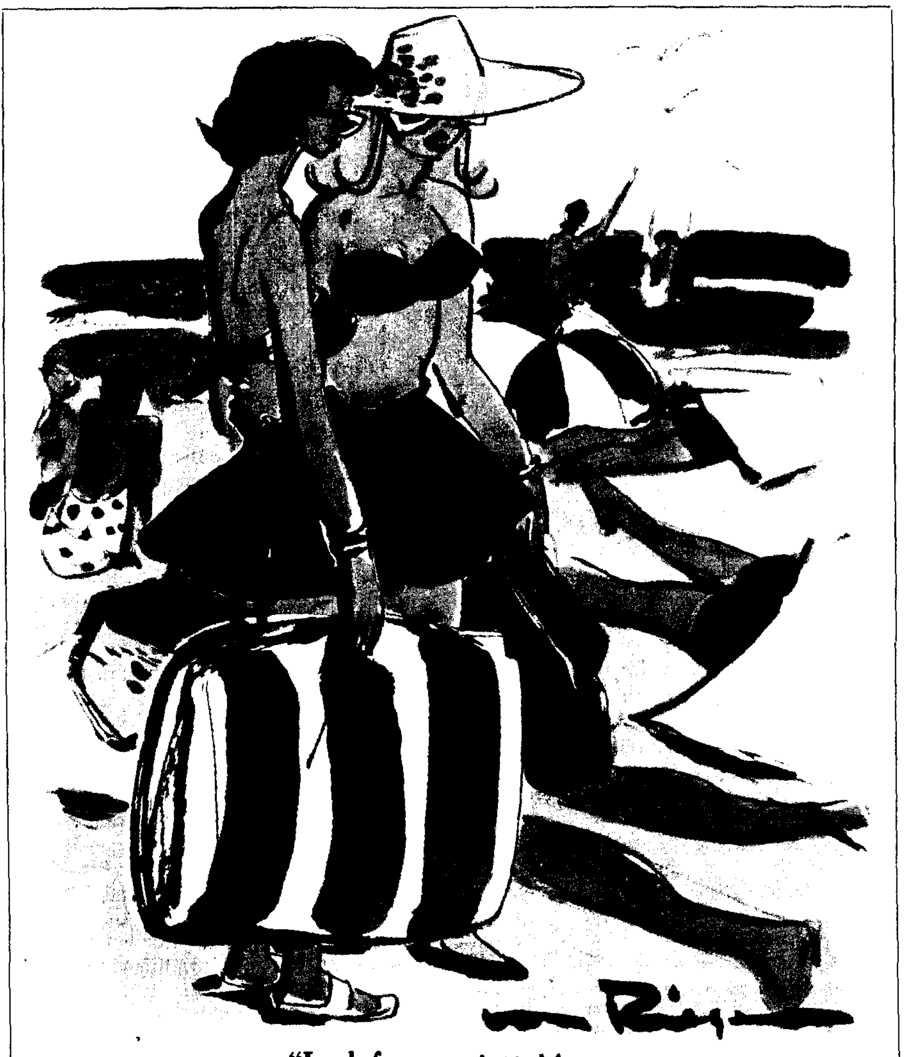
I'm for Ike because I believe that he is the one Republican who can win, the one Republican who appeals particularly to the independent voters of our country—*and we must have their votes to win!*

I'm for Ike because he thinks in today's and tomorrow's terms, holding at the same time a deep and decent respect for the lessons of the past. I'm convinced that he will face today's and tomorrow's problems squarely and courageously. I know that he will be firm, forthright and fair and that he will always deal honestly with every American.

I'm for Ike because he understands fully how our problems abroad relate to America's security. He has proved that he can get along with our friends abroad. They have confidence in his sincerity and in his judgment. He will be able to establish a foreign policy that is clear, effective, consistent and completely American.

I'm for Ike because we so desperately need a change from the exhaustion of ideas and ideals that characterizes the present administration and from the dangerous corruption that permeates it. The nation needs as never before the leadership that only Ike can give us.

That, essentially, is why I'm for Ike! Are you? THE END



COLLIER'S "Look for a spot next to a Wall Street Journal" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

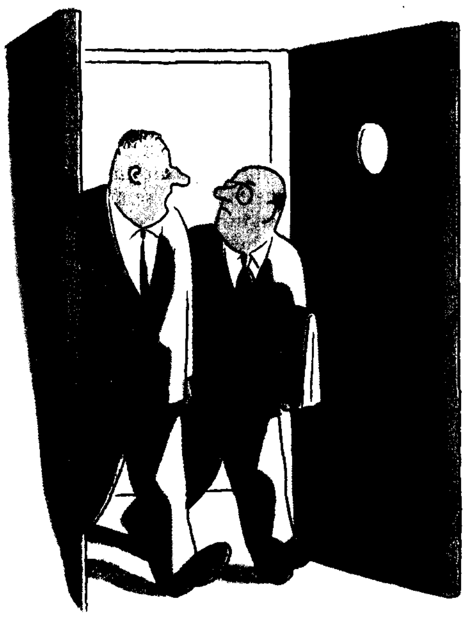
Taft Should Be Nominated

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

policy that will have as its overriding purpose the preservation of the liberty and peace of the American people.

I feel very strongly that foreign policy must be an issue in the campaign. It is today the dominating factor in the life and minds of the American people. The war in Korea, the threat of world war, the irresponsible outpouring of military and economic aid to foreign countries, the big arms build-up, the drafting of young men for the armed services—these have a serious impact on every activity, private and governmental, in the nation and on everybody's plans. Foreign policy is the chief cause of the current inflation, with its rise in prices and ruinous decline in the purchasing power of our money.

The Republican party must have a nominee for President who will not shrink from the foreign policy question. Bob Taft can and does speak out forthrightly on this matter.



"I keep forgetting. I, uh, refuse to answer on the grounds it might *what* me?"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

His opponents have tried to discredit him with the smear term "isolationist." This is because he has relentlessly exposed and attacked the foreign policy blunders of the Roosevelt-Truman administrations at Yalta and Potsdam—blunders which enabled Soviet Russia to become the dominating power in Europe and the Far East. It is because he called them to account for the mistakes which resulted in an unnecessary war in Korea. It is because he will not let them escape responsibility for the tragic results of their bungling and their hasty, ill-conceived actions which so often are taken in disregard of the Constitution and without consulting Congress.

Senator Taft and the Republican party stand for foreign policies which by no stretch of the imagination are isolationist. As President he would seek to establish a workable international organization based on a rule of law in the relations between nations. He recognizes that American technical superiority, resources and production, rather than old-style land armies, are decisive factors in modern war. Through these he would maintain control of the sea and of the air with a striking power capable of reaching the heart of the enemy's homeland.

Furthermore, Senator Taft favors a world-wide crusade in behalf of liberty by an organization independent of the State Department, assistance to citizens of Iron Curtain satellite countries who are striving to free their homelands from Soviet domination, encouragement and help to groups in friendly or neutral countries which believe in liberty and are prepared to battle against Communism. Senator Taft and the Republican party have relentlessly fought Communist infiltration in American life and would eliminate all such persons from government service.

With foreign policy and national defense intruding so greatly into our affairs, claiming so large a part of the federal budget and so much of the nation's man power and material resources, I believe it is extremely important that we resist any weakening of the American principle of civilian control over the military. The principle would be safeguarded and reinforced with Robert A. Taft as President.

Senator Taft has the ability, knowledge of public affairs, personal convictions and political experience we need to cope with the domestic as well as the international problems which lie before us.

He is thoroughly trained and experienced in the fields of finance and taxation, political science, economics, law, housing, education, veterans' affairs and labor-management relations. In his first term in the United States Senate and through the 79th Congress, he was a member of the following Senate committees: Banking and Currency, Education and Labor, Finance, Public Buildings and Grounds, Territories and Insular Affairs, a Special Committee on Problems of Small Business Enterprises, a Special Committee on Postwar Economic Policy and Planning, and the latter's Subcommittee on Housing.

Following the Reorganization Act in 1946, which limited the senators to two standing committees in the Senate, he was chairman of the Committee on Labor and Public Welfare and a member of the Senate Finance Committee. He also served as chairman of the special Joint House-Senate Committee on the Economic Report and was given the high honor of being chosen by his Republican colleagues to the chairmanship of the Senate Republican Policy Committee.

The record of the 80th Congress will be an issue in the campaign this year as it was in 1948. Purely out of partisan politics, President Truman unjustly defamed the 80th Congress. By every standard of national interest, the record of that Republican Congress is one of the best in modern times. The Republican nominee should be one who is intimately acquainted with the details of that record. During the 80th Congress, 1947-'48, when the Republicans were in control, Senator Taft provided the leadership to run the country on a businesslike basis.

Balancing the Budget

The Republican 80th Congress balanced the federal budget for the first time in nearly 20 years and wound up with a surplus of $8,000,000,000, which was applied to reducing the national debt. It reduced taxes and gave over 70 per cent of the tax savings to those with incomes under $5,000. That tax reduction bill also freed 7,400,000 wage earners in the lower brackets from having to pay any income tax at all, allowed married couples to save on their taxes by dividing incomes for tax purposes, and granted an additional $600 exemption to those over sixty-five years of age.

The 80th Congress enacted a program of forward-looking legislation, including the Taft-Hartley labor-management relations law, the first permanent long-range farm

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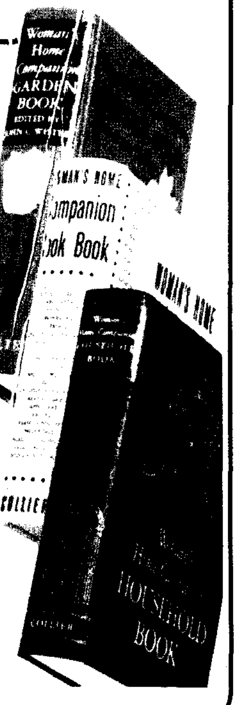
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price support legislation, and the peril-point amendment protecting American labor and industry against cheap-labor imports. There was more constructive action in the 80th Congress than in any Congress in which I have ever served.

With Bob Taft in the White House we can be sure of an end to waste and excessive spending. We can be sure that within a short time there will be a reduction of taxes.

Bob Taft believes in justice and fairness. He has demonstrated those qualities over and over again. It was the purpose of the Taft-Hartley Law, which the senator coauthored, to balance the rights of labor and industry and to provide protection to the rank-and-file worker in unions. Under it the worker has been secure against the arbitrary power of his employer, and free of exploitation by union bosses. The law has not interfered with wage raises, improvement of working conditions or steady gains in union membership.

A Firm Stand for Justice

An outstanding example of Senator Taft's stand for justice and fairness was his blocking of Mr. Truman's attempt in 1946 to draft every railroad worker and every mineworker into the Army, with the power of military enforcement of compulsory labor. There was public indignation against the railroad brotherhoods at that time, and the kind of legislation Mr. Truman wanted was rushed through the administration-controlled House of Representatives the same Saturday afternoon he demanded it. When it came over to the Senate, however, Senator Taft used his parliamentary skill to block immediate passage. Consideration then went over to the next week. In the intervening time tempers cooled and the law was never passed.

It is often said: "Yes, Bob Taft is a brilliant man and a great American. He would make an excellent President but he isn't a vote getter." Those who say "he can't win" ignore the record, which is exactly the opposite. He has never been defeated for a major political office.

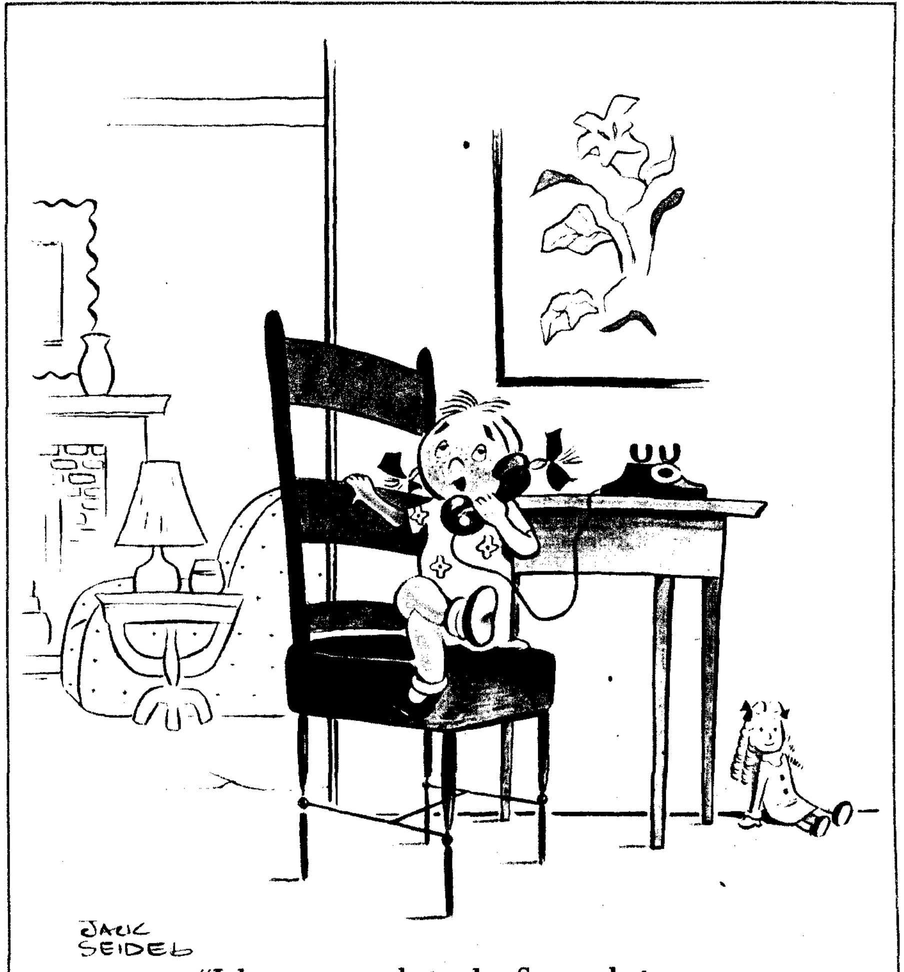
He was five years a member of the House of Representatives of the state of Ohio and Speaker of that body. Following his service in the House, he was elected to the Ohio State Senate. In 1938, when Ohio was turning Democratic, Bob Taft was elected for his first term to the United States Senate. In 1944, six years later, he was re-elected. In 1950, his opposition said, "We must get rid of Taft," and the greatest smear campaign ever indulged in was launched against him. All of the forces of the present administration were directed against him in the state of Ohio. Yet he was re-elected by a majority of almost a half-million votes which included a strong labor vote in Ohio's many industrial cities.

Bob Taft has served continuously since 1946 as chairman of the Republican Policy Committee in the United States Senate. On each occasion of a new Congress, he was elected to this office of party leadership by the overwhelming vote of his Republican colleagues, twice over opposing candidates.

Senator Taft's consistent victories in state elections, in hotly contested elections to the United States Senate, and his repeated selection by Senate Republicans to head the Republican Policy Committee, ought to dispose of those who say, "He is a great man and would make a distinguished President, but he can't get the votes."

The real test comes when the candidate, his record and his conduct are subjected to the pitiless scrutiny of a campaign. It is then that "phantom popularity" gives way to real worth. The situation is not unlike the parade of horses before the grandstand preceding a race. One horse may be slickly groomed and stylish in appearance. Sometimes a horse thus selected may start the race well, but usually it is the horse with courage in his heart and iron and stamina in his soul that comes through in the homestretch. It is then that those in the grandstand, recognizing true worth, stand up and cheer as they watch him lead to the finish.

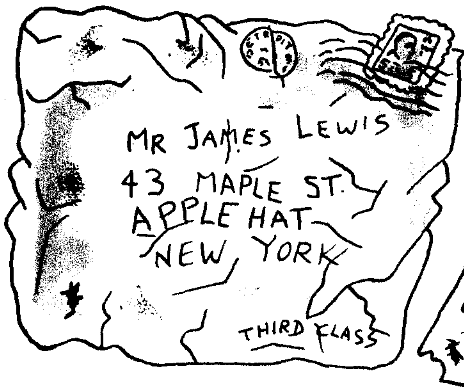
The New Dealers and the Me-Tooers say that Bob Taft lacks color and that he lacks glamor. To this I say the nation has already paid a high price for glamor. Bob Taft's colors last and do not fade. He has the color of *ability,* the color of experience, the color of honesty, and the color of courage. These are the only colors that can win the race for a sound, secure America and a free world. THE END



COLLIER'S **"I have so much to do, Susan, but there's nobody here to make me do it"** JACK SEIDEL

The Mail For Today

By JOSEPH KIERNAN



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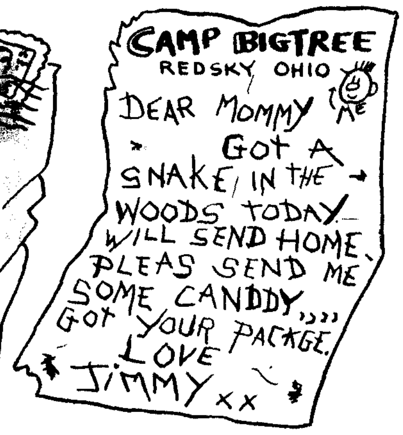

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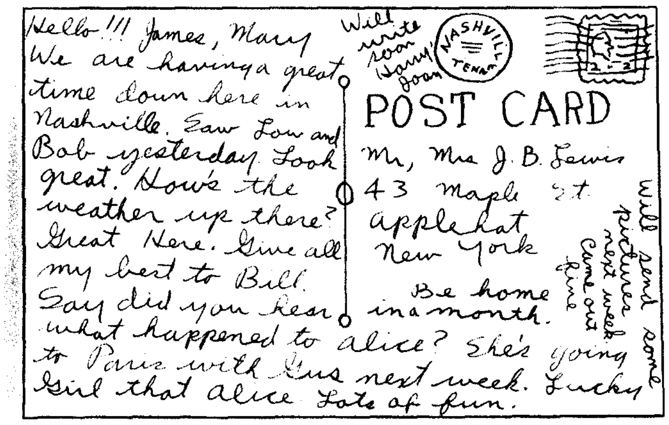

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We are having a great
time down here in
Nashville. Saw Lou and
Bob yesterday. Look
great. How's the
weather up there?
Great Here. Give all
my best to Bill.
Say did you hear
what happened to alice? She's going
to Paris with Gus next week. Lucky
Girl that Alice Lots of fun.

Will write soon Harry Joan

NASHVILLE TENN.

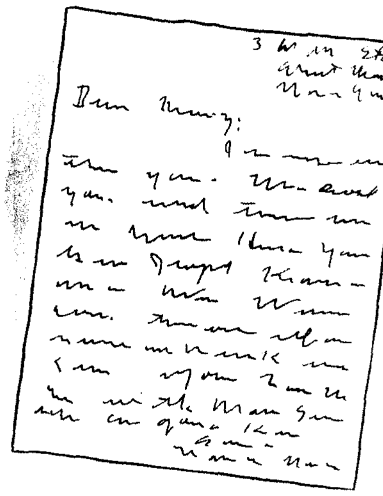
POST CARD

Mr, Mrs J. B. Lewis
43 Maple St.
applehat
New York

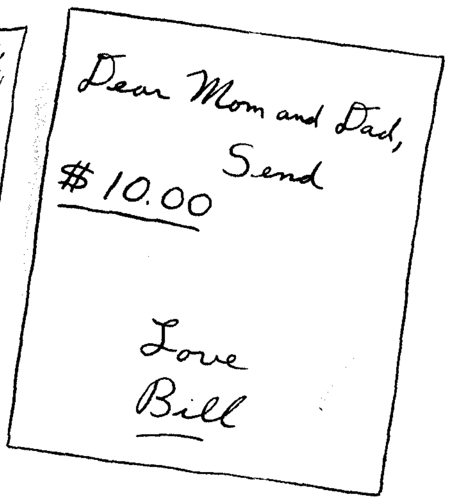
Be home in a month.

Will send some pictures next week Came out fine

Every Inch Counts



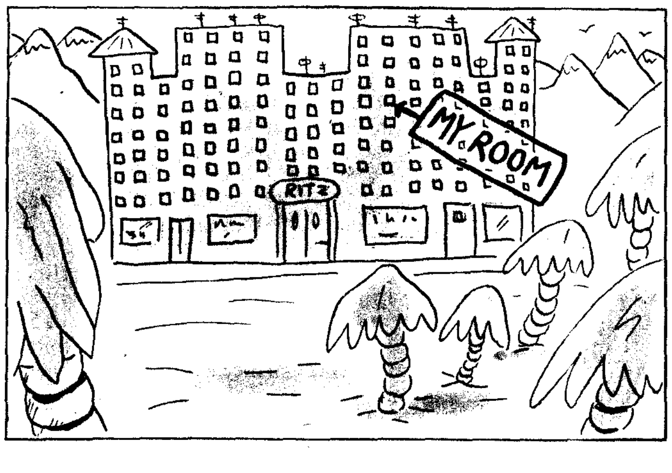
Mystery Letter



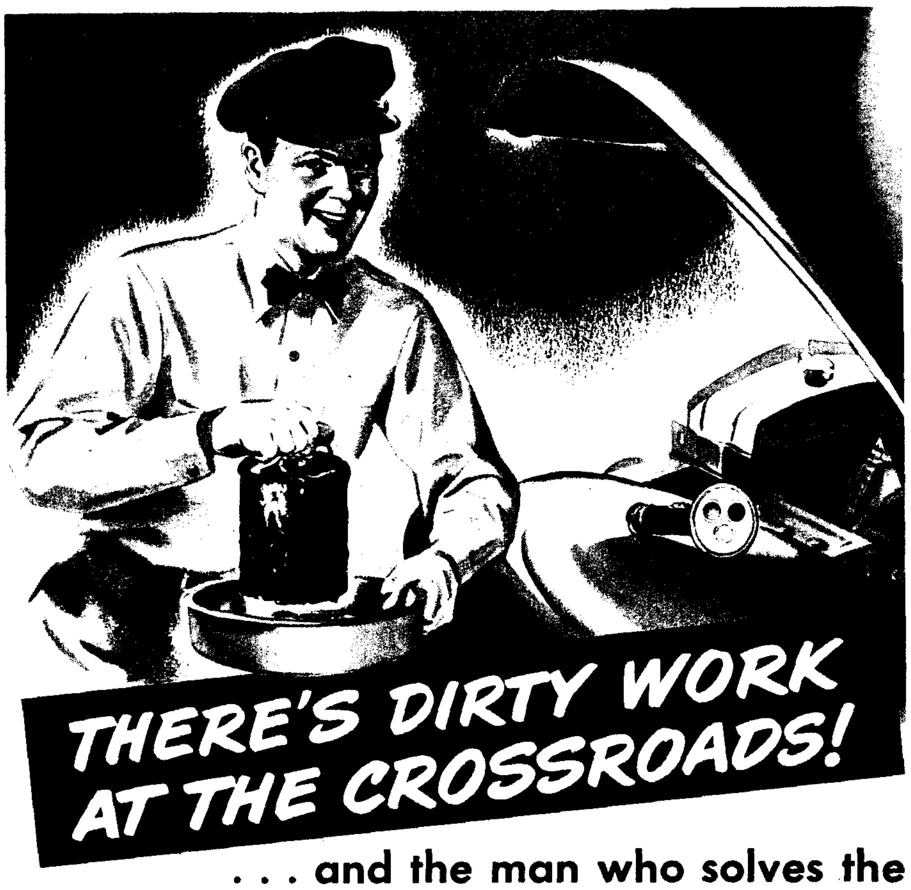
Dear Mom and Dad,
Send
$10.00

Love
Bill

Boy at College



The Vacation Card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. . . and the man who solves the filter case is the man who sells you—

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Profit from the three exclusive advantages of WIX Oil Filter Cartridges . . . cleaner oil, longer filter life and less engine wear . . . they add up to *dollars saved for you.*

then
and
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CLEAN OIL
YOUR OIL
CHANGE YOUR DIRTY OIL TO NEW OIL AND KEEP IT CLEAN ALWAYS WITH
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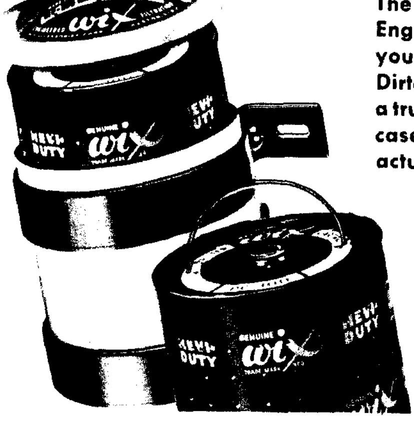

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OIL FILTERS • CARTRIDGES
WIX ACCESSORIES CORPORATION • GASTONIA, N.C.
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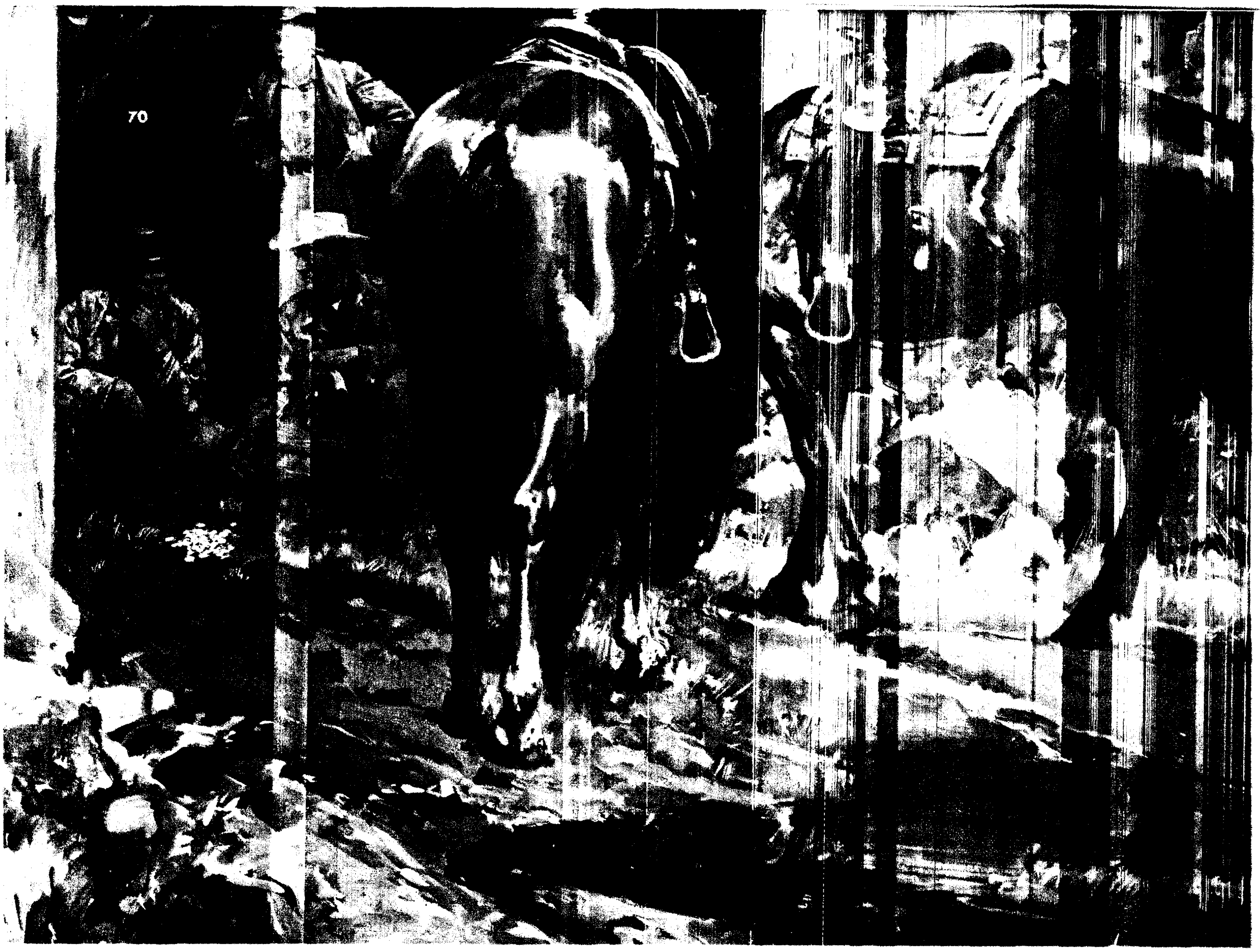


When Ganley saw the double eagles cascade onto the rough ground, a quick wariness came to him again, mixed now with an odd excitement

SADDLE BY STARLIGHT

Hackbarth did not like Sam Holley's stubbornness nor his quiet confidence, but he had never questioned his honesty. Yet here was evidence that Sam Holley was a thief

By LUKE SHORT

The Story: Spurred on by Hugh Ganley, a crooked surveyor, homesteaders were trying to stake claims on the ranges of the North Basin ranches. To protect themselves, the ranchers, led by Sam Holley, had banded together. They had thrown ne'er-do-well Dick Rainey and his sister, Julia, off Six-Up ranch, but later Sam had found work for Julia with Mrs. Heth, wife of one of the ranchers.

This had helped weaken the ranchers' alliance. Anson Heth didn't believe in Julia's loyalty and resented having her in his house. He'd resented, too, Sam's interfering in a brawl between his foreman, Bill Tench, and Ganley's toughs, Otey Bliss and Albie Meacham. When Tench was later beaten to death by Bliss and Meacham, Heth was sure Sam had killed him. Julia warned Sam of Heth, who, enraged, threw her out, and she went to stay with Sam's employer, Mrs. Beale.

Learning that the ranchers were quarreling, Ganley sent Meacham and Bliss to homestead on land belonging to Emmet Hackbarth. When Hackbarth warned them off, they threatened to kill him, and, terrified, he decided to let them stay. Hearing this, Sam knew it would be the opening wedge for an influx of squatters, and he persuaded Hackbarth to bribe them to leave. Hackbarth gave Sam a thousand dollars with which to do it.

V

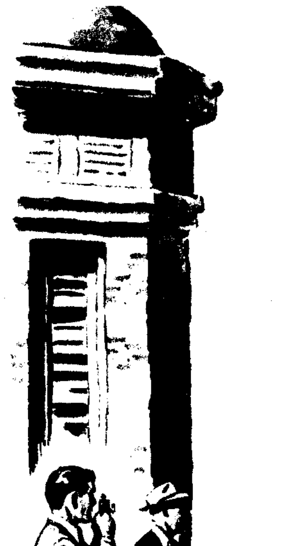
SOMETIME during the night, a slow rain started to fall, and by daylight a steady drizzle had set in. Sam Holley took his breakfast in the big house with the womenfolk, and afterward asked Mrs. Beale if he could speak to her in the office. Sam went in ahead of her and lighted the lamp against the gray day.

Through the open door he could hear Lydia, her daughter, and Julia Rainey talking above the clatter of dishes, as he built a small fire in the barrel stove. Usually the familiar sound of these voices was a pleasant thing to hear, but this morning it disturbed him, and he closed the door. Standing in the middle of the room, listening to the wood crackling in the stove, he thought of the hard decision he'd had to make. In all the years he'd been ranch foreman for Mrs. Beale, he had never tried to lie to her, and he doubted if he could. But withholding facts from her was not the same thing, he thought; and he knew immediately that his reasoning was crooked and that, in effect, he was going to lie. But that's the way it's got to be, he thought grimly.

When Mrs. Beale knocked on the door and stepped into the office, Sam swung the swivel chair around for her to sit in, and he sank onto the old leather couch. He was anxious to get this over with, but he knew haste would betray him.

Mary Beale said, "You don't look very happy

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES



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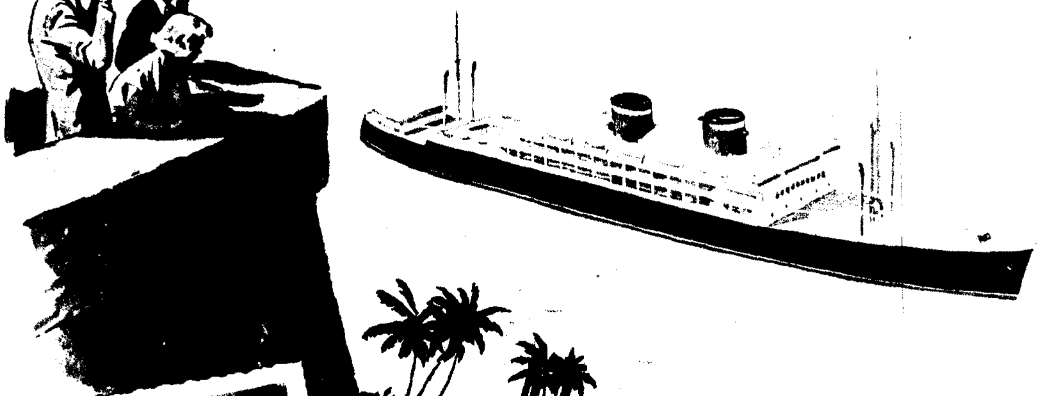

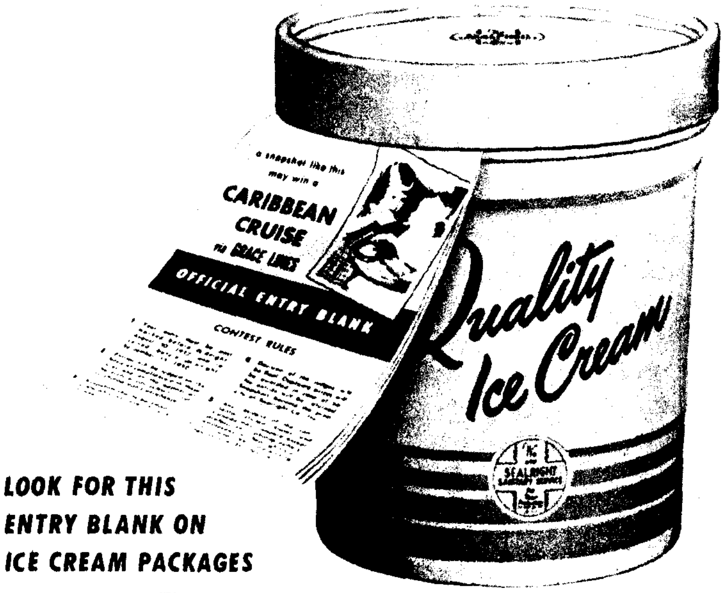

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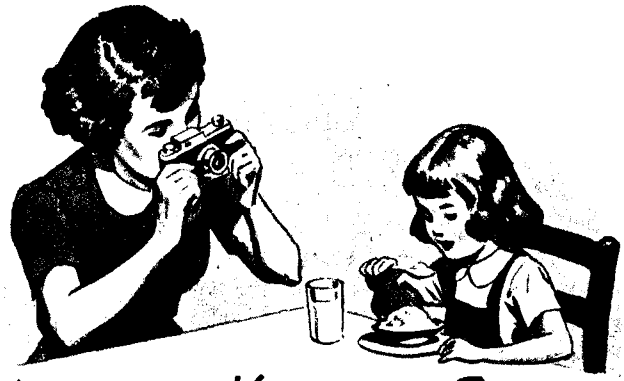
Snapshots will be judged entirely on the appeal of the picture—not photographic excellence. Remember—only small, ordinary black-and-white snapshots will be considered—no fancy photographs. Send in yours before July 31st with an Official Entry Blank, which you can get at most good ice cream fountains (many fine quality brands will have it attached right to their containers, as illustrated). Be sure to fill in your name and address and mail it to R. L. Polk & Co., Box 6539, Chicago, Ill.

Next time you buy ice cream, check the package to see if it carries the Sealright emblem. This marks the sanitary container used by most manufacturers of quality ice cream.



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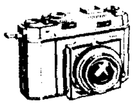
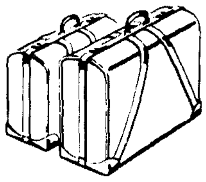
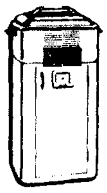


25 Ansco Karomat 35mm Cameras



25 sets of PLATT Matched Luggage



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CONTEST ENDS JULY 31

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this morning, Sam. What happened last night?"

"I'm not," Sam said, and he told her of picking up Will Ferrin, another rancher, and both of them visiting Hackbarth. He told the story accurately up to where he had got Ferrin out of the room while he asked Hackbarth for bribe money. He made no mention of this, nor of Hackbarth's fifty double eagles in the pocket of his coat.

"So Emmet won't push them off, and he won't let us do it?" Mrs. Beale asked.

Sam only nodded.

"Is that all, Sam?" she asked.

"That's where it stands now."

Mrs. Beale leaned back in her chair and looked past Sam at the dreary day beyond the window. Sam waited, knowing that she was expecting more than this of him. She wanted some reassurance from him, a promise that this move on Hackbarth's part was not final.

In the years of their association, Mrs. Beale had always waited for his judgment. She was waiting for it now, and the only judgment Sam could give was silence.

"Somehow, I never thought it would end this way," Mrs. Beale said. "Do you think it's finished, Sam?"

"If Ganley puts a few more families on Hackbarth's grass, Emmet's done," Sam said quietly. "If Swallowfork grass is public land, so is ours. We can hold ours. So can Heth and Will Ferrin, but they'll be crowding us a lot harder, Mrs. Beale."

"But can't Emmet see what's ahead for him?" Mrs. Beale asked bitterly.

"He's just afraid," Sam said softly. "A scared man can't think."

Mrs. Beale said, matter-of-factly, "What's the thing for us to do, Sam?"

"Wait. When more of them move on to Emmet's grass, he can't help but see what's happening to him. We just keep offering help, hoping he'll accept it."

There was a shrewd look in Mrs. Beale's eyes. "That's not like you, Sam. It's like me, but not like you."

SAM hoped that the discomfort he felt did not show. He smiled and said, "I can't come up with a quick answer for this one, Mrs. Beale, and Lord knows I'm trying. I told you Ganley might find someone bigger than Dick Rainey. He has."

"Who are these two men?" Mrs. Beale asked. "Are they twelve feet tall, that Emmet's so afraid of them?"

Sam said grimly, "They're a pair of Bill Tenches, without any Heth to check them."

"Won't they get in trouble, so George Dana can take over? That's business for the sheriff, isn't it?"

"Maybe," Sam said. "I'm going in to see him this morning."

Mrs. Beale stood up, saying, "Would Emmet listen to me?"

Sam pondered this a moment and then said, "He's scared, Mrs. Beale, just plain scared. No, he wouldn't."

Mrs. Beale shrugged. She said, "We'll think of something." And then she added, in a lighter vein, "You'll be soaked through in an hour, Sam."

Sam said dryly, "It's pretty fitting weather for the way I feel."

When the door closed behind Mrs. Beale, Sam drew a sigh of relief. He had carried it off, he thought, and Mrs. Beale suspected nothing. He took down his duck jacket, shrugged into it, and patted the pocket to make sure Hackbarth's money was in it. He was putting on his slicker when he heard a knock on the door. He opened it and saw Julia Rainey standing in the doorway.

"Mrs. Beale said you were going to town, Sam."

"That's right," Sam said tonelessly. "Can I get you anything?"

"I'd like to ride in with you."

"That's fine," Sam said without much enthusiasm. Realizing his lack of it, he said more pleasantly, "We've got a fighting chance of keeping dry in a buggy. Ask Mrs. Beale to dig out a warm blanket for you."

Afterward, tramping out to the barn in the rain, Sam made a resolve. Since he and Julia seemed always to have quarrels when they were together, he would give her no occasion for one on the drive in.

When Julia came out onto the back steps, she was dressed in one of Mrs. Beale's black riding costumes. Holding a blanket under her arm, she ran through the rain for the buggy, and Sam swung up beside her.

Julia spread the blanket over their legs, and Sam hooked up the splash curtain. He clucked to the horses, and they set off through the wet morning.

Sam carefully made a cigarette and said, "This is one dry smoke I'll get today—likely the only one."

When he glanced at Julia, he received only a perfunctory smile. That does it, he thought grimly. Now I can shut up.

In the first wet mile, Sam did not speak again. He went back in his mind to his first meeting with Julia. Even then she had shown her dislike of him, but there had been a good reason for it then. He had counted on eventually winning her liking. But somehow, things had gone wrong. "You're so damn' sure of yourself," Julia had said. Remembering his errand this morning, he thought grimly that he had never been more unsure of himself in his life.

Presently, Julia broke the silence. "Will you do me one last favor?"

"Last?"

She looked at him. "Yes, last. I want you to send my things into town from Six-Up."

Sam looked at her blankly, and she glanced away. "I'm leaving," she said.

"That's not what Mrs. Beale said last night. Does she know it?"

"No. I didn't have the courage to tell her."

"Is it me?" he asked.

Julia turned her head to look at him, genuine surprise in her face. "No. It's not you, Sam. But you might as well know the reason. You're entitled to." Then she said, in a voice filled with misery, "I came to Chainlink hating all of you North Basin people. I only came because Hugh Ganley thought I could pick up information for him that he could use against you. I did, too! What do you think of that?"

Sam could see the shame in her eyes. "Not much. What information?" he asked.

"I told Ganley about Hackbarth—how all you people despised him for being so timid. That's why those two men chose Swallowfork to homestead on."

"Any kid on the streets of Relief could have told him about Hackbarth."

"But *I* did!" Julia said passionately. "What does that make me, Sam? You found me a job, and Mrs. Heth took me in! I repay you by turning Ganley on you! Now I'm leaving before I do more harm."

"Do you want to do more?"

"I'd give anything if I could take back what I've done to you, Sam," she said in a low voice. "I've not only been treacherous, I've been unkind—and that's worse."

"I don't believe it."

"Have you forgotten what I said to you the morning Heth was looking for you?"

"I'm not likely to," Sam said slowly.

"I said I almost hated you because you were so damned sure of yourself, didn't I? I shouldn't have said that, but I know why I did! I wanted to be hateful, because *I* was hating myself. You *were* sure of yourself, because you're decent and steady and loyal. I was never more unsure of myself than that morning. I was posing as a friend, when all the time I knew I had betrayed you all—most of all, you, Sam. I was hating you for being so decent, and all the time I was wondering how I could make it up to you." She looked away. "Well, I know now I can never make it up to you, and I'm leaving."

FOR a stunned moment, Sam was silent, a great surge of elation rising within him. Julia's sharpness to him was understandable now. Even what she called her treachery was understandable; it would have been strange if she had liked the North Basin people at first. Suddenly he knew she must not be allowed to leave Six-Up, that her remaining there was more important to him than anything else.

He reached out and put his hand over hers. "You can make it up, Julia."

"How?"

"By staying. You see, you can't leave now. You can't let Eleanor Heth know you used her. You can't tell Mrs. Beale you plotted against her. You've got your choice of feeling guilty now, or damned guilty later. If you've hurt them a little, you'll hurt them a lot more by leaving. What can you tell them?"

"I won't tell them anything. I'll try never to see them again," Julia said miserably.

"But they need you."

"They don't need a traitor."

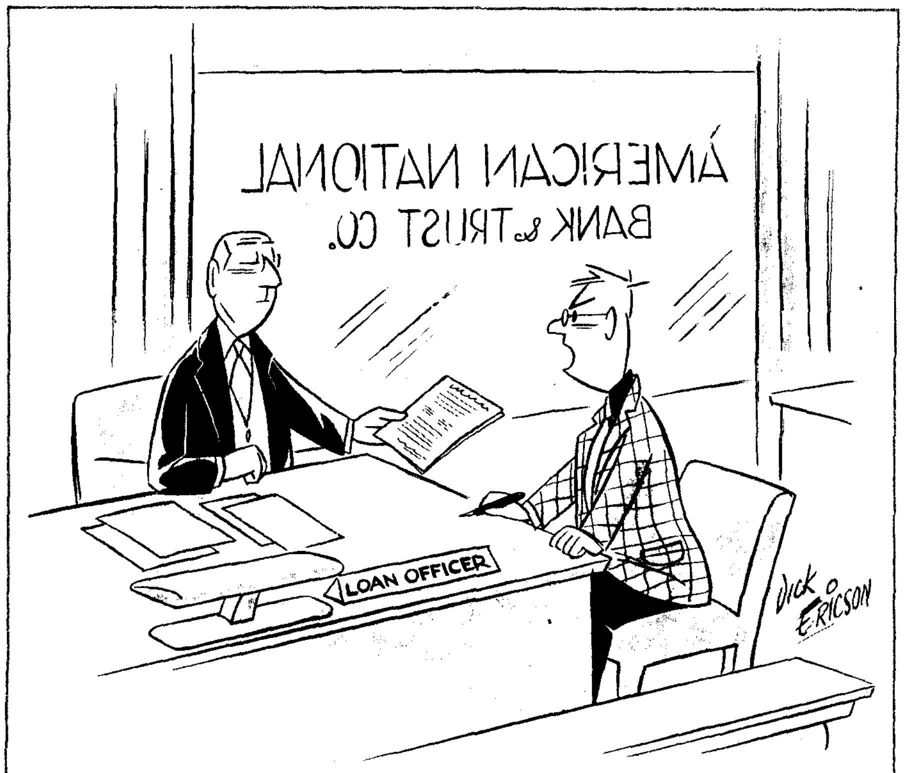
"All right, then, *I* need you."

Julia looked directly at him, and Sam thought he saw something besides despair in her eyes. Then it vanished, and she said, "It's no use, Sam. You're being kind."

"I need you *now*—this morning."

Julia stared at him.

Sam said, "Are you going to see Ganley this morning?"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COLLIER'S "You advertise loans on signature only. How come you ask for my address?" DICK ERICSON

"Yes. To tell him I'm through helping him."

"I've got to see him, too—only nobody must see us or know about it. And only you can arrange that meeting, Julia."

"What do you have to see him about?"

Sam shook his head, and she looked away. "I trusted you, Julia," he said. "Now you've got to trust me. Will you help me?"

"That's not asking much, Sam."

"Not much?" Sam paused. "This whole Basin fight will be resting right in your secret, and how well you keep it." Sam knew he must crowd this moment. "If anyone knew I was seeing Ganley, our fight's lost."

Julia nodded. "Of course I'll do it, Sam."

Sam said matter-of-factly, "Then you'll have to stay at Six-Up, Julia. We can't risk having you in town."

Without waiting for her answer, he went on to arrange for the rendezvous with Ganley, and he gave her no hint of his reasons for wanting the meeting. He named the old Monarch Tunnel in Liberty Gulch as the place. Since the abandonment of the Monarch, the road was used only by one family; and the chances of Sam and Ganley's being seen were negligible.

The streets of Relief were a dismal mire of mud. The Conover House had planked its crossings, but the planks had been buried by the weight of passing wagons and were useless. The rank odor of mud was a pungent, cold stench as it mingled with the reek of wet plank walks.

Sam pulled up in front of the break in the tie rail before Poague's Emporium. "You'll get a little wet, but I don't want to be seen letting you off at Ganley's."

He unhooked the splash curtain and drew the blanket from Julia's lap, saying, "I better not even buy you dinner, Julia. I'll pick you up at the hotel in two hours."

Julia smiled faintly. "I guess you win, Sam. In two hours, then."

He handed her down and drove the team to the livery. He asked to have a horse saddled, and while that was being done he stood in the livery's open doorway. From here he could look down the street; and through the monotonous drift of rain, he saw Julia reach Ganley's covered stairway. For a moment, Sam considered what he had done. It was true that if Julia chose to talk, the North Basin outfits would have lost their fight. It was also true that Julia had been a traitor to them. But Sam was convinced that Julia would be loyal now, and that trust in her would never be misplaced.

GANLEY was in the kitchen of his quarters, boredly heating up a midmorning cup of coffee, when he heard his office door open. When he went into the front room and saw Julia, he stopped in surprise. "You've got a pretty short memory, haven't you?" he said brusquely.

"Now what have I done?"

Ganley was silent a moment, watching her. The chill of the day had put a high color in her cheeks, its dampness a faint curl in the pale hair against her temples. Ganley wondered why he had never noticed how beautiful she was; and then, remembering that her usefulness to him largely depended on her friendliness, he smiled. "Nothing, really," he said in a tone of forgiveness. "I just don't think you should be seen coming up here."

Julia walked slowly across the room to him. "I remember now, but I have important news—important to me."

Ganley's eyes were alert. "Have you?"

"I'm through tattling on my friends," Julia said flatly, and added, "and my friends are all in the North Basin."

"What did they buy you with?"

Julia only smiled serenely. "I came cheap. It only took a little kindness."

"I'm through with you, anyway," Ganley said. "You gave me the information I wanted, and it's working." Then his voice turned sardonic as he asked, "How are your friends liking my homesteaders?"

"They haven't told me."

A sudden suspicion came to Ganley. "You didn't come all the way from Chainlink to tell me this."

"That's right," Julia said agreeably. "I have a message for you from Sam Holley."

Ganley asked suspiciously, "What is it?"

"He wants to talk with you this morning. Do you know the old Monarch Tunnel?"

Ganley scowled. "What if I do?"

"That's where you're to meet him, as soon as you can."

Ganley looked searchingly at her, as if he were looking for a clue to this strange request. "What's the matter with meeting him right here?" Before Julia could answer, he asked sharply, "What are you doing with Holley? Did he bring you in?"

Julia nodded, but said nothing.

"Well, if he wants to see me, let him come here," Ganley said roughly.

"I think you'd better meet him."

"What's this all about?"

"He didn't tell me. All I know is that he wants the meeting kept secret."

GANLEY turned away and looked down at the street, where pools of rain were dimpling under the steady drizzle. Neither Sam Holley nor any Six-Up riders were in sight. Ganley said, "How'd you come in?"

"Sam drove me in the buggy."

"He alone?" Julia nodded patiently. Ganley turned away from the window and came back to confront her. Was her message bait for a trap? he wondered uneasily. Had Six-Up decided that the shortest way to a North Basin victory was to get rid of him, now that he was really hurting them?

"I won't go," he said grimly.

"I think you'd better."

"What does Holley *want?*"

"I told you he didn't tell me. But if you're afraid I'm decoying you into trouble, you're wrong. Sam's alone."

"Where is he now?"

"I think he was going to hire a horse for the ride to the Monarch."

Ganley was silent a minute, staring at her with surly suspicion. Already, the news had reached town that Hackbarth had been unable to move Bliss and Meacham from Swallowfork. But Ganley wasn't fooling himself; there would be more trouble from the North Basin outfits before it was over. Holley wasn't the kind to negotiate in the middle of a fight. The whole thing smelled.

Then an idea came to him. He took a slicker from a nail on the wall and thrust it at Julia. "Put it on. Then go to the livery and ask for a horse. Ride out to the forks at Liberty Gulch and wait for me."

A sudden contempt came into Julia's eyes. "Are you afraid to go alone?"

"You're damn' right I am!" Ganley said. "It's too easy to shoot a man and dump him down a mine shaft. Here, take this," and he thrust the slicker at Julia again.

After a moment of hesitation, Julia took it. "If Sam had wanted me along, he'd have said so."

"To hell with Sam!" Ganley said roughly. "I want you along, and you're coming!"

When Julia had left the room, Ganley waited until the sound of her footsteps died, then moved over to the window to make sure Julia was heading for the livery. He could think of half a dozen reasons why Holley might want to see him, but he could think of only one reason why he must see Holley. He had to know, and know now, if Holley knew that Meacham and Bliss had killed Bill Tench. If Holley knew it, then Ganley's whole scheme collapsed.

Ganley cursed, remembering with bitter anger the moment he had found proof that Tench's murderers were his own men. He had heard the news of Tench's killing from a waitress at the Conover House, when he sat down to breakfast that morning. Ganley had listened with only a bare interest, and refused to speculate with her as to who the killer was. But during breakfast, he could not help but speculate privately. Then he remembered Otey Bliss's words of the night before: "I'd admire to meet that Tench. I will, too." Ganley had finished his breakfast in haste. With any luck, he could catch Meacham and Bliss before they left for Hackbarth's.

The room he had hired for them at the edge of town was one of a series, alike as

"Sing in the movies? not me!"

(WHO AM I...? SEE ANSWER BELOW)

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boxcars, in a shabby, down-at-the-heel frame building converted from a barn. When Ganley had gone into its odorous corridor that morning, he'd been able to smell unwashed clothes and the lingering stench of whisky, old leather and long-unaired rooms, and, through the thin wall, he'd heard some lost and lonely drifter snoring off his whisky. The door to Otey and Albie's room had been open; a look inside told him that his two men were gone, and for a panicky moment he'd wondered if he should ride out to talk with them.

Then he'd noticed the filthy, discarded clothes thrown in a corner of the room, and, looking them over idly, he'd seen, on both pairs of tattered denim pants, brick dust ground into the cloth. Tench had been beaten to death with a brick. This was all the proof Ganley had needed that Albie and Otey had more than evened their score with Tench.

HAD Holley found this out? Ganley doubted it, because he had wrapped the clothes in a newspaper and taken them back to his quarters and burned them.

Now Ganley moved into his bedroom, put on a grease-stained sheepskin coat and rammed his pistol in his belt. His first alarm was fading. If Holley suspected Otey and Meacham, his first act would be to hunt out the sheriff, who would promptly pull the two men off Hackbarth's land and jail them. Holley would have no reason to discuss it with anybody else.

Tramping down the stairs, Ganley felt his confidence returning. Whatever Holley wanted, he was not going to accuse this wild and vicious pair; and whatever Holley did would be done with Julia as a witness.

At the livery, when Ganley asked the hostler for a horse, the man said, "If people don't pick the damnedest days to ride. You're the third one that's wanted a horse in the last half hour."

Ganley waited impatiently for his mount, and, when it was ready, rode out into the steady rain. Traveling up the road to Liberty Gulch, Ganley looked ahead of him at the close hills; their outlines were blurred by the rain, but he picked out the one spot of color against the black pines: the yellow-slickered figure of Julia, waiting for him.

They met without greeting, and turned up the Liberty Gulch road. A muddy feeder creek churned down the narrow valley alongside the road. Ganley could not read in the bog of the road any accurate story of how many riders had preceded them, or when. He kept watching the timber ahead for any signs of movement.

Presently, the canyon widened, and, across the creek, bridged by a span of rotting timbers, he saw the old Monarch Mine. The shaft and abandoned mill were built on the graded dump of tailings that lay in front of the tunnel.

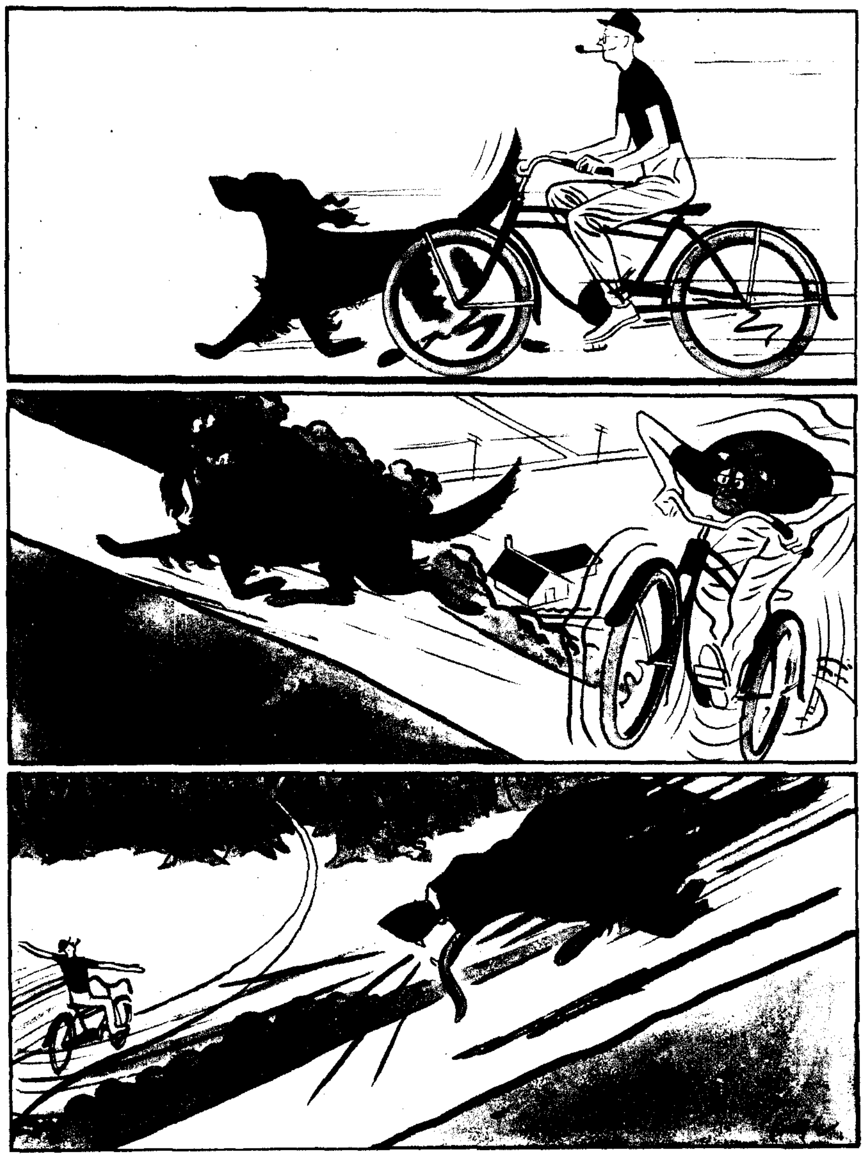
When they had climbed their horses to the shaft house, Ganley reined in and immediately saw the washed-out tracks of a horse, leading to the tunnel. Looking toward the tunnel mouth, he saw, through the rain, a figure standing just inside.

"Come on," he said curtly to Julia. They rode over to the tunnel mouth and dismounted. Sam stepped out to hand Julia down, while Ganley peered suspiciously into the tunnel. He saw only the dim outline of Sam's horse pulled in out of the weather. Then he looked at Holley, whose tanned face held a sober amusement.

"I didn't figure you'd need a guide," Holley observed slyly.

Ganley waited until Julia went into the tunnel mouth; then he followed warily.

CLANCY



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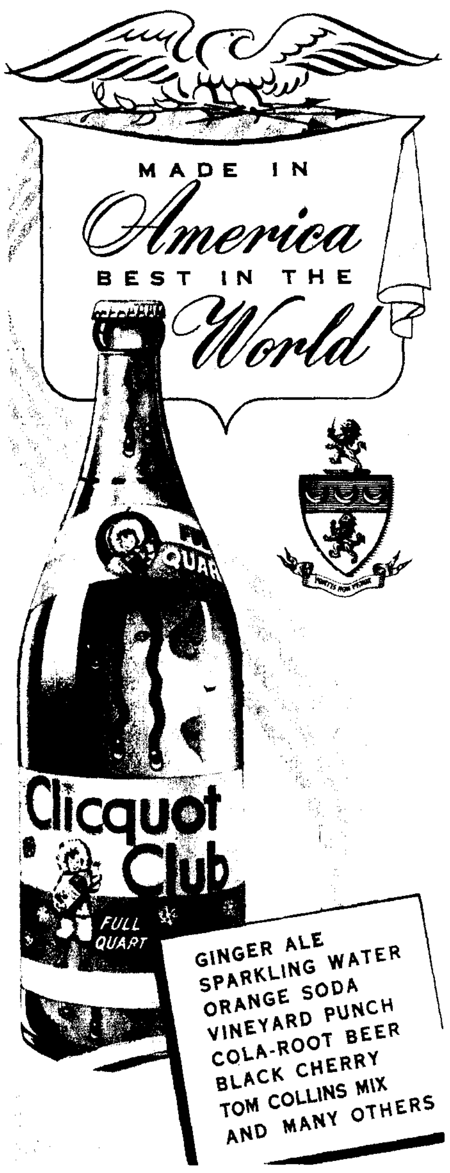

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Once out of the rain, he looked back into the tunnel. "No tricks, or the girl gets hurt," he warned Sam.

Holley didn't bother to answer. He hunkered down on his heels, leaning against the cold gray rock of the tunnel wall.

Julia looked from Ganley to Sam and then back to Ganley. "Now you're sure he's alone, may I go?" she asked.

"No," Ganley replied promptly.

For a moment, the two men stared at each other. Then Ganley said impatiently, "She said you wanted to see me. All right, you're seeing me." Ganley thought he noticed a fleeting hesitation in Holley's manner, as if something—perhaps Julia's presence—troubled him.

Then Holley stood up, and from the pocket of his duck jacket he took out a small canvas bag. Kneeling, he untied the bag's drawstring and emptied its contents on the tunnel floor.

When Ganley saw the double eagles cascade onto the rough ground, a quick wariness came to him again, mixed now with an odd excitement.

Holley looked up at him and said, "One thousand dollars."

"For what?" Ganley asked.

"For pulling your boys off Swallowfork."

GANLEY looked down at the money again with a feeling of exultation. This was victory, and in those coins was the full measure of North Basin defeat. He had a wild impulse to kick the coins, laugh at Holley, and ride off, but he knew Holley was still watching him alertly. Ganley put the flat of his shoulders against the wall and crossed his legs. He checked his impulse to gloat over his victory, as he felt the old suspicion return.

"That's a lot of surveys, isn't it?" Sam said quietly.

Ganley didn't answer. He thought of many things at once—of his desperate need for this money, of his need for Virginia Talcott, of his power that might be only temporary, and of his victory that was conditional only upon Otey and Meacham's guilt remaining undiscovered. Holley was right. It *was* a lot of surveys—a year's, perhaps—always supposing there would be people on the land for whom he could survey. Holley must have guessed that the only thing that prevented his marriage to Virginia was their combined poverty. He must know, or guess, how tenuous this moment of victory was, just as Ganley did himself. Ganley knew that he would never win against the North Basin's wealth and determination. His only power was a negative one, and lay in his nuisance value. Sam Holley had figured him correctly.

Ganley made his decision. "All that's mine?" he asked.

Holley straightened up, nodding. "Just so those two get off and stay off."

Ganley still did not move. "Who knows you're seeing me?"

"Only Julia—at your invitation."

"Not Mrs. Beale?"

Sam shook his head.

"Not Hackbarth?"

"It's his money. I only told him I'd use it to get them off. I didn't say how."

"What's to keep you or Julia from talking, once I've taken your money?"

"If we do, you can always move them back onto Swallowfork," Sam pointed out.

Ganley said steadily, "I want your word. Hers, too."

"You have mine. I won't talk."

"I won't, either," Julia said.

The contempt in her voice made Ganley feel a swift shame, but that was an emotion he could afford now. "All right then, get along!" Ganley said roughly. He was not going to give them the final triumph of seeing him on his knees, picking up his bribe.

"Oh, no." Holley's voice was soft. "This is what I came to see. Pick them up."

Ganley felt a murderous anger; for a blind second he was tempted to walk out to his horse and ride off. Watching Holley for the first sign of relenting, Ganley took a step toward the tunnel mouth, as if he were leaving.

Holley didn't move, and the ghost of a smile touched his lips. He said nothing.

Ganley knew his bluff had been called. Holley had known he would not leave without the money. Cursing, Ganley knelt and hastily scooped up the money. His face was hot, and he was sweating; and he would cheerfully have killed Holley at that moment. Once the coins were in the sack, he jammed them in his pocket; and without speaking again, he walked out into the rain and rode off. As Ganley's horse headed toward town, Julia moved nearer to Sam, and they both watched Ganley a moment.

Julia's anger at Ganley was intense. His righteous rantings, his passionately stated belief in the rights of the small landholder, his loud defense of a principle had been only the sorriest kind of rhetoric. He had forgotten it all for fifty double eagles. Still, contemptible as he was, Julia had just seen a man bought; and the sight had sickened her. She said softly, "Sometimes you haven't much mercy, Sam."

Sam turned to look down at her, and she saw the hard pleasure that still remained in his face. "Not always. Should I have?"

"I guess not. Still, it wasn't pretty."

"No," Sam said, and added softly, "he's hungrier than I thought."

"Why do you say that?"

Sam said, "When you bribe a man, it's got to be in the dark, with only the bribe-giver knowing it. That's why I didn't tell any of our people. It's why I wanted to meet Ganley secretly. If a lot of people had known it was happening, and it had happened in the open, Ganley would have refused. I thought he'd refuse with you here, but he's hungry."

He looked down at the tunnel floor where the money had lain, then slowly moved over to the spot and toed the loose gravel.

Julia saw that the movement of his foot bared a gold piece which Ganley, in his haste, had overlooked. Sam stood looking down at it; then, with a gesture of suppressed anger, he put the heel of his boot on it and ground it savagely into the gravel.

When he looked up at Julia, his face was somber, almost ugly.

Julia felt an unaccountable pity for him then, and with it was mingled pride. "You didn't like it, either."

"No."

THE past two days of rain had made the homesteaders' camp seem long abandoned, Emmet Hackbarth thought. From his horse, Emmet, warmed by the bright morning sun, looked down on the few scattered coals of their campfire. There weren't even horse tracks visible—only a scattering of garbage to indicate that Meacham and Bliss had ever been here.

Before he left, Hackbarth had a chore to do, and its performance gave him a morose satisfaction. He pulled up the corner stakes of the two homesteads and pitched them into the tall grass.

All of it had been an unpleasant and expensive incident, Hackbarth reflected; but Sam Holley's plan had worked. The threat to Swallowfork was gone. Two ruffians were considerably richer for it, but this morning Hackbarth did not entirely begrudge them their new fortune. He was freed of their threat; and, looking about him as he rode through scattered bunches of big-barreled cattle, he knew he would soon make up what they had cost him.

The rain had washed the dust from the great grove of cottonwoods in which the ranch buildings lay, and as he rode toward them, the intense green of the leaves almost hurt Hackbarth's eyes. He rode straight to the corral, unsaddled his big mare, and turned her into the horse pasture without a word or a pat of affection.

It was a few minutes before noon, Hackbarth saw by his watch, and he was irritated to see two of his crew lounging on the cookshack steps. He headed toward the building, certain that when the men saw him they would get to their morning's work. But they stayed where they were, and Hackbarth began to frame his reproof.

As he got closer, though, Hackbarth

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saw that one man was a stranger; the other was Johnny Glassford, his horse wrangler. The stranger was slight and fair-skinned, and at this distance Hackbarth had a vague recollection of having seen him before, although he couldn't remember where. The stranger stood up, and Johnny got to his feet and went into the cookshack. The man started indolently for Hackbarth, his thumbs tucked carelessly into the waistband of his pants, from which the butt of a pistol protruded. Something about his walk, the kind of offhand arrogance in it, was distasteful to Hackbarth. It reminded him a little of Meacham.

When the young man came closer, Hackbarth remembered suddenly where he had seen him. He was Dick Rainey, the homesteader Sam Holley had moved off Six-Up land. Rainey was dressed in worn denim pants and a rumpled shirt; and when he stopped before Hackbarth, the older man could see the ingrained weakness in his narrow face, overlaid now with insolence.

"Mr. Hackbarth, I'll give it to you plain." Dick Rainey's voice was too loud, so that the quaver in it was noticeable. "I'm out here to homestead on land you claim."

Hackbarth's immediate feeling at this pronouncement was one of disbelief. Then he felt a vast irritation. "Nonsense!"

Dick Rainey's smile was calculated to show Hackbarth his contempt for any opposition; it succeeded only in mirroring his own uncertainty. "I aim to do it today. I'm going to stake out a piece where Meacham and Bliss were, and I don't want any trouble from you." If Hackbarth had had any sense of humor, he would have smiled then. Rainey's brash words, delivered in an overloud, uncertain voice, carried so little conviction. But Hackbarth felt only an increasing annoyance. "You try it, and I'll put you off," he said sharply. "Now clear out of here."

But Dick Rainey had set himself a part, and he was going to play it out. "You come near me, and I'll shoot your damn' head off."

The vehemence of his words surprised Hackbarth mildly. He looked steadily at Rainey, noticing the timidity behind the arrogance in his weak face, and the forced belligerence in his voice. Only days ago, Hackbarth had looked at and heard the real thing; instinct told him that the man before him was not to be feared, even by him.

He said again curtly, "Get out of here."

Hackbarth's reaction seemed to baffle young Rainey. He took a half step backward. "You aim to fight?" he demanded, his voice as tough as he could make it.

"I told you I'd throw you off. I will."

"You're scared," Rainey jeered. Hackbarth only snorted, and took a step to move past Rainey.

The young man put out a hand and roughly grabbed Hackbarth. "Look here, Mr. Hackbarth," Rainey began, and Hackbarth immediately caught a hint of pleading in his voice. "You don't want trouble with me, and you know it. Nobody wants their crew shot up—you least of all, from what I hear." The uncertain smile appeared on his face again. "I'll settle with you for the same price Meacham and Bliss did. You pay me one hundred dollars, and I'll pull off Swallowfork grass."

Hackbarth reached up and disengaged Rainey's hand.

"You'll go for the same price Meacham did?" he asked with a deceptive mildness.

Rainey hesitated, then nodded in quick assent. "All right, I'll go for fifty dollars."

"Who said they went for fifty dollars?"

"That was fifty apiece," Rainey stated flatly. "They said. They said they moved off and got fifty each for it. They bought me a drink out of it. So I saw it."

Hackbarth was silent for so long that Rainey's impatience showed on his face. "It's either that or fight," Rainey said finally.

"Just a minute," Hackbarth said mildly, and he tramped on toward the cookshack. As he went in, he saw Johnny Glassford talking to the cook. Hackbarth beckoned, and Johnny came over.

"Yes, Mr. Hackbarth," Johnny said.

"Johnny, I've been wondering if I should keep you on here," Hackbarth began. He was interrupted by one of the crew stepping through the doorway. Hackbarth glared at him, and the man tramped past the already set table into the kitchen. Hackbarth turned back to Johnny. "The day you met those two homesteaders, you didn't even try to move them off." His voice became suddenly stern. "Were you scared?"

A FLUSH slowly mounted in Johnny's face. It was compounded of anger and shame and a bitter knowledge that his youth was against him. "I reckon so," he admitted.

Hackbarth stepped around him to the open doorway and lifted an arm, pointing. "Here's your chance to make up for it. Throw that man off the place."

Johnny hesitated only a second; then he stepped through the doorway and walked resolutely toward Rainey. Hackbarth looked on as Rainey, unconcerned and patient, watched Johnny approach.

When he got close to Rainey, Johnny broke into a run, his arms already milling. Rainey took a step backward, shielding his head and turning away from Johnny's attack. One of Johnny's awkward wide-arm swings caught Rainey in the back of the neck, knocking him flat on his face in the dirt. Then, as if he realized he was cornered, Rainey pushed himself to his feet in time to meet Johnny's second attack. He did not seem to remember the gun in his waistband.

For a few minutes, Rainey and Johnny faced each other, slugging wildly and inexpertly. Johnny fought with an awkward stubbornness, his head down and his arms sweeping. Rainey met him with a backpedaling, halfhearted defense. The fight ended as abruptly as it had begun. One of Johnny's circular swings ended with his big fist against Rainey's nose. Rainey cried out, fell to his knees, and covered his face with his hands, while Johnny stood over him.

Hackbarth did not wait any longer. He stepped out of the cookshack and headed for the house. Just before he went inside, he turned to look back. Johnny was marching Rainey toward his horse. In his office, Hackbarth wrenched off his hat and went directly to his swivel chair. He felt a small satisfaction in what he had just seen. Young Rainey had been properly humiliated, and young Johnny Glassford had been reminded that he was expected to earn his pay at Swallowfork.

And then Hackbarth turned his mind to the news young Rainey had inadvertently given him. Meacham and Otey Bliss had been paid only a hundred dollars to move off Swallowfork, yet Sam Holley had received a thousand dollars with which to bribe them. There was, Hackbarth thought coldly, nine hundred dollars to account for.

Leaning back in his chair, Hackbarth carefully recalled the events of the evening when Holley and Ferrin had visited him. Step by step, he went back over the conversation. When he remembered that Holley had sent Ferrin out of the room before asking for the bribe money, a soft "Ah" escaped him. That's it, he thought. Sam Holley was a thief. He had blackmailed a thousand dollars from Hackbarth when one hundred had done the job.

Hackbarth felt a profound sense of injury. Ever since young Sam Holley had gone to work for Dan Beale, Hackbarth had known him. Hackbarth did not like Sam Holley's stubbornness, nor his unexpected frivolities, nor his quiet confidence that he could get more out of a ranch and crew than any man alive, but Hackbarth had never questioned his honesty. Yet here was the evidence before him.

Hackbarth put his elbows on the arms of his chair, steepled his fingers before him, and scowled out the window. It seemed impossible to him that his judgment of a man could be so far in error. Could young Rainey have been mistaken about the amount Meacham and Bliss had got? That seemed unlikely, Hackbarth thought sourly. That pair would be more apt, bragging about it afterward, to double the sum they were paid.

Hackbarth heard the triangle calling the crew to the noon meal, but he did not move. He found he had no appetite. For Hackbarth's pride had been twice wounded. It had galled him deeply to hand over the thousand dollars in the first place; to know that he had been swindled was unbearable.

Presently he got up, put on his hat and went out, but not to the cookshack. He headed for the corral and his horse.

(To be continued next week)

Next Week

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Everything Tastes Better Outdoors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

smoked salmon (sometimes known as lox), spread thickly with cream cheese and chives blended together. Place on whole-wheat bread or rye, add a layer of thin cucumber slices, spread with a little mustard or mayonnaise—and see if it doesn't call for prompt encores.

Tops in the sandwich parade is the corned-beef sandwich on rye bread, the meat delicately spread with a pungent French mustard, flanked by some mixed pickles.

As a surprise item in the sandwich department: fresh raw mushrooms, chopped and blended with cream cheese, a few drops of onion juice, a trifle of Worcestershire sauce. Spread on slices of French or Italian bread, and sprinkle with chopped chives. The customers will demand seconds, so have plenty available.

Deviled ham, an economy item, can form the basis for sandwiches that have great merit. Blend finely diced onion with the deviled ham, mix in a spot of mayonnaise and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Heap on slices of rye bread and serve with sliced tomatoes, and you have a most satisfactory and delightful sandwich for the family. Or peanut butter—perfect between slices of Italian bread, blended with chopped spring onions, mayonnaise and diced sweet pickle. It makes a delightful sandwich, smooth and palatable.

There is no end to sandwiches and their possibilities. Try canned tuna with minced shallots and radishes, hopped up with a few drops of Tabasco sauce, a little mild mustard, and planked between generous slices of whole-wheat bread—bite for bite, one of the best of sandwiches.

Ingenuity! That's what the cook needs when considering this matter of sandwiches as prime picnic provender. Take the hard-boiled egg. Diced with fresh water cress, a tablespoon of cream cheese, a teaspoon of chopped chives, a modest dust of dried tarragon, salt and pepper, a little mayonnaise, and spread on slices of slightly sour pumpernickel, this makes a very superior sandwich, tasty and appetizing.

If you have on hand some remnants of cooked beef, veal, lamb or ham, run them, with an onion, through the fine blade of the food chopper. Season with a dash of salt and pepper; add a few thin slices of pickled beet. The end result is a sandwich spread that's terrific.

Another sound sandwich meat is tongue, pink, delicately flavored with herbs and spices. Buy the meat at a delicatessen store—or, for quite a few people, it will be more economical to prepare it yourself from smoked meat in a slightly different version, at home the night before. It is simple to fix:

Smoked beef tongue, 1 large
Peppercorns, crushed, 1 dozen
Celery, diced, 1 stalk
Parsley, dried, 1 teaspoon
Cloves, 1 teaspoon
Carrot, diced, 1
Onion, diced, 1
Sage, 1 pinch
Cold water to cover

Scrub the tongue under cold, running water. Place all ingredients in a large kettle, simmer gently for 3 to 5 hours, or until the skin peels back.

Remove the tongue from the pot, and cover with cold water until cool enough to handle. Remove skin, cut off the bony root, place the tongue on a platter to cool, then refrigerate. Cut thin slices, and brush them delicately with a mayonnaise fortified with a little lemon juice, salt and Worcestershire sauce. Between slices of buttered bread, this makes a sandwich that seems intended specifically for outdoor consumption.

A little careful planning of the family picnic makes one realize what American food processors have done to eliminate homework in the preparation of food.

There are dozens of delectable members of the sausage family, tender and filled with spicy flavor; some of the most honored members are bologna, liverwurst and salami. Canned meats, such as cocktail sausages, pressed meats, perfectly cooked chicken and turkey are available.

In the realm of fish and sea food, there are sardines, tuna, salmon, clams, smoked oysters, crab, lobster, smoked and potted eel, shrimp—and don't forget anchovy paste.

Then there are pickled onions and the glorious selection of pickles without which no picnic is a success. Nor should the planner forget what a jar of fine, tart jelly can do to the picnic victuals. A few canned preserves go very nicely with any type of meat; and with sandwiches, a liberal helping of chutney is not amiss. And of course, there are cheeses in dozens of varieties.

You can prepare a wonderful special cheese spread that can be piled on sliced pumpernickel or packaged Melba toast. Here's what is needed:

Blue cheese, ½ lb.
Butter, 1 cup
Garlic clove, mashed, 1
Prepared mustard, 4 tablespoons
Salt and pepper to taste

Force cheese through a fine sieve. Cream the butter and blend with the cheese. Add salt and pepper, garlic and mustard (four tablespoons may sound like too much mustard, but it isn't). Place in a bowl and refrigerate. Pack it snugly in ice, then serve with a spreader for each person, and stand back and watch the supply vanish, as husky appetites are appeased. With the spread, have plenty of spicy little radishes and piquant, tender young onions, hearty fare, good and easy on the budget.

There is a school of thought in regard to picnics that holds some of the food should be hot. Even the advocates of cold and appetizing foods will reach for seconds and thirds of succulent, freshly grilled hamburgers. Here's one easy way to do it:

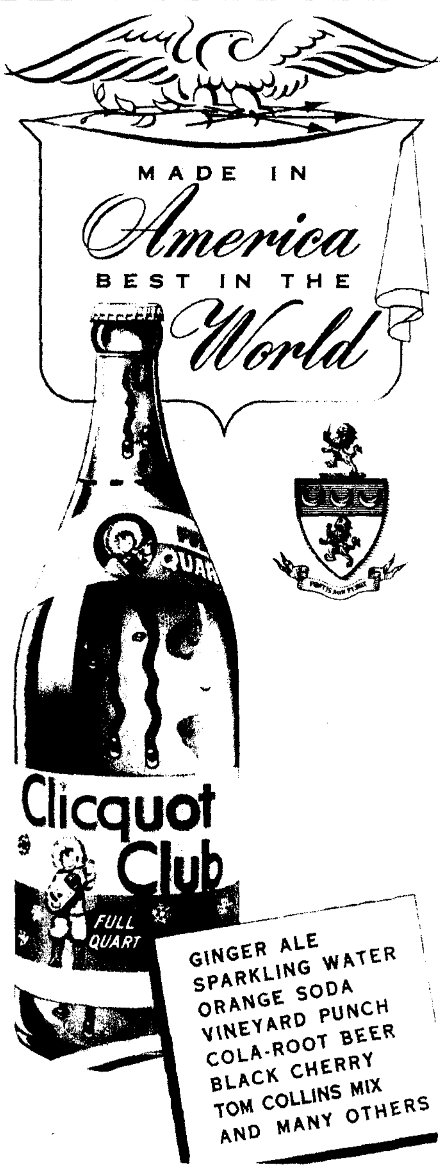
Hamburger, 2 lbs.
Eggs, beaten, 2
Clove garlic, mashed, 1
Evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon
Large onion, finely diced, 1
Olive oil or vegetable oil, 1 tablespoon
Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon
Salt and pepper to taste.

Blend at home, wrap the meat in waxed paper, and refrigerate overnight so the ingredients will marry happily. At the picnic grounds, once a small fire is started, heat the frying pan very hot, drop in a little butter, and when it starts to sizzle, form hamburger cakes and brown quickly on both sides—don't overcook. Set each patty on a buttered bun or a slice of bread, top with a thin slice of pungent Bermuda onion, and reach for the catsup. One taste and there will be loud and fervent hosannas for hamburger.

Ever try offering the famished picnic crowd baked beans—home-baked? They will take time to prepare but the results will be worth it. Here's what you need:

Kidney or navy beans, 1 qt.
Onion, sliced, 1
Celery salt, 2 tablespoons
Salt, 1 teaspoon
Beef frankfurters, sliced, 1 lb.
Molasses, 3 tablespoons
Dry mustard, 1½ teaspoons
Chili sauce, 2 tablespoons

Soak beans in cold water overnight, parboil for 30 minutes, or until the skins crack when you blow on them. Drain. Mix onion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and sliced franks (the New Englanders use pork instead of the frankfurters) with the beans, add other ingredients and place in a bean pot; cover with boiling water. Bake for 6 to 7 hours under low heat, adding more water when necessary. Heat very hot just before you leave for your picnic. Serve with brown bread, generously buttered, with a bottle of catsup on the side. This is alleged to be ample for eight to 10 people; served at a picnic, it may be about right for six. With some radishes, onions and ripe tomatoes, the baked beans round out a perfect picnic feast.

For the cook who doesn't have too much time to spare, a ham and veal loaf is a central theme that always has popular appeal. It's done like this:

Veal, ground, 2½ lbs.
Smoked ham, ground, ⅓ lb.
Bread crumbs, 1 cup
Green pepper, minced, 4 tablespoons
Milk, 1 cup
Onion, minced, 1 medium
Catsup, 4 tablespoons
Salt, 1 teaspoon
Pepper, pinch
Thyme, pinch
Egg, beaten, 1
Fresh mushrooms, diced, 1 cup
Bacon, 2 slices, diced

Mix all ingredients except bacon in a large bowl, spoon into a fairly deep baking dish, top with bacon. Bake 1½ hours in a 350-degree oven. When cool, this meat loaf slices easily. It's grand when served with chili sauce, sliced cucumbers and slices of whole-wheat bread, generously buttered. Here again, it's said to be sufficient for eight, but I'd plan on just enough for six; you'll find that the voracious appetites of your picnic crew lend credence to the theory that everything tastes better outdoors.

By way of experiment, you might surprise the customers by serving them a cold pot roast at the picnic. Make it like this:

Rump or chuck, boneless, 3-5 lbs.
Flour, 2 tablespoons
Pepper, ½ teaspoon
Salt, 1 teaspoon
Thyme, pinch
Tarragon, ½ teaspoon
Catsup

Rub all ingredients except catsup into the beef. Place about 1 inch of fat in the bottom of a Dutch oven; when it is smoking-hot, brown the beef with a sliced onion (no water!). Lower the heat, simmer for 2 hours, basting every 15 minutes with a little catsup and the hot fat. Let cool, uncovered. The slices are perfect when cool. Serve with beet pickles and ripe tomatoes, some diced American cheese and sliced whole-wheat bread. Include mustard pickles for the gourmets.

Elegant as picnic fare is the traditional fried chicken, done at home the night before, and permitted to cool—each piece, crusty brown on the outside, delicately damp inside, snugly wrapped in waxed paper. You'll eat it with your fingers, of course. Try making it according to these instructions:

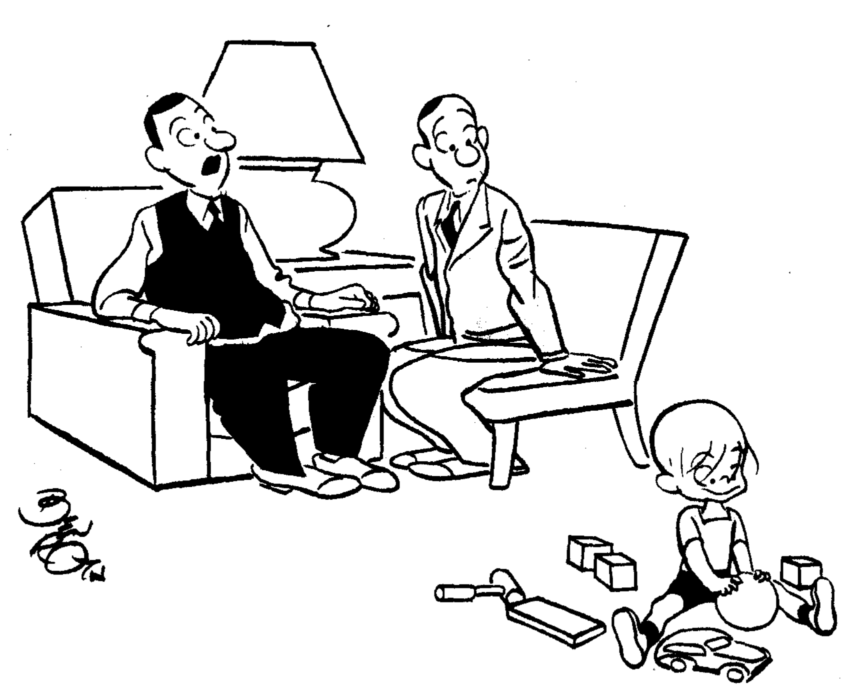
Spring chicken, 1½ lb.
Butter and vegetable fat, ¼ cup
Flour, ½ cup
Ginger, ground, 1 teaspoon
Salt and pepper to taste.

Have chicken cut into serving pieces, rub well with the mixture of salt, pepper and ginger, dredge in flour and fry in the fat (equal quantities of butter and vegetable fat) until brown, turning to prevent burning. Reduce heat, cover and cook for 1 hour. Remove, place on paper towels to drain. Permit pieces to cool before wrapping them in waxed paper or foil. This is an old-fashioned recipe, and a great one. It's good enough to call for seconds and thirds, so don't count on serving more than three persons on one recipe.

Here's another old-timer—so old, in fact, that it goes back to the Indians: roast corn. Buy about twice as many ears as you think you'll need. Build a small fire, and when you have a bed of coals remove the silk from the corn, along with some of the layers of the husk. Toss the ears on the coals, and turn them often. They should be thoroughly cooked, tender and juicy. Brush melted butter and salt on the ear—and how good it tastes! If you are cooking with a small portable grill, better take some heavy foil and wrap each ear snugly in it. Then the ears may be laid directly on the grill, where they will quickly cook to perfection.

Don't forget the deviled eggs! I can remember when a picnic was an outright failure without a nice array of these veritable jewels, white and gold, blessed with a mustardy, memorable, tangy taste. On our Pennsylvania picnics, we ate quantities of them, prepared in this manner:

Eggs, 6
Salt, ½ teaspoon
Dry mustard, ½ teaspoon
Tabasco sauce, dash
Onion, scraped, ½ teaspoon
Celery, finely chopped, 2 tablespoons
Green pepper, finely minced, 1 teaspoon
Mayonnaise, 3 tablespoons



"He's still in the dependent stage and his mother has to do everything for him—tend the furnace, shovel snow, clean the cellar . . ."

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

The eggs were gently simmered in boiling water for 20 minutes, removed and placed in cold water for 15 minutes. The shells were removed and each egg was halved lengthwise, the yolks removed and the whites temporarily set aside. The yolks were mashed, smoothly blended with other ingredients and then heaped into the whites and refrigerated.

Wrap the eggs individually in waxed paper, twisted at the ends—and see if they don't taste superb on your picnic (or, for that matter, on the dining-room table)!

Don't forget dessert. There is something about the terrific appetites generated by being outdoors that automatically sets up a demand for sweets. A watermelon or other fruit ranks high in the esteem of many ardent picnickers. Others cling to the old-fashioned and estimable theory that a wedge of their favorite pie is a nice end to a picnic meal, while still others crave an assortment of cookies and cake.

The gentleman of the house will emerge with his prestige substantially increased if he surreptitiously slides a box of candy into the food hamper.

Of course, the picnic isn't complete without beverages. Some canned tomato juice —iced, and perked up with lemon juice, a modest trifle of Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper—is a good way to launch the meal. You will probably want to take hot or iced coffee and tea along in vacuum containers.

Many of you will be sure to pack some bottles of beer, ale or stout, as well; packed in ice, they will taste elegant with picnic fare. Milk or bottled soft drinks for the youngsters, by all means. And don't forget the bottle opener!

If you picnic where you are not sure the water is pure, avoid unpleasant possibilities by taking along several quart cans of water from home. Remember, water can taste good on a hot day—but may still be contaminated.

Picnics are minor vacations, a whale of a lot of fun. Often, it adds to the pleasure to start out with no particular destination in mind, and follow the winding dirt roads until you find the ideal site. It will probably be secluded, peacefully serene; there might even be a friendly little creek that whispers an invitation for you to park and have your picnic on its banks. Or, you may care to utilize the public picnic grounds provided in so many of our state and federal parks, places where there are tables and seats, small grills and firewood, tested water, as well as other essential facilities, often including playgrounds and swimming.

Also remember that every picnic meal can be served in your own back yard—and let the game be played under the same rules as apply to away-from-home picnics.

Let the picnic be informal, cheerful and gay.

A picnic is to be enjoyed. Let the youngsters pack some of their baseball gear, or a football—give them a chance to work off energy and generate appetites. For the elders, a couple of books or magazines, maybe a deck of cards will provide pleasant relaxation.

Happily, there are few rules that govern the full volume of fun that is possible on a family picnic. These five should be observed:

1. Check all equipment and food supplies before leaving home.
2. If you want to hold your picnic on private property, ask permission from the owners.
3. Leave the premises as clean as you found them.
4. If you build a fire, make it a small one and be sure it is fully extinguished when you leave.
5. Plan another picnic soon!

THE END

Too Many Secrets Spoil the Atom

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

A-bomb was vastly exaggerated. For example, Representative Albert Gore of Tennessee stated that one of these bombs "could wipe out an entire enemy division." Such overestimates of the weapon—which is *still* being developed—have already put heavy pressure on the Pentagon to authorize its use in Korea—a place where military planners believe it would be of little value, even if they had it, because of a lack of suitable targets.

Secrecy has also concealed a most distressing chapter in the story of atomic artillery. It masked from public view a bitter Air Force-Navy feud over the development of the smaller A-bomb. In 1948, the Navy put on the table a proposal to develop an atomic bomb that would be light enough to be carried by a fighter plane launched from a carrier deck. Air Force generals were stunned by the proposition, for they had regarded the A-bomb as their exclusive property. An interservice battle developed, and for about two years development of the smaller bomb was stalemated.

Work Proceeds on Small Bomb

When the word was finally given to push the work on the smaller bomb, the Atomic Energy Commission responded vigorously—as shown by the many atomic tests conducted in Nevada this year and in 1951. *But these developments could have taken place two years earlier!*

Just as the curtain of secrecy can veil lack of progress at high level due to policy decisions, so, too, can secrecy do its damage at a technical level in laboratories where new weapons are forged. Charles Kettering put it very well when he said: "When you lock the doors of a laboratory, you shut out more than you shut in."

Let us consider the hypothetical case of a top-secret guided missiles laboratory set up on an isolated site in a New Mexico desert. Unless the men working inside the laboratory can maintain close contact with, say vacuum tube manufacturers, and acquaint them with their needs, they are greatly handicapped in their work. Yet the restrictions of secrecy make it extremely difficult for those on the outside to contribute fully to the work inside the barbed wire. To be effective, the vacuum tube manufacturer must know what his products are used for, and too often secrecy prevents this.

There is a further and very serious consequence of the secrecy barrier around the laboratory. How do the American people know whether the work going on inside is of high quality? Is the work good, bad or mediocre? The hard fact is that if you are on the outside there is no way of knowing, and if you are on the inside you are not likely to criticize your own work. It is an incontestable fact that secrecy may be used as a protective shield to conceal things which would not bear critical scrutiny.

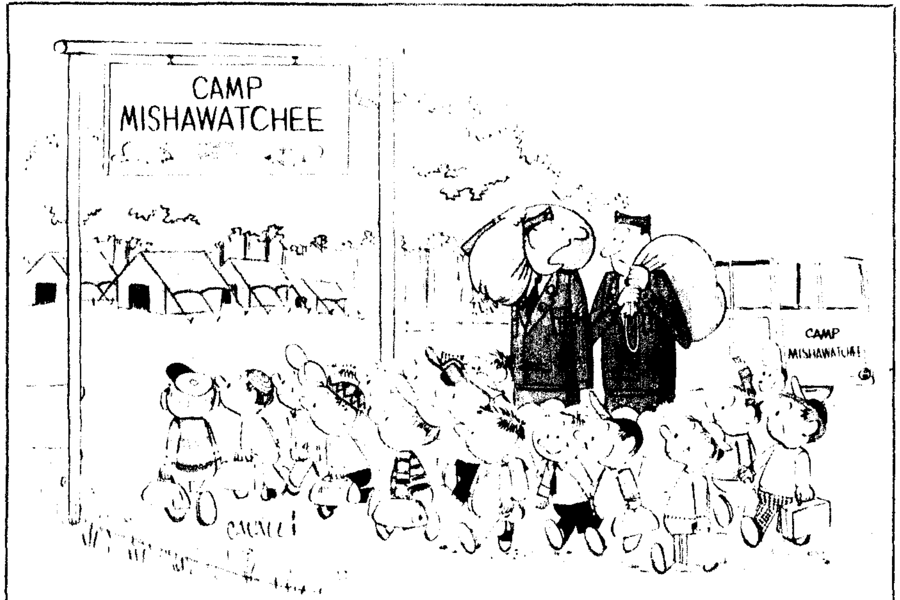
It is bad enough to surround any activity with a wall of secrecy; but when the activity itself is crisscrossed into separate subdivisions of secrecy, then you have a situation which defies progress. In the language of security officers, this process is known as "compartmentalization of secret areas." It is justified on the basis that if the secrecy wall is penetrated at a single point, any enemy agent would not get all the information, but only that which was in the one compartment. An analogy might be made to a ship with many watertight compartments: the more compartments the more difficult it is to sink the ship. This is all very fine—except when communication between the boiler room and the pilothouse is banned; then you have a pretty useless ship on your hands.

Our wartime A-bomb project was strictly compartmented. One can only guess how much this slowed down progress, but there is no doubt that it did. The writer vividly recalls the instance of a secret laboratory to which his staff was forbidden access. Scientists in the laboratory desperately needed special instruments for dealing with radioactivity. To get that word out, they had to "bootleg" the information along the scientific grapevine! Only because the barrier was thus breeched were we able to save them many months of time by helping to develop those instruments.

And we were reprimanded for our voluntary aid to a sister project!

A much more important example of the harm caused by these secrecy compartments may be found in the development of atomic missiles, those with atomic bombs as war heads. Due to the Atomic Wall, the people responsible for developing guided missiles were not permitted to have access to data about A-bombs. Consequently, for a considerable length of time, the atomic project and the missiles project took divergent paths. This situation has now been rectified, but valuable time has been lost.

To these two examples may be added hundreds more, some of them serious, some trivial and some even humorous—such as the classic case of the young scientist who wrote a report, handed it to his superior, and then later, when he wanted to check up on a point in his paper, wasn't allowed to see it because it had been classified "secret." Very often even the most harmless items are classified. This in part accounts for the thousands and thousands of triple-locked safes which adorn the Pentagon's many



COLLIER'S "Let me see those orders again, Saunders" DICK CAVALLI

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rooms. The Pentagon is the citadel of all secrecy, and nothing is safe from the censor's stamp. "Given half a chance," quipped one news analyst, "the Pentagon would classify the calendar."

Another harmful aspect of secrecy deserves careful consideration. Secrecy is unalterably opposed to competition—the backbone of our economy. Secrecy is synonymous with monopoly. When you have an agency like the AEC operating behind an impenetrable Atomic Wall, you have the quintessence of monopoly. This is a type of monopoly which is unique in our nation's history, for it is established by law and far exceeds anything known to industry. Even if a single company manages to get a complete monopoly in some field, it is still subject to the will of the consumer. Should its product fail to work, the consumer may boycott it and thus impose a restraint upon the effectiveness of the monopoly.

Lilienthal Points Out Danger

David E. Lilienthal, the first chairman of the AEC, recognized the danger of that agency's monopoly when, speaking about the industrial application of atomic power, he pleaded: "Let's end government monopoly and give American competitive industry a chance" (Collier's, June 17, 1950). What Mr. Lilienthal saw clearly was that the fundamental process responsible for the dynamic growth of our industrial might is our system of free enterprise and competition. Without the incentive of private enterprise you cannot ensure healthy progress.

Lilienthal was practically the only one to raise his voice in protest against the AEC monopoly and appeal to the American people directly. Herbert S. Marks, former legal counsel to the AEC, writing in the University of Chicago Law Review, commented: "The striking fact is that neither in depth nor scope is the public discussion which prevails for other government affairs even approximated in the field of atomic energy." Actually, only a handful of critical appraisals of the AEC have ever been published. One of these was made on March 7, 1952, by Dr. Kenneth S. Pitzer, former research director for the agency.

Addressing himself to work on atomic power, Dr. Pitzer was distinctly critical of the progress made to date. He maintained that it was being impeded by a lack of decision and by too much caution on the part of the AEC and its advisers. He likened the situation to "an automobile equipped with separate brake levers for each passenger. At every road junction the driver not only had to discuss his preference of route with his riders, but he had to wait until all were convinced, because anyone could stop the car."

This commentary bears study, for Dr. Pitzer was no casual bystander viewing the AEC from a distance; he was inside the Atomic Wall. Furthermore, his remarks are pointed at the one area of atomic energy which promises to be the principal peacetime use for atomic energy—atomic power.

Evidence that we are not being bold enough in our atomic-power program is indeed distressing; for if we are to make big strides forward in a new field, we must be willing to take risks and play at least a few long shots. In science, the big pay-off comes when you back what is termed "risk research." With courage and imagination, taking the untraveled route, you may achieve spectacular progress. Of course, you may end up in a blind alley; that is the risk we must take. But Columbus never would have discovered America without taking a risk. Nor would the Wright Brothers have got a plane off the ground if they had played it safe in their thinking.

If the AEC has been cautious to the point of timidity in its approach to A-power, a field where it has few critics, think how ultraconservative it must be in its public information policy, a field where the Congress and the press are ever ready to criticize. So far as issuing technical reports of interest to scientists is concerned, the AEC has done a fine job and deserves commendation. But in the field of public information, it has fumbled badly. The AEC sponsored an intensive survey of public thinking about atomic energy and was astonished to find how little Americans knew about it. Yet little has been done to improve the situation, for the AEC is scared to death that it may invoke the wrath of Congress if it releases data to the public.

Consider, for example, the size of the A-bomb, which the AEC has never revealed. Now this matter is of more than just passing interest to civil defense, and thus to the man in the street. Suppose that the enemy smuggled a bomb into your city. What would you look for? Something the size of a shoe box or a piano crate? The answer is that *you* are not supposed to know!

Just whom are we fooling? Certainly not the Russians; they know how big their own bomb is! The only ones kept in the dark are the American taxpayers, who are paying for protection against the bomb.

Many more very serious indictments can be made of our shortsighted policies of secrecy. All go to prove the case that the Atomic Wall is a menace to the American people. While it may possibly keep Soviet agents from peering too closely at our atomic activities, it absolutely prevents the American public from understanding what is going on. It makes a mockery of our century-old tradition of determining national policy via the public forum. We must never forget that in the past much of our nation's greatness evolved from a single voice raised in criticism of national policy.

What, then, do we do about secrecy? Should we abandon all pretense at keeping secrets? No thinking person would urge that we swing to this extreme, for we do not want to make things easy for the Soviets. On the other hand, with too much secrecy we roadblock our own progress. Somewhere between "too much" and "too little" we must find the balance point. There is no question that we are now on the "too much" side of the scales.

Fewer Secrets, Easier to Keep

Having taken a good hard look at what information should be secret, we must then keep these things really secret. Rigid penalties should be meted out to anyone violating security—be he scientist, senator or general. The task of guarding the secrets will be easier under the new and more liberal policy because there will be fewer secrets to keep. In the process of weeding out those things which are secret and those which are not, three points must be kept in mind—always remembering that the prime criterion is "What do the Soviets want to know most?"

First, we must ask ourselves: "Can the secret really be kept?" It is folly to stamp papers secret if, by the very nature of the work, it is reasonable to assume that the Soviets either already have or will soon have the secret. We must recognize that there are some things which you can't keep secret. The electric light is an example.

Second, we must adopt the principle of the calculated risk in assessing what should be classified, balancing the positive value of keeping the data from the Soviets against the negative value of keeping it from our own people. This is especially true in the area of civil defense. But, as in battle, we need men of courage to act boldly, and not cringing bureaucrats fearful of frowns from Capitol Hill.

Third, we must recognize that secrets cannot be kept indefinitely. A scientific development is not like a bar of gold which can be stored away at Fort Knox. More aptly, a secret in science is like a vegetable; it is perishable. The enemy can independently uncover the same information—and without espionage. This means that classified files must be examined periodically to cull out secrets which have "perished."

A liberal and sensible policy of secrecy along these lines will pay big dividends. First and foremost, it will signal a return to informed public discussion by the very fact that more information automatically will

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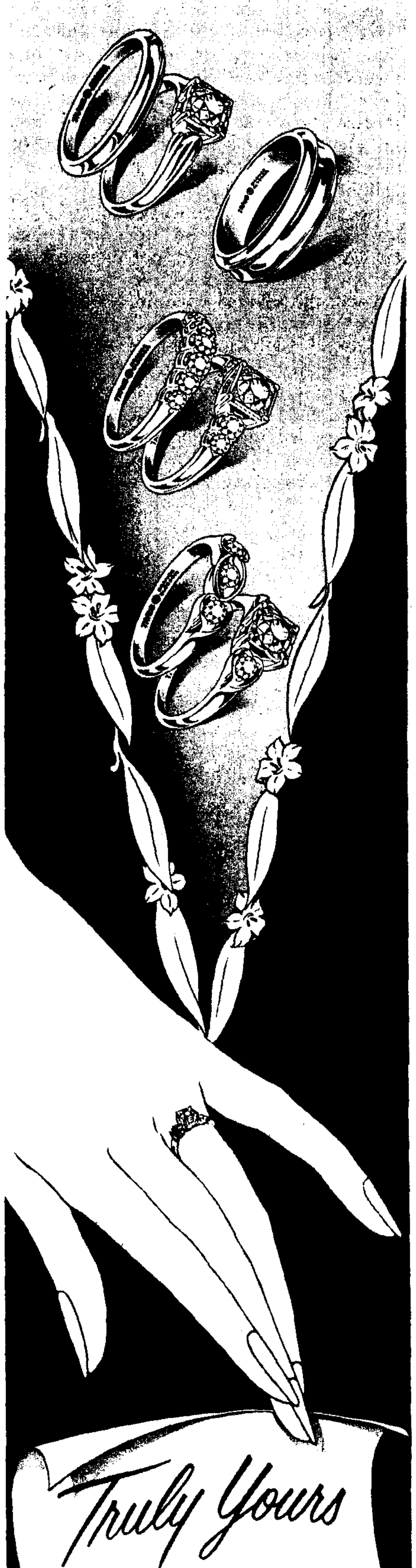

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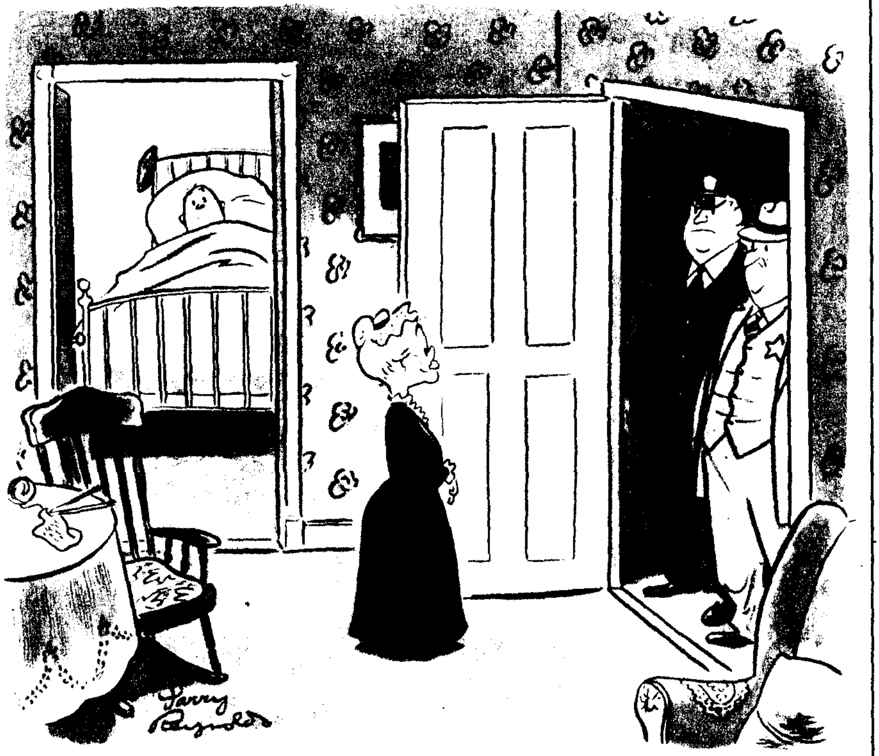

"I'll tell Butch you called to discuss the candy store robbery. He's in bed at the moment with a little tummyache"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

be available. A wise policy of secrecy will open up areas to public discussion by preventing the misuse of secrecy as a shield against criticism. A second and very important dividend will be the breakdown of the inner walls of secrecy so that the evil of compartmentalization of data will be minimized. This, in itself, will make for more intelligent decisions inside secret areas.

Finally, a clear-cut policy on secrecy will expose most of the documents now jammed in thousands of government files as rubbish which does nothing but clog administrative channels. In the Pentagon alone, there are estimated to be 29,000,000 classified documents, which, stacked side by side, would extend for a distance of 12 miles!

One particular area in atomic research can be singled out for complete removal from the secret category. That is work on atomic power. Even though the Soviets might gain a few tidbits of data by our opening up this now secret area, we stand to gain so much more in accelerated progress that we can afford the slight risk. By tearing down the barbed wire around A-power, we can remove it from the doldrums and get industry at work on it competitively.

Dr. Charles Thomas, president of the Monsanto Chemical Company, has publicly urged that industry be allowed to enter atomic power development, not just as a hired hand but on a competitive basis. He submitted a plan which, in his own words, "contemplates the design, construction and operation of an atomic power plant built by industry with its own funds." This would be in line with the best tradition of our democracy. It would ensure our keeping ahead of the enemy by superior progress.

This new security policy, based upon frankness and honesty, will not be easy to get. A more daring policy would probably require changes in the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, which would precipitate a bitter Congressional struggle in which more than just a few "stone-age" senators, out-of-place in the Atomic Age, would cry, "Don't give our secrets to the Soviets!" Nonetheless, the Atomic Age cannot tolerate a Neanderthal policy of secrecy which jeopardizes the nation's security.

Getting this new policy will also be difficult, because even at the highest level in our government, there is an abject misunderstanding of what secrecy is and should be.

A notable illustration of this occurred on October 4, 1951, when President Truman devoted an entire news conference to tongue-lashing the press for publishing government secrets. He said the most outstanding example was the publication in a magazine of all the locations and maps of our atomic energy plants. Later, the magazine pointed out that all the material in the article had come from AEC publications, and the agency had officiallly cleared the article. In fact, the AEC itself had purchased 500 copies of it for distribution.

No secrets were given away in the magazine article, and none really could have been. You cannot hope and should not try to keep plant locations secret. You can't conceal the huge atomic plant being built on the banks of the Savannah River in South Carolina. That's like trying to hide an elephant in an efficiency apartment.

AEC Not Just Another Agency

In many respects, our atomic agency has done a good job as compared with other government agencies. But the Atomic Energy Commission should not be thought of as just another government agency. It was established to deal with an entirely new phase of man's conquest over nature. "Good" or "Fair" on the AEC report card is not satisfactory. We must be assured of only the highest quality work from our atomic installations, and no such assurance is possible when secrecy veils all operations from public view. That is why the AEC must adopt a bolder policy of security.

Our reliance upon our Atomic Wall to protect our atomic secrets has been shortsighted and costly. We have tried to achieve national security through a Mother Hubbard complex—by locking A-secrets inside thick steel cupboards. In the process, we failed to inquire into the anatomy of a secret, to see if there were, in fact, any secrets or to determine if they could be kept. This policy has not prevented the Soviets from producing the A-bomb, nor will it prevent the Soviets from producing more and better bombs. The lesson for us to learn is that you do not stay ahead of an enemy by stultifying secrecy, but only by a policy of dynamic achievement.

Should we fail to learn this lesson, our Atomic Wall may well prove as deceptive to us as the Maginot line proved to the French.

THE END

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City Clerk—Minnesota

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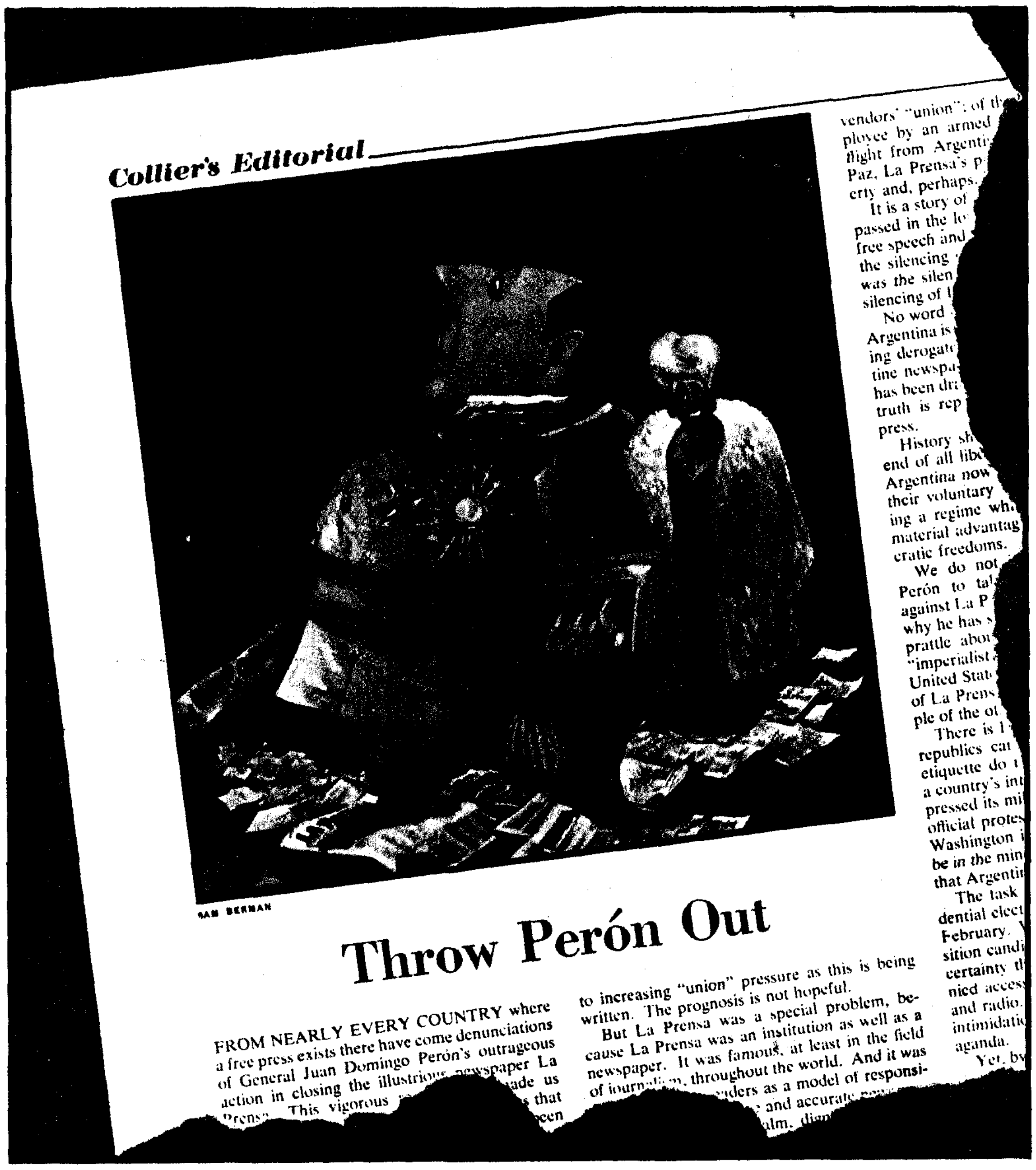

Collier's Editorial

SAM BERMAN

Throw Perón Out

FROM NEARLY EVERY COUNTRY where
a free press exists there have come denunciations
of General Juan Domingo Perón's outrageous
action in closing the illustrious newspaper La
Prensa. This vigorous
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to increasing "union" pressure as this is being
written. The prognosis is not hopeful.
But La Prensa was a special problem, because La Prensa was an institution as well as a
newspaper. It was famous, at least in the field
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And We Say It Again

THE ILLUSTRATION reproduced above first appeared on this page in our issue of May 12, 1951. The drawing and its caption reflect the indignation that swept through the free world at the cynical, cowardly suppression of the distinguished Buenos Aires newspaper, La Prensa, by General Juan D. Perón, dictator-president of Argentina.

In the editorial that followed, we said, "Thinking Argentineans must surely see in La Prensa's closing an ominous signal of their increasing danger."

We recalled that sentence as we read Dr. Alberto Caride's shocking story, Inside Perón's Torture Chambers, which you will find in this and the preceding issue of Collier's. For certainly the Gestapolike brutality of the Perón regime, which Dr. Caride has witnessed and described, is not surprising in the light of what has gone before. The rights of free men are not separable. When one liberty is lost, all are threatened.

There is something depressingly familiar in the story that Dr. Caride has brought out of Argentina. It reminds us of the first accounts of the Nazi terror which exiles from Germany gave to an incredulous world almost 20 years ago. Like so many of those early fugitives, Dr. Caride is obviously a man of eminent attainments and a man of pride—pride in his family, his nationality and his country. He must have a feeling of deep shame as well as of outrage at what he has seen and what he must tell.

Most human beings, fortunately, can understand and share both the shame and the outrage. For one of the encouraging things in these last two sorry decades has been that familiarity with the heartless methods of dictatorship has not bred indifference to them. The world has seen the mass extermination and disappearance of millions under Hitler and Stalin. Yet humane men and women can still be horrified and incensed at the fate of two young men in a Buenos Aires prison, and at the implications of that fate.

You will note, in Dr. Caride's current article, that documentation of the case against Perón has been presented to UN Secretary-General Trygve Lie. As yet the UN has done nothing about it. We hope that it will do something. At least the case should be discussed and debated in this congress of international opinion. A concerted expression of world censure will not restore the minds and bodies of Perón's victims, or free Argentina from bondage. But exposure and discussion are better than silence.

We can scarcely expect, however, that the UN or any other organization would be permitted inside the dictator's country to investigate Dr. Caride's charges. For the once-free Argentineans, who surrendered the first of their lost liberties all too passively, now have no recourse to the outside world. They have recourse only to themselves.

The disclosures of Dr. Caride emphasize the great difficulties that confront a people whose ruler will punish opposition by death. But there is only one remedy, and it is as obvious today as when we stated it last year. The Argentineans must rid themselves of the man who introduced Fascism to the Americas and who so ruthlessly fosters it today.

They cannot regain their freedom and self-respect, or the respect of free nations, until they throw Perón out.

Toward Fuller Understanding

OVER THE PAST three or four years we have published a number of articles and editorials about General Eisenhower and Senator Taft. Included among these were four articles written by the senator himself. Now, in this issue, we present an estimate of these two leading Republican candidates for President by two of their supporters and party colleagues. Senator Saltonstall of Massachusetts presents the case for Eisenhower, while Senator Butler of Nebraska gives his reasons for backing Taft.

At the risk of seeming to be obsessed with the contents of the current issue, we commend this "debate" to our readers as an intelligent and calm appraisal of the candidates' merits. We commend it particularly to the independent or undecided voters among our readers who feel the need for more information on the two men. Our senator-authors know their candidates and their records thoroughly, and they present their arguments understandably.

To Republicans, and especially to party workers, we urge a reading of these two articles as an example of political behavior. Neither senator attempts to tear down his colleague's candidate. There is no hint of party strife. Both emphasize the need for a change in the national administration.

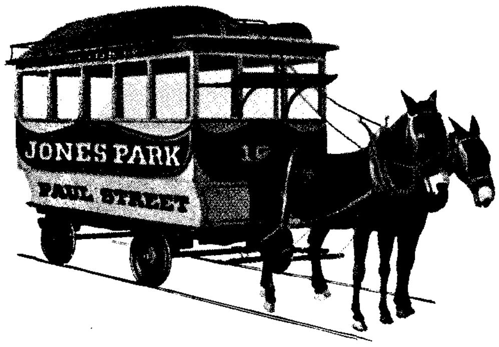
This magazine agrees heartily with them. We feel sure that millions of Americans—of all parties and of no party—share that agreement. For that reason they may also share our concern over the bickering and bitterness that have been evident between Eisenhower and Taft supporters in several local and state contests.

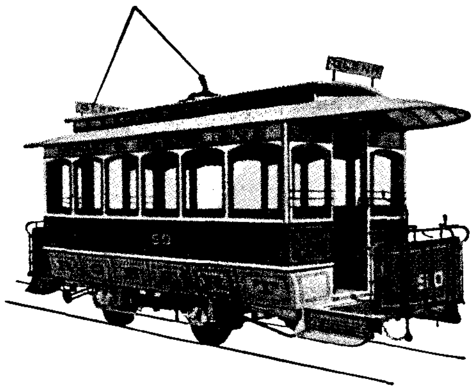
Too many G.O.P. party workers have made the potentially fatal error of fighting among themselves.

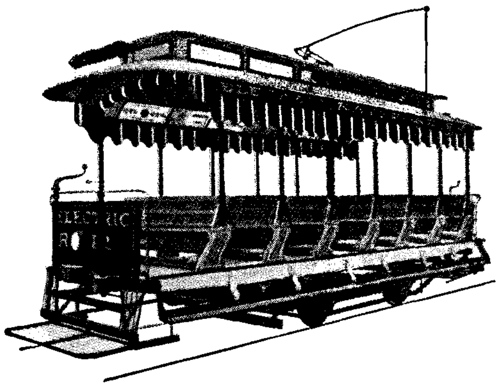
This is not unusual, of course, and it happens in both parties. But the Democrats have the advantage of a long tenure in power. And the Republicans seem to be squabbling even worse than usual.

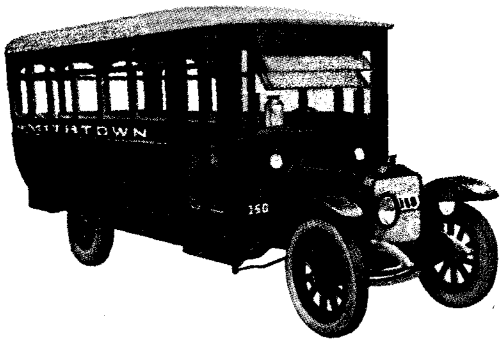
It seems likely, on the eve of the convention, that either the senator or the general will be nominated. Both have high qualifications. Both should be able to rally the support of their party. And it is necessary for the country's welfare, we believe, that the warring factions close ranks behind the chosen candidate and fight together, and hard, for a national victory.

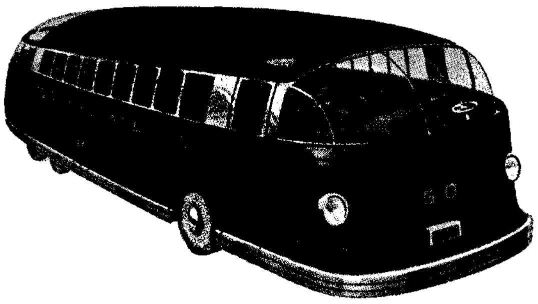
Paul Jones has been going places for five generations!

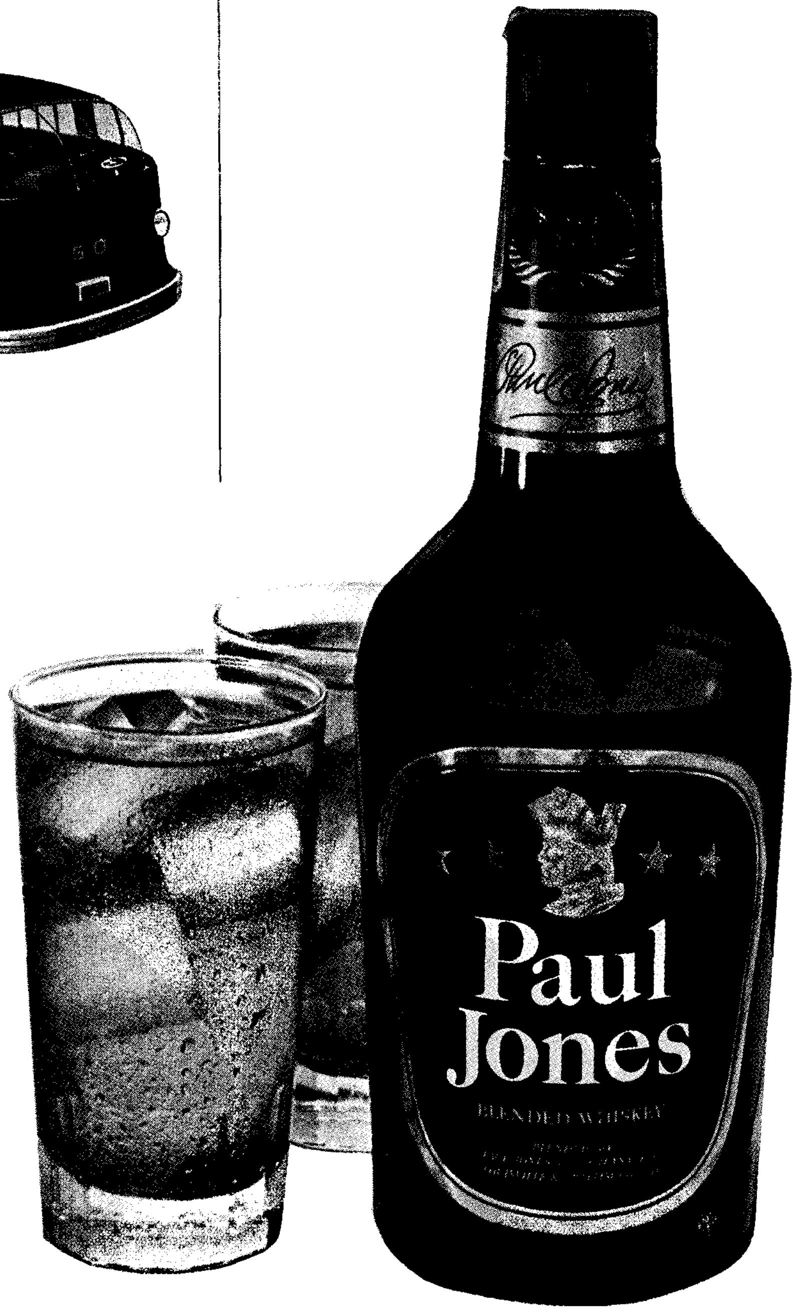












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